The Guest

Talks on Kabir
Talks given from 26/04/79 am to 10/05/79 am
English Discourse series
15 Chapters
Year published: 1981

The Guest

Chapter #1

Chapter title: A meeting with *The Guest*
26 April 1979 am in Buddha Hall

WHEN MY FRIEND IS AWAY FROM ME, I AM DEPRESSED;
NOTHING IN THE DAYLIGHT DELIGHTS ME,
SLEEP AT NIGHT GIVES NO REST.
WHO CAN I TELL ABOUT THIS?

THE NIGHT IS DARK AND LONG... HOURS GO BY...
BECAUSE I AM ALONE, I SIT UP SUDDENLY,
FEAR GOES THROUGH ME....

KABIR SAYS: LISTEN, MY FRIEND
THERE IS ONE THING IN THE WORLD THAT SATISFIES,
AND THAT IS A MEETING WITH ***THE GUEST***.

MAN is not what he is; man has become what he is not; that's the root cause of his misery. He has gone astray from his being, he has become too involved in becoming.

To become means to become false. To become means to become that which you are not. To be is already the case. Man has not to become anything other than he is, he has to relax into his being and know the truth.

The truth is already given, the truth is not somewhere in the future. It is not a goal but the source. You are coming from truth. If you can find the source again you will know what truth is. You are not going towards truth; all going takes you farther and farther away from truth.

You must have heard the name of Radha. Mythologically she is known to be the most beloved woman of Krishna. He had many lovers; Radha was the supremost. But historically there has never been any woman by the name of Radha, and in the ancient scriptures her name is not mentioned at all. It is an invention of later mystics, later sages, and it has tremendous significance; it will be good to understand it.

In Sanskrit there is a word, DHARA, which means the river moving from the source towards the ocean. If you reverse the word DHARA it becomes RADHA. Radha means the river moving towards the origin, not towards the ocean; radha is a metaphor. And one can be a beloved of God only if one turns the whole process of life -- from being a

DHARA one becomes a RADHA, not moving towards the goal but going deeper and deeper down towards the source.

And the source is within you! The goal is without, the source, within. The source is your very being.

But mind is aggressive -- it wants to explore, it wants to go on adventures, it wants to know that which is not known, it wants to demystify existence. It wants to conquer, it is on a journey of conquest. Mind is masculine, basically masculine, and through the mind there is no way towards God.

One has to become feminine. One has to become receptive rather than being aggressive. One has to learn the art of relaxation rather than learning the strategies of how to conquer the world and the reality. Truth is not going to be a conquest, it is going to be a total surrender. One has to become a host, one has to open up, one has to be just a receptivity so the wind can come in, the rain can come in, the sun can come in. And just hidden behind the sun and the rain and the wind one day comes ***The Guest***. And ***The Guest*** does not come from the outside, it arises within you. God is ***The Guest***. But you have to be a host first, you have to learn the art of being a host. You have to become a welcome, you have to become a prayer, you have to become an invitation, and you have to become a waiting, an infinite waiting. If it takes ages for Him to come you have to wait, of course with tears in your eyes but with tremendous trust in the heart.

Kabir calls God ***The Guest*** because he wants the seeker to be the host. The masculine mind cannot become the host. The masculine mind can only become an aggressor; it knows how to snatch things away. The masculine mind is a doer, a great doer, hence the masculine mind gives birth to science; science is basically male.

Religion is female, and those who want to enter into the world of religion have to understand it very deeply because it is very fundamental. If you miss this point you will miss all. You have to become feminine. And when I say'feminine' I don't mean biologically; it is not a question of man and woman, it is not a question of physiology -- it is a question of your psychology. You may have the body of a woman and yet the psychology may be masculine.

That's what is happening now: many women are turning masculine, becoming more aggressive. In the name of liberation they are losing something infinitely valuable. For the mundane they are losing the contact with the sacred. The woman has always remained in a subtle way connected with the sacred. The woman has been the contact of mankind with God, but now she is becoming more and more masculine.

It is not a question of physiology, biology, remember; you may have the body of a man and you may have the psychology that I call feminine, receptive. Buddha is feminine if you look at his psychology, Jesus is feminine if you look at his psychology.

Friedrich Nietzsche was the first to point out the fact that Buddha and Jesus are 'womanish'. Of course he was criticizing, he was not appreciating the fact, but he was the first to point it out; he had that intuitive genius. He used his genius in a very wrong way; he would have become a Buddha himself, but he used his talents in a destructive way and released the greatest destructive force on the earth up to now.

Fascism, nazism are nothing but offshoots of Nietzsche's mind. He was very masculine, he appreciated the masculine mind: he appreciated the soldier not the sannyasin, he appreciated war not love, he appreciated swords not flowers, he appreciated destruction, murder, conquest. He did not appreciate the beauty of surrender, trust, love, friendship, no; those were not his values. He did not appreciate compassion, ecstasy, celebration, no; those were not his values. Hence he criticized Buddha and Jesus, more particularly Jesus. When he said Jesus is feminine he was condemning Jesus.

I also say Jesus is feminine, but I am not condemning him -- I cannot appreciate him more. To say Jesus and Buddha are feminine is the greatest appreciation possible, because they have become hosts, they have become open, vulnerable to existence. They have sent the invitation and they are simply waiting.

The way of Buddha is meditation, the way of Jesus is prayer, but these are simply different names for the same

phenomenon. Meditation means becoming silent, utterly silent, becoming a no-mind, and prayer also means becoming a deep listening. What you think is prayer is not prayer. You think saying something to God is prayer? It is not prayer at all! What can you say to God, what have you to say to God? Real prayer begins only when you start listening to God, when you become utterly silent, just a listening; then meditation and prayer come very close. Meditation is silence and prayer too is silence -- just different names for the same phenomenon.

Jesus and Buddha are feminine, and that's what Kabir wants you to understand and to be. Kabir used to say of himself, "I am a woman married to God, God is my lover. I am fortunate that He has chosen me as his wife, as his beloved." He has sung many songs in which he says RAM KI DULHANIYA -- "I am wedded to Rama, I am wedded to God." Kabir is giving you tremendously important insights in his simple poetry.

The first thing to be understood is that becoming is driving you crazy. You are not to become anything, you are already that. You have to accept yourself and relax in that acceptance. The person who is trying to become something is bound to remain tense, naturally: the constant fear of whether he is going to make it or not, the constant fear of whether what he is doing is going to lead him to the goal or not, whether he has chosen the right path or not, the constant fear of whether he is doing enough to achieve or not, the constant fear that there are others who may reach before him. Becoming creates fear, becoming creates

competition, and becoming drives you crazy, neurotic. Becoming takes you farther and farther away from your being.

Do not become... be, just be. Becoming is the root cause of all confusion, misery and anguish -- confusion because in fact you cannot become that which you are not. The rose can try as much as possible, but it is going to remain a rose, it can't become a lotus. The lotus can try hard, can practise all kinds of yoga exercises, but the lotus is going to remain a lotus, it can't become a rose. A rose is a rose and a lotus is a lotus. But the lotus is beautiful and the rose is beautiful and there is NO confusion, because the rose is perfectly happy in being a rose and the lotus is perfectly happy in being a lotus. Only man is miserable.

The only being who is miserable on the earth is man, because he is not happy in being himself; he wants to become something else. We have been brought up with this poison: "Become!" We have been driven by the society, by the church, by the parents, by the teachers: "Become!" Nobody says to us: "Be!" And if you can find a person who says to you, "Be!" that is the person to listen to, that is the real Master, because he is giving you the most fundamental thing. Through that vision you will be able to relax, and in relaxation there is clarity.

Confusion arises out of the idea of becoming because you become a duality -- that which you are and that which you would like to be. You become a duality and a great tension, and you have to deny your reality and you have to impose

the unreal upon yourself. You become phony, you become pseudo, you become split. And what I am saying is not theoretical; you can look all around -- the whole humanity is split because everybody is trying to become somebody else. Somebody is trying to become a Christ, somebody else is trying to become a Buddha, somebody else is trying to become the richest man in the world, somebody is trying to become the president of a country, but becoming... in the name of religion also, becoming.

Then what is the difference between religion and the ordinary worldly affairs? If the worldly man is trying to become the richest man or the most powerful man, and the religious man also is trying to become somebody -- a Buddha, a Krishna -- then where is the difference? Both are in the same boat; the name of the boat is becoming.

The truly religious person is one who drops out of the whole trip of becoming, who relaxes in his being, who rejoices in his being, who says, "I am that" -- AHAM BRAHMASMI -- "I am already that"; ANA'L HAQ -- "I am truth, I am God." These are just expressions of being. The basic message is: "I am already that, so I need not try to become."

I have heard one of the most beautiful stories about a Hassid Master, Sosya.

About seven hundred years ago a great Master and mystic named Sosya, ripe with years and honors, lay dying. His students and disciples asked if he was afraid to die.

"Yes," he said. "I am afraid to meet my maker."

"How can that be? You have lived such an exemplary life. You have led us out of the wilderness of ignorance like Moses. You have judged between us wisely, like Solomon."

Sosya replied, "When I meet my maker, He will not ask, 'Have you been Moses or Solomon?' He will ask, 'Have you been Sosya?'" This is one of the most beautiful stories; meditate over it. Sosya says: "God will not ask me, 'Have you been Moses or Solomon?' He will ask me, 'Have you been Sosya?'"

And remember, God is going to ask you the same thing. He will not ask you, "Have you been Jesus or Buddha or Kabir?" He will simply ask you, "Have you been yourself?" -- and that is not happening, not to millions of people. They are all trying to be somebody else, something else; rejecting their beings they go on rushing towards some idea of becoming. They remain in confusion because they remain in duality, and they remain in misery because it is not possible; they are trying the impossible.

Remember, misery arises only when you try the impossible, because it can't happen in the nature of things and you want it to happen. You want two plus two to be five: you will be miserable unless you see the point that two plus two CANNOT be five. You may even believe for a few moments that they are five, but sooner or later the truth will

reveal itself -- they are four. How long can you deceive, and what is the point of deceiving? You are simply wasting your life.

Don't try the impossible -- and becoming is trying the impossible. You cannot be anybody other than you are; let this idea sink deep into your heart. Let me repeat: you cannot be anybody other than you are, there is no becoming. All becoming is the world. Not to be a part of becoming is to be a sannyasin.

Who is a sannyasin? -- one who is no more worried about becoming somebody because he is absolutely attuned with his being, he knows who he is and he is happy in being that; one who is grateful in being that. Misery comes whenever you try the impossible, so whenever you are miserable remember: you must be trying something impossible.

Bliss is an outcome of simply being the natural. Bliss is not an achievement, it is a by-product of relaxing with yourself, of simply being that which you are. Then THIS very moment all misery can disappear, and THIS very moment there is bliss, and THIS very moment there is benediction... and the heavens open up and God starts showering. And suddenly, a great stirring is felt in the heart: one who has been asleep becomes awake.

Becoming is your sleep. Being is your Buddhahood, being is your awakening. And becoming creates anguish because you have to find ways and means, and everything fails,

nothing ever succeeds. Nothing can ever succeed. Hence great anguish arises: your life, which could have bloomed in flowers, becomes only a bed of thorns.

But you are responsible and nobody else; it is your life, it is your responsibility. You have to take care about your being. And the greatest thing that can be said to you is: just be yourself. Carry no idea about how you should be -- drop all'hows', drop all ideas, drop all ideologies, drop all concepts, images of how you should be. You are already that! Start enjoying that which you are, and then this very ordinary life suddenly becomes extraordinary. Then these ordinary days have such tremendous poetry, then these ordinary moments are full of dance. Then these ordinary people are no more ordinary people; they turn into gods and goddesses. The moment you accept your being you accept everybody's being.

Why has this happened at all in the first place? And why only to man? Why not to the trees and the birds and the animals? Why are the Himalayan peaks so beautiful, and why are the birds on the wing so enchanting, and why do the trees have such splendor? Why has this disappeared from man's life? There is a reason, and it has to be understood.

Man is the only conscious being on the earth; that is his glory and that is his agony too. It depends on you whether it will be agony or glory. Consciousness is a double-edged sword. You have been given something so valuable that you don't know what to do with it; it is almost like a sword

in the hands of a child. The sword can be used rightly, can protect, but the sword can harm too. Anything that can become a blessing can also become a curse; it depends how you use it.

Man is the only conscious being, and consciousness has two possibilities: either it can become God-consciousness -- then it is a benediction, or it can become self-consciousness -- then it is a curse. And we have made it a curse. We have changed our consciousness into self-consciousness, we have created an ego out of being conscious. Rather than becoming aware of the organic unity of existence, rather than becoming aware of the orgasmic joy of existence, rather than becoming part of the universal, we have used our consciousness in separating ourselves from the universe, from existence, from life. Rather than making a bridge out of consciousness we have made a wall.

And that's what we are being taught continuously. Even modern psychology goes on teaching a very nonsense thing: that ego needs to be strengthened, that a man needs a strong ego because he has to fight in the struggle of life; if he has not got a strong ego he will be defeated by other strong egos. There is a point in it, it is true: if you don't have a strong ego you cannot be a politician, if you don't have a strong ego you cannot become very rich. You will have to fight tooth and nail for these things, you will have to fight madly, neurotically, fanatically. You will have to fight, utterly blind to what is happening. You have to go on rushing into the crowd, you have to risk everything; only

then can you have much money, much power. But what is the point of having much money and much power?

In the first place they are not really needed to be happy, they are not really needed to be contented. Modern psychology goes on teaching people to have strong egos. Modern psychology in fact is still not yet modern, not modern enough; it is still persisting in the old ideology, the old ideas. It has a very long heritage; it has not been yet able to disconnect itself from the past. What the priests were saying in the past, now the psychologist is saying. He is simply repeating the same, with a new jargon of course, with more scientific terminology, which is dangerous. The priest is exposed now, the priest no longer has any power; the power has moved to the psychoanalyst, psychiatrist, psychologist. The psychologist is the modern priest, and he is doing the same stupid thing as the priests have been doing down the ages: "Have strong egos." The whole of education is based in giving you a strong ego.

And the problem is that the more strong an ego you have the more you are disconnected with existence, because the more you feel you are separate, the more you ARE separate. And to remain separate from existence creates fear, creates paranoia.

Why are people so afraid of death? Do you think they are really afraid of death? You may not have meditated over it. Nobody is afraid of death -- because how can you be afraid of something which you have not seen yet? You cannot be afraid of something which is unknown, you can only be

afraid of something which is known. A child is not afraid of catching hold of a snake, a child is not afraid of putting his hand into the fire. Why is he not afraid?because he does not know! How can he be afraid of the snake? He has no past experience, no bitter experience. How can he be afraid of the flame? -- he has never been burned before. How can you be afraid of death? You don't know anything about death. Who knows? It may be a beautiful rest. Who knows? It may take you to a higher plane of life. Who knows? It may give you freedom from your body. Who knows? How can you be afraid of death? No, nobody is afraid of death; let me say it clearly.

But you will say everybody IS afraid of death, I know. There is something else in it: people are NOT afraid of death, they are afraid of losing their separation, they are afraid of losing their ego. Once you start feeling separate from existence the fear of death arises because then death seems to be dangerous. You will no longer be separate; what will happen to your ego, your personality? And you have cultivated the personality with such care, with such great effort; you have polished it your whole life, and death will come and destroy it.

If you understand, if you see, if you can feel and experience that you are not separate from existence, that you are one with it, all fear of death disappears because there is nobody to die inside you. In the first place there is nobody at all, existence lives through you.

Saint Paul says, "Not I, but Christ lives through me." And Christ says, "Not I, but God lives through me." They are expressing their non-separation, they are declaring that they are one with existence. Once you know that you are one with existence there is no death possible. For death to be possible first you have to create a private, personal life; then death becomes possible. YOU MAKE DEATH POSSIBLE by creating the ego; and the stronger the ego, the more will be the fear of death. Hence the most egoistic person is very very prone... deep down, trembling, afraid of death. The less the ego the less the fear of death.

That's why small children are not afraid of death -- their egos are not yet born. Animals are not afraid of death, they simply die; when death comes they die. When birth comes they are here, when death comes they are gone.

A person of true consciousness will come like the wind and will go like the wind. He will not leave any traces anywhere. He will not struggle with death, because he will not struggle with life itself. He will allow life to flow through him and he will allow death also to flow through him. Life is God's and death is God's; life is a manifestation, death is a rest.

And remember, if the fear of death disappears then all other fears disappear automatically, because all other fears are nothing but by-products of the main, basic fear -- the fear of death. Go into any of your fears and ultimately you will come to the rock-bottom, and that will be the fear of death. You are afraid of losing money? Go deep into it and you

will find that money somehow gives you a feeling that you are more protected, that you can resist death more than the poor man; hence you are afraid of losing money. If you are powerful, politically powerful, it gives you an appearance, as if you have conquered death. Because you are so powerful over people's lives, it creates an illusion that you are powerful over your life too. It is a SHEER illusion, but it is maintained by your high post: you are the president, the prime minister, and millions of people look up to you -- you are so important, how can existence afford to lose you? You are so important, how can life continue without you? You are so important that you will be needed; that gives you the feeling. Also, because you are so powerful over people, you can kill thousands of people.

Adolf Hitler killed millions of people, and those who have looked deeply into his mind are all convinced of one fact: that he was very much afraid of death. He was afraid of death, so much so that he never allowed anybody to be in his room in the night, not even the woman that he had fallen in love with once. Nobody was ever allowed to stay in the same room. He would lock the room, check everything, because while he was asleep somebody could kill him. Who knows? -- the woman he had fallen in love with may be just a spy. He never allowed anybody to come close to him, too close, he was so much afraid.

He got married only three hours before he was going to commit suicide; there was not even a chance for the honeymoon. In fact that was his honeymoon -- suicide. In the middle of the night the priest was called to marry him to

the woman he had been in a kind of relationship with -- it could not have been of love, because a man like Hitler cannot love. They were married, and the next thing they did after marriage was that they killed themselves. Now there was no fear, he could allow the woman to come close -- he was going to commit suicide anyway. All was lost, the game was lost, the enemy had entered into the capital. He could hear the bombs exploding just close by; now there was no hope, he had failed. Now he could get married. For what? For twenty years he had been waiting, for twenty years the woman had been waiting, but he was so afraid of bringing anybody too close.

This man killed millions of people for stupid reasons. He killed Jews, MILLIONS of Jews, with this stupid idea: that it was because of the Jews that Germany -- the race, the country, the nation -- had fallen low; because of Jews the First World War had been lost. Now these are all stupid reasons, with no logic, no relevance. Jews had nothing to do with the First World War, they had nothing to do with the fall of the German race. Really, they had given the greatest geniuses that Germany has ever known: Karl Marx was a Jew, Sigmund Freud was a Jew, Albert Einstein was a Jew. In fact it was the Jews who were the cream, but he killed millions of Jews.

Deep down, it seems he was suffering from an inferiority complex. And deep down he was suffering from so much fear of death that he wanted to kill to convince himself that "If I kill so many people, if I can kill millions of people, then I am beyond death. I am so powerful."

A man who is afraid of death is dangerous, dangerous to himself and to others. And the fear arises out of a very fallacious beginning; the fallacy is that we think we are separate. But consciousness has that possibility. Man has been given such a potential power of being conscious that he has to be very careful how he uses it. Remember, if you move on plain ground there is no danger of falling; if you move in the mountains, if you go towards the peaks, there is great danger of falling. The higher you move, the danger becomes
more and more acute. Man is the only animal who is moving higher, at the peaks, towards the peaks. Consciousness is the mountain and we have to be very alert.

And that is the whole teaching of all the Buddhas and all the Krishnas and all the Christs, and that is the teaching of Kabir: be conscious, be so conscious that you don't create the self, be so alert that the self is not created at all. Self-consciousness is a dis-ease. Just consciousness is great freedom, liberation. By being just conscious, sooner or later you will become God-conscious. By becoming self-conscious, sooner or later you will lose even that small consciousness that lingers behind the self like a small tail; that consciousness will also disappear.

The ego will make you more and more unconscious. The ego will enclose you like a prison wall. It will not leave even windows in your being to look out through. It will

make you a monad, a windowless, closed cell; you will be encapsulated by the ego. It is the ego that is the problem.

And hence I repeat again: the male mind is egoistic. You have to learn the way of the feminine, you have to become egoless, you have to learn the path of surrender. You have to learn how to melt into existence, how to become one with the rivers and the mountains and the clouds, how to feel affinity, attunement, at-onement. And then slowly, slowly you become a host. The day you are a host, ***The Guest*** comes.

God is not a hypothesis; religion does not propose any hypotheses. The hypothesis is part of the scientific world. A hypothesis means just an assumption to explain a few facts which cannot be explained without it. But a hypothesis is. always temporary: tomorrow we will find a better hypothesis, then we will discard this one. Hence science goes on discarding every day; better and better hypotheses are found and older ones are discarded. Now Newton is discarded because of Einstein, Sooner or later we will find a better hypothesis to explain the facts of the world. A hypothesis is just a way of explaining the facts; it is man-made. Facts are there and the mind wants to fix all those facts into a certain system because unless they are put into a certain system the mind feels uneasy, restless. Unless they are systematized, categorized, the mind feels very restless.

The mind is a great systematizer, it wants to systematize everything. Even when there is no system available, it

invents one. The hypothesis is an invention of the mind, but all the time you know that it is only an assumption. You need not believe in a hypothesis, you only use the hypothesis.

God is not a hypothesis.

Then what is God? God is a hypostasis; it is an experience. It is not to explain anything, it is the experience of the unexplainable. I call it hypostasis; it cannot be changed, it is absolute, and it is not a belief. Those who believe in God, their God is a hypothesis; those who know God, their God is not a hypothesis but a hypostasis.

Kabir knows. What he is talking about is not an explanation, what he is talking about is an experience -- he is sharing his joy, he is sharing something that he has known, he is singing the song about the unsung. Remember it, that whenever Kabir talks about God it is not a belief; he knows it, it is his experience. Hc is talking out of his experience, hence he can be of immense help to you.

Those who believe cannot be of any help; they themselves don't know. If somebody says, "I believe in God," remember, he cannot be of any help to you. He himself is ignorant, hence the belief Find a man who says, "I know God. This is not my belief, but my experience." And the miracle is: if you know God, you are God. Knowing God, one becomes God. The old Upanishads say: Knowing God, one becomes that.

Kabir is talking as a God-realized man, utterly drunk. His songs are songs of a drunkard drunk on the divine, small, but of immense beauty. They may not be great literature -- they are not -- because he does not bother about the meter and the grammar and the language. These are not composed songs, these are outpourings of his joy; a drunkard dancing, singing. You can't expect formalities to be fulfilled. These songs are very small gems. The quantity is not the question, but the quality.

The original song begins:

SAI BIN DARD KAREJE HOY...

Without the beloved my heart aches, without the beloved my heart is nothing but pain, without the beloved I am living in hell.

SAI BIN DARD KAREJE HOY...

Without the beloved we are empty, hollow: negatives. Unless God enters into our beings, unless God blooms in our beings, we cannot be REALLY existential, we remain shadows. And it is painful, it aches, it hurts, it is like a wound.

WHEN MY FRIEND IS AWAY FROM ME, I AM DEPRESSED;
NOTHING IN THE DAYLIGHT DELIGHTS ME,
SLEEP AT NIGHT GIVES NO REST.
WHO CAN I TELL ABOUT THIS?

The helplessness of the mystic! On the one hand he has tasted something of God, he has seen a glimpse; now he hankers for more, now he does not want to leave that experience, that space, even for a single moment. But one cannot take hold of that space in one go. The experience is so tremendous, so huge, so enormous, that you cannot swallow it. You have slowly, slowly to imbibe it, you have to chew it and digest it.

God is an ocean -- you cannot drink Him. You will have to slowly, slowly become one with it.

Kabir knows, he has seen the face of the beloved. Now his heart is full of pain, the pain of separation. He has known the state of non-separation, maybe only for a few moments; for a few moments he has been transported to another world, he has tasted the nectar. Now he is back in the world, back to the earth, and it is very painful. The world seems to be pale, utterly meaningless, with no significance. His heart longs for the beloved, there is only one thirst -- again to be in that vast space, again to be with the Friend.

WHEN MY FRIEND IS AWAY FROM ME, I AM DEPRESSED;
NOTHING IN THE DAYLIGHT DELIGHTS ME.

Once you have known God then these so-called days are like nights. Once you have known God then this life is like death. Once you have known God then all the joys of this life are nothing but sorrows. Everything that you had

thought before as very sweet turns sour; now you can compare.

If you have been to the Himalayan peaks and if you have seen that virgin silence, the coolness, the smell of the snow, that other-worldly something which still exists in the Himalayas... It is not so in the Alps; no other mountains have that, all other mountains are already polluted by man, all other mountains are already destroyed by man. Only the Himalayan peaks still have something very primitive, primordial, ancient, virgin. If you have seen that silence, then coming back to the marketplace, the heart longs... Nobody will be able to understand why you look so sad, nobody will be able to understand why your eyes are so full of tears, nobody will be able to understand why you don't enjoy.

To the man who has tasted God, the world becomes so futile, so utterly futile that he is here but he is not here; his heart continuously longs for God.

NOTHING IN THE DAYLIGHT DELIGHTS ME,
SLEEP AT NIGHT GIVES NO REST.

To know God is to know ultimate rest. Your sleep is not much of a rest. If you have known something of meditation you will understand what I mean when I say your sleep is not much of a rest. Your sleep is a new kind of restlessness, that's all; it is good for a change. In the day you are restless in one way, in the night you are restless in another way -- good for a change! It is a kind of rest. It is like you have

been doing mathematics for three hours and you are tired, then you go into the garden and you dig a hole -- it is a kind of rest. In fact it is a new kind of work, but now, tired of mathematics, digging the hole feels good.

That's why in the schools, colleges, universities, we go on changing subjects; it is a kind of rest: one hour for mathematics, then another hour for geography, then another hour for history. We go on changing, because the part of the mind that functions when you are working on mathematics is not the part which functions when you are studying literature. There are different parts, different centers in the mind, so if one center starts functioning, the first center goes to sleep, has a kind of rest.

That's exactly what happens in the night. In the daytime your conscious mind functions and your unconscious remains hidden. In the night the conscious mind goes to sleep, the unconscious functions, but work continues, great work really, much work. Your blood circulates, work continues; your heart beats, work continues; your breathing continues, your digestion continues. A thousand and one things are going on in the body, and a thousand and one things are going on in the mind too. Dreams upon dreams are coming; and not only that, a part of your mind prevents everything from the outside, keeps it blocked so it does not disturb your sleep.

You want to get up early in the morning, at four o'clock; you fix the alarm and the alarm goes, but your mind is constantly working. It does not want you to be disturbed.

The mind creates a dream: you start dreaming that you are passing a church and the church bells are ringing.... Now this is a way for the mind to protect your sleep. It misinforms you, misguides you, it changes the alarm into church bells. Great work is going on! The mind is guarding, seeing what has to be allowed and what has not to be allowed. And if something cannot be prevented, at least it can be interpreted in such a way that the sleep is not disturbed. It is constantly on guard, great work continues the whole night.

But if you have known meditation, then a few minutes of meditation can give you so much rest. Then your whole night will look like restlessness compared to that rest, because in meditation you are utterly relaxed, mind is not on guard, you are not focusing on anything. You are simply open and available, available to all kinds of things -- the birds singing, the airplane passing by, the train, the people, the traffic noise. You are available to all. Meditation is not concentration, meditation is not excluding anything; meditation is inclusive of all.

And then there is a great silence amidst all the noise around you, great rest amidst all the turmoil around you. Once you have known the rest of meditation even for few minutes, your whole night will look like restlessness. Comparison will arise. But one who has known God -- that means one who has known SAMADHI, the ultimate peak of meditation... It is natural, Kabir is right:

NOTHING IN THE DAYLIGHT DELIGHTS ME,

SLEEP AT NIGHT GIVES NO REST.
WHO CAN I TELL ABOUT THIS?

This is one of the greatest problems for the mystics: "Who can I tell about this, who will understand?"

I was travelling in this country for fifteen years, day in, day out, year in, year out, talking to thousands of people. Slowly, slowly I became aware that I was talking to walls. These people could not understand what I was saying. They could hear, but they could not listen. The words reached them but the meaning was left behind. I tried in every way, but it was impossible. Then I had to decide to stay in one place and only to talk to those few who really wanted to understand -- and not only to understand, but who were ready to be transformed.

Many people come here, particularly Indians, and they ask, "Why isn't the meeting open to all?" Because it is of no use to them, and they will be a nuisance here. Their very presence will destroy something immensely beautiful that is being created. It is open only to those who are seekers. It is not a public place, it can NEVER be a public place. It is a mystery school: it is only for those who are ready to go into the unknown, the unexplainable.

And this has been my experience: that if I am talking to my sannyasins I feel a deep rapport, if I am talking to nonsannyasins something seems to be difficult to communicate. Many non-sannyasins have asked, "Why can't we sit in front?" For the simple reason that if you are

in front and I see you, it will be difficult for me to say that which I would like to say. Just looking at your faces, something becomes impossible, communication becomes difficult -- what to say about communion? Looking at my sannyasins, looking into their eyes, communion is possible.

Kabir is right. He says:

WHO CAN I TELL ABOUT THIS?

KASE KAHUN DUKH HOY....

There is great pain in my heart because I have known the bliss of being with the divine, but to whom can I communicate this? It would help me if I could communicate.

Hence a Buddhafield is always needed, SATSANG is needed. A community is needed where many people are searching together, where you can say and you can rest assured that you will not be misunderstood. A commune is needed where you can share your burdens, your experiences; you can pour out your heart and you will be understood, and you will not feel embarrassed.

That's what is happening here. If a sannyasin comes to another sannyasin, starts crying, the other understands, the other will not start asking questions, questions which will be embarrassing to the person who is crying. He may hug him, he may hold his hand, but he will not start a great discussion about it: "Don't be emotional, this is not good.

Be a man, don't cry!" No, he will understand, he will have all sympathy, he will support. A commune becomes a support where you can say things which are not ordinarily said in the outside world, where you can share experiences which look imaginary, illusory, hallucinatory, where you can share things which if you go in the outside world and tell somebody, he will think you are mad.

KASE KAHUN DUKH HOY..

Kabir says: I cannot find anybody to whom I can say this -- that I have seen my Lord, that I have been with my Lord, and now I am again separated. I have known non-separation, those orgasmic moments, those peaks, and now I am thrown back into the dark valley. Now nothing here appeals to to me anymore; the beauty here is almost ugliness compared to the beauty that has arisen in my vision. And the happiness here is just false, because I have known the authentic joy. And all the celebrations here are just formal, people are moving in empty gestures. I have seen the real celebration!

THE NIGHT IS DARK AND LONG... HOURS GO BY...
BECAUSE I AM ALONE, I SIT UP SUDDENLY,
FEAR GOES THROUGH ME....

THE NIGHT IS DARK AND LONG.... You don't know about what night Kabir is talking. He is not talking about the ordinary night, he is talking about the night that is known only by those who have seen the light -- a very paradoxical phenomenon. He is talking about the night that

happens only to those who have seen the dawn, who have seen something of the morning, and again that has disappeared and now the night is darker than ever before. Great fear arises: "Will I ever be able to attain to that peak again? Was that real? Or had I only been dreaming?" Great fear grows, great trembling arises, one is scared to death. And one cannot even share it. It would have helped if there were a companion with whom it was possible to share. It would have helped if some consoling words from the other had come; if the other had told him, "Don't be worried, it will happen again. It has happened to me again." That would have given confidence. But whom to say it to?

KASE KAHUN DUKH HOY!

I am in tremendous pain. But where to go, whom to go to, with whom to share?

ADHI RATIYAN PICHHLE PAHARVA, SAI BINA TARAF RAHI SOY.

Half the night is gone, waiting, waiting, waiting, and there is no sign! I cannot hear His footsteps!

ADHI RATIYAN PICHHLE PAHARVA, SAI BINA TARAF RAHI SOY.

I have waited long, half the night has passed. Now even the last part of the night is passing and He has not come, and I don't see any sign, any indication, any message. And the darkness is becoming darker and darker; there seems to be

no possibility that I will attain to Him again. In deep despair, in great pain, I have fallen asleep again.

THE NIGHT IS DARK, AND LONG...

Remember one thing: that time is relative. If you are in a mood of rejoicing time goes fast, very fast; if you are in misery, in pain, time slows down. The clock moves the same, but the psychological experience of time is very relative.

You are sitting by the side of a person who is dying -- then you will know how long the night becomes: there seems to be no end to it. You are with your beloved, after many years you have met, and the night goes so fast, as if it were just a few moments. You cannot believe how fast it has gone. It seems the night played a game with you -- it went fast -- just not to allow you time enough to be with the beloved.

Time is relative, not the clock time but psychological time. Those who have known glimpses of God, for them this world is really difficult to live in, and the night is very dark and very long. The Christian mystics have a right word for it; they call it'the dark night of the soul'.

... HOURS GO BY...
BECAUSE I AM ALONE...

And you will know real aloneness only when you have seen God. Before that you have known aloneness -- sometimes

your friend is not with you, your wife is not with you, your husband is not with you, your children are not with you -- yes, you have known a certain kind of aloneness,. but that is nothing compared to the aloneness that you will know when you have seen God. Then that aloneness is like a knife in the heart. One is almost crucified.

I SIT UP SUDDENLY, FEAR GOES THROUGH ME..

I cannot sleep because He may be coming. Who knows when He will come? His ways are unpredictable, He comes at very unexpected moments. One has to be alert and watchful. So I wake up, I sit up suddenly again and again, and fear goes through me: "He has not come. Has He forgotten me? Has He lost interest in me?"

These are the fears of a lover -- tremendously magnified, infinitely magnified, when the lover is nobody except God Himself, nobody other than God Himself.

KABIR SAYS: LISTEN, MY FRIEND
THERE IS ONE THING IN THE WORLD THAT SATISFIES,
AND THAT IS A MEETING WITH ***THE GUEST***.

Nothing else ever satisfies, Nothing else can ever satisfy. Without attaining to God, without becoming God, without merging with God, you are going to remain discontented. Contentment, real contentment, has only one meaning: that is the meeting with ***The Guest***.

KAHAT KABIR SUNO BHAI PYARE...

My dear friends, listen.

SAI MILE SUKH HOY.

There is only one possibility of bliss, and that is when the beloved has been found. And what is the way to find the beloved? Search is not the way. Lao Tzu says, "Seek, and you wi]l not find. Do not seek, and find." Seeking is not the way, because seeking is again the male mind. Non-seeking, a passive waiting, just ready, the door open, the house prepared for ***The Guest***, sitting on the doorstep, waiting...

This waiting is prayer, this waiting is meditation. This waiting is what is meant by being a host. The moment you have become a host ***The Guest*** comes, inevitably comes; it has never been otherwise. It is not that you have to find God; if you are ready, God finds you. And how cam you find God? -- you don't know His address, you don't know where He is, you don't know His face. Even if you come across Him you will not be able to recognize Him. Even if you meet Him the meeting is not going to be any meeting because you will not recognize Him. How can you recognize Him? You have never seen Him before.

Man cannot seek God: this is the message of these sutras. God can seek Man.

Then what has to be done by man? He should be ready, he should be available. If a hand comes from the beyond he

should not shrink back. If a voice comes from the beyond he should be ready to listen. If his mind is noisy he will not be able to listen to it. And if He comes and knocks on your door, you should be ready to open the door, you should not be afraid of Him. Yes, when the unknown comes fear arises, and when God knocks on your door it is a death for you... and a resurrection -- but the resurrection will come later on. First the crucifixion, first you will have to die.

Being with God means only one thing: dissolving in Him, just as rivers come from the mountains and disappear into the ocean. Maybe there is a moment when the river hesitates. Kahlil Gibran says somewhere: I have watched rivers falling into the ocean and I think that for a moment they hesitate, for a moment the fear grips them -- the vast ocean, and the river is going to lose its identity, and forever. Kahlil Gibran says: I have seen rivers looking back with great nostalgia at all the mountains that they have crossed, and the plains, and the beautiful trees on the banks, and the sunrises and the sunsets, and a thousand and one things. There is great nostalgia for all the memories and a great desire not to lose one's identity, but the river cannot go back.

Man can go back, that is the problem. The river is bound to fall into the ocean, but man can turn back even from the ultimate door. If fear grips you and you become too protective of your separate existence, of your personality, of your ego, if you have really a strong ego, you may turn back or you may close your doors. You may not listen to the voice of the beyond.

And let me tell you, God comes every day and knocks on your doors. Sometimes He comes as the wind and knocks on your doors, but you don't open your doors. And sometimes He comes in the rains, but you don't go into the open and you don't stand under the sky to be soaked by Him. No, you hide, you open your umbrellas. And you have psychological umbrellas too, and whenever He comes you avoid, whenever He comes across you, you escape.

Kabir says: If you want ***The Guest***, be a host. Welcome Him, receive Him, embrace Him. And He always comes, continuously comes -- every moment of your life He is coming and searching for you; you go on avoiding. All that is needed on your part is not a search for God-but availability -- when God comes to be ready to surrender, when the ocean comes to disappear into it. Slip like a dewdrop... silently, prayerfully. Dancing, laughing, loving, disappear.

SAI MILE SUKH HOY.... KAHAT KABIR SUNO BHAI PYARE.

My beloved friends, listen. This is all that I have to say, says Kabir: That there is no other bliss except the meeting with ***The Guest***.

The Guest
Chapter #2
Chapter title: The time has come to be free

27 April 1979 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
OSHO, SOMETHING INSIDE ME CRINGES WITH DISTRUST WHEN I HEAR YOU SAY 'GOD', AND I NOTICE THAT I AM RELUCTANT TO EMBRACE THE WORD. LOVE, YES; DIVINE PRESENCE, YES; THE ULTIMATE, YES; BUT THIS WORD 'GOD' BRINGS A HESITATION TO MY LIPS AND A SHUDDER TO MY BEING. WILL YOU COMMENT ON THIS CONDITION?

Charles Harp,

THERE is a reason in it: in the name of God so much harm has been done that it is natural. This will happen to any intelligent person. The word 'god' has become very dirty; remaining in the wrong company of the priests it has lost all its beauty. It has become associated with wrong people, wrong meanings. Hence it is very natural that a shudder goes into your being, that a hesitation arises in you, that you cringe with distrust -- but it has nothing to do with the word 'god'.

The word 'god' in itself is beautiful, the word 'god' in itself is innocent.

The same has been done in the name of religion, the same has been done in the name of love. If you look at the history of the word 'love', millions of people have been killed. Christians have been killing in the name of love, Mohammedans have been killing in the name of religion, God, brotherhood. And the same has been the case all over the world.

Now the same is happening in the name of communism. The word is beautiful, it comes from 'commune'. The same is happening in the name of democracy; the word is beautiful.

So one thing has to be understood: words in themselves are innocent; it depends on what you do with them. And if you have used the word 'god' wrongly, who can prevent you from using the word 'love' in the same way? Brotherhood, democracy, communism, humanity, peace? In the name of peace only war happens, and preparation for war. Then one has to understand one thing: one need not become too conditioned for or against words; words are neutral.

The word 'god' itself has tremendous beauty. It comes from a Greek root in which g stands for 'that', o stands for 'which', d stands for 'is'. God is a code word; it means 'that which is'. Now it contains all -- the trees and the birds and the clouds and the sun, you and me -- all that has happened, all that is happening, all that will ever happen.

God does not mean a person. Yes, it has been used in that way, but what does that have to do with the poor word

'god'? The word cannot prevent people from wrongly using it. It has been used as if there is an old man, very ancient, sitting in heaven, dominating, controlling -- a great engineer who has created the world. The word itself does not have any meaning of that kind. It simply means the whole, the total.

And the whole IS; nobody can deny it, not even the atheist. The atheist can deny God as a person, but there is no God as a person so the atheist is fighting with a shadow -- just like the theist who is worshipping a shadow. The theist is stupid, so is the atheist. They are in the same boat. One is worshipping something which is not, the other is criticizing, fighting with something which is not. Both are engaged in an exercise in futility. God means the whole, the total, the all.

It will be good if you can free the word 'god' from the so-called religious people. The word in itself is beautiful and has to be saved. Hence I go on using it, knowing that it has been associated with the wrong people. But it is not the fault of the word 'god'; it is helpless. You can use any word wrongly, and almost all beautiful words have been used wrongly. Only beautiful ones can be wrongly used, remember, because they can become a camouflage. Hiding behind them, you can do wrong things more easily. 'God' becomes the screen and behind it you can be as violent as possible -- hiding behind a beautiful word: 'love' can serve, 'humanity' can serve...

If this is the way, Charles, and you become antagonistic towards words, then not a single beautiful word will be left for you; all have been used wrongly. And even if we invent new words, they will be used wrongly because the people, the great crowd on the earth, are the same. Its mind is the same.

Now in Russia nobody believes in God, but they believe in communism. They will do the same in the name of communism as Christians have done in the name of God. What is the difference? In Russia nobody believes in the Bible, but they will sacrifice as many people at the altar of DAS KAPITAL as have been sacrificed in the name of the Bible. So what is the difference? Kaaba or Kremlin, there seems to be no difference at all.

Now in China nobody believes in Buddha and nobody can commit any more crimes in the name of Buddha, but now the same crimes are being committed in the name of communism, Chairman Mao, because the people are the same. Unless the mind of humanity changes this is going to happen.

Hence I don't drop using the word 'god', knowing perfectly well that you are not alone -- there are many people who would like me to drop the word 'god' completely, but then I will have to drop 'love' too.

You say, "LOVE, YES...." That simply means that you are not aware that what has been done in the name of love is not less criminal than what has been done in the name of

God. "DIVINE PRESENCE" -- you say, "YES" but the same can be done; "THE ULTIMATE, YES." These are just synonyms! Life, love, God, godliness, divine presence, the ultimate, the absolute, truth -- they are all synonyms.

Don't be too conditioned by the past. This is remaining in a kind of bondage, Charles. Somebody hearing the word 'god' simply falls on his knees and starts praying, and somebody else cringes. Both are conditioned, nobody is free. If you shudder, if you hesitate, then the word 'god' has immense power over you, negative of course -- but it has great power, as much power as it has on the people who go to the churches and the temples. You are conditioned in the negative way, they are conditioned in the positive way. But conditioning is conditioning; whether negative or positive it does not make you free.

Be free! And by being free, free these beautiful words too. Hence I go on using the word 'god'. But to me God is synonymous with love, love is synonymous with life, life is synonymous with existence -- these are synonyms. And we have to claim these beautiful words back from the priests and the politicians.

The second question:

Question 2
PLEASE OSHO, WHAT IS TIME?

Mado Maestracci,

TIME has two meanings. One is chronological time, the clock's time. I cannot say much about it. You have to ask a physicist; only he can say something about it. That is not my dimension of work. If you ask the physicists, Albert Einstein and others, they will say time is the fourth dimension of space. But that does not make much sense, the mystery remains. The mystery remains as mysterious as it was before Albert Einstein.

Saint Augustine is reported to have said, "I know what time is if nobody asks me; if somebody asks me then I don't know."

Time is a mysterious quality. Everybody lives in it, everybody feels it, everybody knows it, and yet it is inexplicable.

The physicist has come to a certain understanding -- that it is the fourth dimension of space -- but that too does not demystify it. In fact it becomes even more mysterious. We have never thought of space and time as one; now physicists say that they are not two. They use a single word for both: spatiotime.

But that is not my world, science is not my world. There is another meaning of time, and whenever I use the word 'time' I use it in that other sense -- psychological time -- which has significance, more significance than chronological time.

What is psychological time? Mind is psychological time. Mind is time. If you don't have any mind and you are simply silent with no thought moving within, there is no time for you, not psychological time. The clock will go on moving, but for you the inner clock stops -- time stops, the world stops. That is my dimension, the dimension of meditation.

As you go deeper into meditation time disappears. When meditation has really bloomed there is no time found. It happens simultaneously: when the mind disappears time disappears. Hence down the ages the mystics have said that time and mind are nothing but two aspects of the same coin. Mind cannot live without time and time cannot live without mind. Time is a way for the mind to exist.

Mind creates future through desire, through dreaming. The future does not exist, it is only in imagination, and mind creates the past. The past also does not exist, it is only in the memory. The past is no more, the future is not yet, but both exist in the mind. And because of the past and the future you have the feeling of time.

Time is not divided into three parts as it is usually divided. Mystics divide time into two parts: the past and the future. Time has only two tenses: past, future. And what about the present? Mystics say the present is timeless because the present is mindless. When you are utterly in the present, herenow, there is neither mind nor time. You transcend time and mind both, you enter into eternity. You are

beyond time. You are in a totally different world -- transformed, transmuted, transported.

When I talk about time I mean this time that is created by the mind. Mind clings with the past and clings with the future. It is not ready to renounce the past, it is not ready to die to the past, because it is in the past that it can have its roots. And it is not ready to renounce desiring, dreaming, because it is in desiring and dreaming that it can live. It needs space; it creates a very false space for itself: tomorrow, which never comes. Mind knows of yesterdays and tomorrows, and nothing of today.

Hence all the Buddhas have insisted, "Live in this moment." To live in this moment is meditation, to be simply herenow is meditation. Those who are simply herenow this very moment with me are in meditation. This is meditation: the cuckoo calling from far away, and the airplane passing, and the crows and the birds. And all is silent, and there is no movement in the mind -- you are not thinking of the past and you are not thinking of the future. Time has stopped, the world has stopped.

Stopping the world is the whole art of meditation. And to live in the moment is to live in eternity. To taste the moment with no idea, with no mind, is to taste immortality.

Time is mind. Time is death. Going beyond time is going beyond mind and beyond death.

But if you want to know about chronological time you have to ask a physicist; that is not my concern. Psychological time is my basic concern. That's my whole work here: to help you get out of psychological time.

The third question:

Question 3
WHAT IS GREED?

Sandesh,

GREED is an effort to stuff yourself with something -- it may be sex, it may be food, it may be money, it may be power. Greed is the fear of inner emptiness. One is afraid of being empty and one wants somehow to possess more and more things. One wants to go on stuffing things inside so one can forget one's emptiness.

But to forget one's emptiness is to forget one's real self. To forget one's emptiness is to forget the way to God. To forget one's emptiness is the most stupid act in the world that a man is capable of.

But why do people want to forget? We are carrying an idea given to us by others that emptiness is death. It is not! It is a false notion perpetuated by the society. Society has a deep investment in the idea, because if people are not greedy THIS society cannot exist. If people are not greedy then who is going to be mad after money, after power? Then the whole structure of this power-oriented society will

collapse. If people are not greedy, who is going to call Alexander 'the Great'? Alexander will be called 'the ridiculous' not 'the Great', 'the stupid' not 'the Great'. Then who is going to call the people who go on and on possessing things respectable? Who is going to give them respect? They will be the laughing-stock! They are mad, they are wasting their lives. Then who is going to pay respects to the prime ministers and the presidents of the countries? Then people will think that they are neurotic.

And the world will be really beautiful when Adolf Hitler and Mussolini and Churchill and people like these are thought to be neurotic, when nobody pays any attention to them. The whole structure of politics will fall, because the politician is there only to get more and more attention. The politician is a child, he has not grown up. He wants everybody to be at his disposal, he wants everybody to look up to him, he wants everybody to go on being attentive, to pay attention to him.

Attention gives one intoxication; it is the greatest drug in the world. Just think of yourself passing through the whole town and nobody paying any attention, not even a dog barking at you; everybody ignoring you, even dogs; nobody taking any note, everybody thinking you are not! How will you feel? You will feel very bad -- nobody saying "Hi! Hello, good morning. Where are you going? How are you?" -- people simply not looking at you. If you become invisible and you walk around, and nobody looks at you because nobody can see you, and nobody says "Hello!", nobody pays any attention, how are you going to feel? You

will feel like a non-entity, a nobody, reduced to nothingness. It will look like death.

Hence people are in search of more and more attention. If you cannot get attention by being famous then at least you can get attention by becoming notorious. If you cannot get attention by being a saint you can get attention by being a murderer.

And psychologists say that basically many murderers commit murder not for any reason other than to get attention. When they murder their photos are on the front pages of newspapers, with their names in block letters. They are on the TV, on the radio, everywhere; they become somebody. At least for a few days they can enjoy that they are also famous; the whole world knows about them, they are not non-entities any more.

Just think of a world where people are not greedy -- then the rich person will be thought neurotic, the politician will be thought neurotic. Then the people who are constantly hankering for attention will be thought retarded. And if people are not greedy we will have a totally different world, more beautiful. There will be fewer possessions certainly, but more joy, more music, more dance, more love. People may not have many gadgets in their houses, but people will be more alive. Right now we go on selling our life energies for gadgets. Gadgets go on accumulating and the soul goes on disappearing; machines go on growing and man goes on disappearing.

When the world is non-greedy, people will be playing on the guitar, on the flute. People may be sitting silently under trees, meditating. Yes, people will be doing things but only to the extent that is absolutely necessary. People will be fulfilling their needs, but needs are not desires; desires are unnecessary, needs are necessary. And desires never end. Needs are simple and can be fulfilled, but desires go on asking for more and more. They-go on desiring for even more of the same thing that you have. You have one car, the desire says have two; unless you have a two-car garage you are nobody. You have one house, desire says have two -- at least one in the hills. And when you have two the desire says have three, one in the hills, one on the seashore, and so on, so forth.

Paddy was digging his garden one day, when he saw a little creature at his feet. He lifted his shovel up to kill it, but to his surprise it spoke.

"Paddy, I'm a leprechaun. Spare my life and I will grant ye three wishes."

"Three wishes? Done!" said Paddy, then thought: "Well, I am thirsty from all this digging. I would like a bottle of cold Guinness."

The leprechaun snapped his fingers and Paddy found he was holding a bottle of Guinness.

"That there," said the leprechaun, "is a magic bottle. It will never empty -- it will pour forever." Paddy took a swig.

Lovely. "What are your next two wishes, Paddy?" asked the leprechaun

Paddy thought, "I think I would like two more of these, please."

Now it is of no use, but that's how it goes on.... You have a million dollars -- already you have more than you can use but you are asking for more, and it is never ending. Needs are small: yes, you need food, shelter, you need a few things. Everybody's needs can be provided for; the world has enough to fulfill everybody's needs; but desires... it is impossible. Desires cannot be fulfilled. And because people are fulfilling their desires millions of people's needs are not fulfilled.

But basically greed is a spiritual problem. You have been taught that if you don't have many things you are nobody, and you are also afraid. So people go on stuffing themselves. It does not help; at the most it gives you a temporary relief, but sooner or later you start feeling the emptiness again. Then you fill it again.

And the inner emptiness is the door to God. But you have been told that the empty mind is the devil's mind or the devil's workshop; that is absolute nonsense that has been told to people. The empty mind is the door to God. How can the empty mind be the devil's workshop? It is in the empty mind that the devil dies completely. The devil means the mind, the empty mind means no-mind.

And greed is one of the most fundamental problems to be encountered. You have to see why you are greedy: because you want to keep yourself occupied with things. Possessing more and more you remain occupied, engaged. You can forget all about your inner world, you can go on saying to it, "Wait! Let me have this much more, and then I am going to turn towards you."

And it is always death that comes before your desires are fulfilled. Even if you live for a thousand years your desires are not going to be fulfilled.

In India we have a very beautiful story.

A great king, Yayati, was going to die. Death came.... It is an ancient story; in those days things were simple and the other world was not so far away. Death came and knocked on the door. Yayati opened the door and he said, "What? I have lived for only a hundred years, and here you are -- and with no notice! At least some time should be given. I have not fulfilled my real desires yet. I have been postponing: tomorrow, tomorrow; and now you are here, and there will be no tomorrow. This is cruel! Be kind!"

Death said, "I have to take somebody, I cannot go empty-handed. But seeing your misery, your old age, I will grant you a hundred years more. But then one of your sons has to go with me."

Yayati had one hundred sons -- he had one hundred wives -- so he said, "That is simple!"

It was not so simple as he had thought. He called his hundred sons and asked one to go. "Save your old father's life! Many times you have said, 'Father, we can die for you.' Now the time has come to prove it!"

But these things are always said; they are polite nothings. The sons started looking at each other. Somebody was seventy, somebody was seventy-five, somebody was sixty; they themselves were getting very old. The youngest was just twenty.

The youngest son stood up and he said, "I am ready to go." Nobody could believe it! His ninety-nine brothers could not believe it; they thought he was a fool. And he had not lived yet, not at all. He was only twenty, just on the threshold of the beginning. Even Death felt compassion.

Death took the young man aside, whispered in his ear, "Are you a fool? Your older brothers are not ready, they have lived long. Seventy-five years somebody has lived -- he is not ready. And you are ready? Your father does not want to die. He is a hundred years old, and you are only twenty."

The young man said something very beautiful, something of tremendous import. He said, "Seeing this, that my father has lived one hundred years and he has ALL that one can have, and he is still not satisfied, I see the futility of life. What is the point? I may live one hundred years and the situation will be the same. And if it was only my father then I would have thought, 'Maybe he is an exception.' But

my brothers -- seventy-five, seventy, sixty-five, sixty -- have also lived long. They have enjoyed every kind of thing; now what else is there to enjoy? They are getting old and they are not satisfied. So one thing is certain: this is not the way to become satisfied. Hence I am ready, and I am coming with you, not in any despair but in tremendous understanding. I am coming with you with great cheerfulness that I have not to pass through this torture, these one hundred years of torture which my father has had to suffer. He has not yet become able enough to go with you."

And the story continues. One hundred years again passed; they came and were gone, nothing was noticed. Again Death knocked. When Death knocked, only then did Yayati become aware again that one hundred years had passed. He said, "But I am not ready!"

And this went on happening, and each time a son went with Death, and for one thousand years Yayati lived. This is really a symbolic story. After one thousand years Death came, and Death said, "What do you think now?"

Yayati said, "I am coming. Enough is enough! I have seen that nothing can ever be fulfilled here. Desires go on growing; you fulfill one desire and ten others arise. It is a process ad infinitum. Now I am coming willingly, and now I can say that my first son who went with you and was only twenty years old had intelligence. I was stupid. It took one thousand years for me to see it and he could see it when he was only twenty. That is intelligence! "

If you are intelligent you will see the futility of greed. If you are intelligent you will start living rather than preparing to live. Greed is preparing to live. And you can go on preparing, and the time to live will never come. If you are intelligent you will not miss today for tomorrow. You will not sacrifice this moment for another moment, you will live this moment in its totality. You will squeeze the whole juice out of this moment.

Jesus says to his disciples, "Think not of the morrow." He is simply saying, "Don't be greedy" -- because whenever you think of the morrow you become greedy. It is greed that thinks of the morrow. Jesus says to his disciples: Look at the lily flowers in the field. What is their secret? Why are they so beautiful? Even Solomon attired in all his grandeur was not so beautiful. What is their secret? Their secret is simple: they think not of the morrow, they live in the moment. This moment is all and all. There is nothing behind, nothing ahead. They enjoy this moment with their total being.

Greed means postponing your life for tomorrow.

Try to see your greed. It can take so many forms: it can be worldly, it can be other-worldly. Beware! It may take the form of: "This life is not worth living so I will prepare for another life. This earth is not worth living on, I will prepare for paradise." But this is greed!

Of your so-called saints ninety-nine percent are greedy people, far more greedy than the people you will find in the marketplace. The greed of the people who live in the marketplace is not that great, their greed is very ordinary. They are asking for more money -- that is very ordinary. Your saints, your mahatmas say, "This is temporary. We ask for something permanent, we want something eternal. We will sacrifice the temporal for the eternal." There is a great motivation; out of the corner of their eyes they are waiting for paradise. There they will enjoy and there they will show these fools who were rushing in the marketplace, "Look, we had told you before, we had warned you. Now you have to suffer in hell, and we will enjoy all the heavenly joys." But this is greed, and wherever greed is, there is no heaven. Greed is hell; it may be worldly, it may be otherworldly.

See the stupidity of greed. I am not saying "Renounce" -- watch my words -- I am saying see the stupidity of greed. In that very seeing it disappears, and your energy is free. Your consciousness is no longer entangled, entrapped, by things -- money, power, prestige. Your consciousness is free. And the freedom of consciousness is the greatest rejoicing.

The fourth question:

Question 4
WHY DON'T I FEEL THAT I AM MYSELF?

Gayatri,

BECAUSE you are not yet. Your feeling is indicative of a truth: nobody is himself. Everybody is wearing a mask, everybody is pretending to be somebody else. Your smile is painted, your face is not yours. You are simply fulfilling others' expectations. Your parents wanted you to be this way, that's why you are this way. Your teachers wanted you to be like this, that's why you are like this. Your society demands that you are of a certain type and you simply fulfill it. You are a slave, you are not your own being.

And so many demands have been made on you that you don't have only one mask, you have many, because in twenty-four hours' time you have to change many times. When you go to the office and you see the boss you have to wear a different mask -- smiling, wagging your tail. And when you are facing your servant you have a totally different mask; now you expect him to smile and wag his tail. You take revenge; what the boss has done to you, you will do to your servant. He will go home and do the same to his wife, and the wife will do the same to the kid, and the kid will do the same to his toy... and this goes on and on. With the friend you have one mask, with the stranger another; with the wife one and with your girlfriend another.

And you have become so skillful that the masks slip and change of their own accord. It has become almost an automatic process, and very smooth. This is what your personality is.

Hence Gayatri, it is true that you don't feel that you are your own self This is the beginning of a great revolution in your life.

People think they are themselves. They are deceiving themselves or they are living in an illusion. This is good to know, that "I am not myself", because this is the beginning. If you become very aware that you are not yourself then sooner or later you will have to drop all falsities. Then sooner or later you will have to assert your true being.

An Irishman went for a job at a building site. The foreman told him, "You can start at 7.30 a.m. on Monday morning."

Paddy went back to his flat and told his mates, "You must get me up at 7.00 a.m. on Monday morning, because oi start me new job at 7.30 a.m. and oi mustn't be late on the first morning."

Monday morning arrived and before his mates woke him up, they painted his hands and his face black.

"Paddy, get up. It's 7.00 a.m." He woke up, had his breakfast and walked across the town to the building site. The foreman went over to him.

"Yes, what can I do for you?"

The Irishman said, "You gave me a job and told me to start this morning."

"I'm sorry, sir, there must be some mistake. I've only got one man starting this morning, and he's Irish." The Irishman left the building site and walked home slowly; as he walked past a shop window, he turned and saw his face was black.

"By Jaasus, dave woke de wrong bloody man up!"

This is the situation. You are not yourself. You go on doing things -- getting married, giving birth to children, bringing up children -- and you are not yourself. You will do all the functions of your life and die -- and you never lived, you never allowed yourself to live! Somebody else lived in your place, and somebody else will die. You came here and you didn't use the opportunity of life. You simply passed through without being at all enriched by life, by love, by the thousand and one experiences that life consists of.

Now, Gayatri, if the feeling is arising that "I am not myself", don't be worried. This will create great worry in you; you will start feeling shaky. Don't be worried! This is a blessing! You are NOT yourself: this is a truth that is dawning on you.

Now start searching for whip you are. You are NOT your faces. Now begin the search for the original face, the face that you had before you were born and the face that you will again have when you are dead. Between the two, birth and death, you have many faces which are not yours.

Now the time has come to get out of others' expectations. Don't go on fulfilling others' expectations; that is a very subtle slavery. The mother wants you to do this, the father wants you to do that, the society wants this... and everybody wants, everybody is making demands on you. And nobody leaves you alone and nobody wants you to do the thing that you would like to do. Now the time has come: do your own thing -- get out of all this bondage.

This is what sannyas is all about: a declaration of freedom, a declaration that "I am going to be myself whatsoever the cost and whatsoever the consequences." And you will not be a loser, that I can promise you; you will not be a loser, you will be infinitely enriched. You are not here to fulfill others' expectations, you are here to live your authentic life.

And the others who are expecting are not aware of what they are doing to you: they are simply expecting things which were expected from them. Their parents had expected certain things; they followed, they remained slaves. And they have given birth to you -- now they are expecting the same things from you.

You will give birth to children. Remember, don't enforce any expectation on them. Help them to be free, love them, but don't give your ideas to them. Love them, but don't give your religions to them. Love them, help them to become more aware so they can choose their religion, their idea, whatsoever they want to be. Help them to become strong, more conscious. Don't give them any conscience, any character. Give them more consciousness, every

opportunity to become more alert. And trust life, don't be so afraid. And don't prepare everything for them; otherwise they will never grow any backbone, they will remain spineless. Don't protect them too much. Yes, protect them when there is danger, but not too much. Give them enough rope so they can learn to walk on their own feet. Leave them sometimes alone, don't be constantly after them. Give them some space where they can feel themselves. Don't overcrowd them, don't impinge on them.

Get out of the interference of others. Yes, it will be difficult because others are not going to leave you so easily; nobody wants to leave his slave so easily. And they will talk about love, and they will say, "I love you, so you have to follow me." Love never asks that; this is not love.

Love says, "Be a light unto yourself." If it is true love it always gives you freedom. And it trusts that the inner life that you have, the inner light that you have, will lead you, will guide you. And even if you sometimes go astray it is good, because one learns only by trial and error; there is no other way. You cannot be protected from committing errors. If you are protected from committing errors you will never learn; you will always remain stupid, retarded -- and that is the situation of millions of people in the world.

The average mental age of humanity is only twelve years. This is a very sad situation, it is very unfortunate. A seventy-year-old person, and the mental age of twelve? It can be just the other way too; the seventy-year-old person

can have the mental age of seven hundred years too. That's how it should be.

Somebody asked Emerson, "How old are you?" And he was sixty, but he said, "Three hundred and sixty years old."

The questioner could not believe his ears. He said, "Please, repeat it again."

And Emerson repeated it slowly. He said, "Three hundred and sixty, that is my actual age." And the man said, "Are you kidding? You don't look more than sixty."

Emerson said, "Chronologically I am sixty, but I have lived so much in these sixty years -- six times more than people usually live -- hence I count my age to be three hundred and sixty years."

Don't die a retarded person. And don't sacrifice yourself for beautiful names: love, duty, service, society. Your first duty is towards your being. Fulfill that first, and then all else will be fulfilled.

My own observation is that a person who loves himself deeply becomes so blissful that his whole life becomes a prayer, a service, compassion. Only a blissful person can have compassion, and only a blissful person can have love. The person who goes on following others remaining so miserable deep down, so crippled -- how can he love, how can he be compassionate? Yes, he can go through empty

motions of love, duty, but that is not going to fulfill him or the person he is dutiful to. It is not going to fulfill anybody.

Look at the situation! The whole of humanity pretends to love, and still there is no love. You don't feel the fragrance of love, you don't see the joy of love. And everybody is a lover! If so many millions of people were loving the world would become a paradise. But it is not; it is a hell! And the reason is that nobody is courageous enough to be free from the expectations of others.

Be free, Gayatri! The time has come to be free. You need not hurt anybody. By being free I don't mean being angry with others or fighting with others or reacting negatively. That again is not freedom. If you react, others will go on controlling you in a negative way.

For example, your mother has been teaching you that cleanliness is next to God, and now you want to be free -- so uncleanliness becomes next to God. Your mother was teaching you every day, to take a cold shower first thing in the morning; and now you have forgotten completely what it feels like to have a shower. For years you have not taken a bath! This is not freedom, this is reaction: your mother is still controlling you in a negative way. She is still dominant; you are fighting with her.

Freedom simply means that you start living intelligently on your own, neither according to your mother nor against her. If you are against her you can never be free. Don't be against anybody and don't be for anybody, simply live out

of your own simple intelligence. Yes, many times you will commit errors; that's perfectly okay because that's how one learns. Many times you will go astray; that's absolutely right. By going astray you will learn how to come back to the right track. And when you come back to the right track, what joy, what rejoicing, what celebration!

Don't react, be rebellious. Reaction is not rebellion. Rebellion is not at all concerned with others, for or against. Rebellion is something that arises in you that is not concerned with others. And reaction does not arise in you; it is concerned with others; first you were obedient, now you are disobedient.

Don't be obedient, don't be disobedient -- be intelligent! And soon you will be able to discover your own original face, and that is how one should be. The fifth question:

Question 5
OSHO,
THE WHOLE OF EXISTENCE,
THE BIRDS, BEASTS, FLOWERS AND AIR CALL FOR OUR STILLNESS,
OUR MEDITATION.
ALL EXCEPT ONE SMALL INSECT,
THIS WINGED PARASITE
THIS BUZZING DISTURBER
THIS MOSQUITO.
IS HE THE DEVIL?

Abhinandan,

MOSQUITOES are ancient meditators who have fallen, hence they are against anybody succeeding in meditation; they are very jealous. So whenever you meditate they are there to disturb, to distract.

And this is nothing new, this has always been so. In al the ancient scriptures it is mentioned, in Jain scriptures particularly so, because the Jain monk lives naked. Just think of a naked Jain monk; and India, and mosquitoes! Mahavir had to give specific instructions on what attitude to take about mosquitoes. He had told his disciples that when mosquitoes attack, accept. This is the ultimate distraction: if you can win this then there is no other difficulty, no greater difficulty. And when he says, he knows! -- to live naked in India is a difficult thing.

Once I stayed in Sarnath where Buddha delivered his first sermon, where Buddha turned the wheel of DHAMMA... the MOST important sermon, which became the beginning of a new tradition. I was staying with a Buddhist monk.

I have seen mosquitoes, but nothing to be compared with Sarnath mosquitoes. Poona mosquitoes are just nothing! You should feel very happy about it! You are fortunate that I am not in Sarnath. The mosquitoes were really that big!

Even in the daytime we used to sit under the mosquito nets. In one mosquito net, in one bed, would sit the Buddhist monk, in the other I would sit, and we would talk.

I said, "I am never going to come again" -- because he was asking me to come again and stay. I said, "Never, never! This is my first and last time."

He said, "That reminds me that down the ages Buddhist monks have been laughing and joking about why Buddha never came again to Sarnath. He came only once; he delivered the first sermon, and escaped!" He went many times to other places. He must have gone at least thirty times to Shravasti, he must have gone at least forty times to Rajgiri, and so on and so forth. Each place that he visited, he visited again and again. But Sarnath, only once; he never went back again to that place.

"And," the monk said, "it is because of these mosquitoes. And you also say that you will never come again."

I said to him, "At least in one thing I will follow Buddha! I cannot follow in other things -- I have to be a 'light unto myself' -- but about this thing let him be the light!"

I know it is difficult, very difficult, but you will have to learn. Don't be distracted. That does not mean that you allow the mosquitoes to exploit you. Protect yourself in every possible way, but with no anxiety, no irritation. Protect yourself, avoid the mosquitoes, throw them away, shake them off, but with no irritation. They are doing THEIR thing, and. that much has to be accepted. They are not particularly against you. Somebody must be having his breakfast or lunch or dinner... so be polite. You have every right to protect yourself, but no need to be irritated.

Irritation will disturb the meditation not the mosquito. You can shake the mosquito off very meditatively, attentively, fully alert, with no irritation. Try it!

The real problem never comes from the outside, the real problem always comes from inner irritation. For example, dogs are barking outside and you are meditating. Now, immediately you are angry -- these stupid dogs! But they are not in any way disturbing your meditation, they are simply enjoying their life! They must have seen a policeman or a postman or a sannyasin! Dogs are very much against uniforms, very anti-uniform; the moment they see a uniform they start barking. They don't believe in uniforms, and they are entitled to have their own belief -- but they are not particularly trying to disturb you.

Once I stayed in a resthouse where a politician was also staying. He was a chief minister of a state. And just as you see mosquitoes here... Somebody else has written that they have disappeared from all over the city and they have come to the ashram. They are not so much in the town as they are here in the ashram. In fact they cannot get such juicy food anywhere else!

Exactly the same was the case with that resthouse. All the dogs of the town somehow had gathered there. Such a great fight was going on. I fell asleep, and the politician could not. So he came, he shook me awake and he said, "I feel envious of you! How can you sleep when there is so much disturbance? And I have gone thrice outside and thrown stones at the dogs. They go away for a moment, I come in,

and they are back. I don't think that I can sleep the whole night."

I said, "If I can sleep, you can also sleep."

He said, "What is the secret?"

I said, "The secret is simple: you lie down and listen to the dogs as if they are singing a lullaby."

He said, "Lullaby? And dogs?"

I said, "Try! You can't lose anything in trying it. Why be against them? Just the idea that 'I cannot sleep because dogs are barking,' is the root cause of your disturbance, not the dogs and their barking -- your idea. You drop that idea, you accept the barking. You listen attentively; you listen as if you are listening to music."

He said again, "Music?"

I said, "You have to drop it! Otherwise get lost and don't disturb me! I have to sleep."

Finding no other way, he said, "Okay, so I will try." After fifteen minutes he was snoring. I went in and shook him. He said, "What are you doing?" He said, "This is too much! Somehow I managed to sleep, and now you have awakened me again! "

I said, "I have come to ask -- does it work?" He said, "It works. And please, don't come again. Let me try again. Somehow I had managed it; it was very difficult to think of it as music, to think of it as a lullaby, to think of dogs as friends, it was very difficult -- but finding no other way I said, 'Okay, let us try'. And it worked!"

And in the morning he told me, "I will keep this secret. It can work in many situations. It can work in all situations."

Mosquitoes are doing their thing. You have to protect yourself, you have to do your own thing, but don't get irritated. Just irritation is the problem. And then if you cannot get irritated, if you are not distracted by all the nuisance that mosquitoes are creating around you, you will even feel grateful to them: they have given you a secret key.

If you are not distracted by the mosquitoes, then nothing can distract you. Then you have come to a very stable state of meditation.

The sixth question:

Question 6
YOU OFTEN SPEAK OF BECOMING A BUDDHA. BUT SHANKARA OFTEN SAID THAT BUDDHA ONLY BROUGHT HIS DISCIPLES TO COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS, WHILE THERE ARE STILL HIGHER STATES OF CONSCIOUSNESS, SUCH AS

UNITY CONSCIOUSNESS AND BRAHMA CONSCIOUSNESS.

PLEASE WILL YOU COMMENT ON THIS AND, IF YOU KNOW, TELL US ABOUT THE PATHS WHICH LEAD TO THESE STATES.

Zoli Korlbeek,

BUDDHA has not talked about cosmic consciousness at all. He talks about ultimate no-selfness beyond which there is nothing, beyond which there cannot be anything. He talks about the total disappearance of the ego.

All other states belong to the ego: "I have attained this, I have attained that, I have attained that -- cosmic consciousness and unity consciousness and Brahma consciousness...." Who is attaining these things? There must be some identity, some 'I', howsoever subtle.

Shankara remains confined to the self. He goes on refining it, polishing it, but he never goes beyond the self.

Buddha goes to no-self. Now no-self cannot have many states. No-self is simply no-self -- utter nothingness. How can nothingness have states? It is impossible, because two nothingnesses cannot be different. Nobody has gone beyond Buddha. What Shankara is talking about is far lower.

And there are ways to attain to. cosmic consciousness and unity consciousness and Brahma consciousness, but they are nothing but new illusions. Even when you say and think, "I have become one with God", you are there. Who is feeling that "I have become one with God"? Even to declare "AHAM BRAHMASMI, I am the ultimate!", needs something of the 'I' there to declare it; maybe the last tail end -- the elephant is gone but the tail is still there. And the tail is enough to bring the whole elephant back at any time.

Buddha is the ultimate beyond which nobody has ever gone. Shankara is still groping far behind. Shankara is a great philosopher; Buddha is not a philosopher at all. Shankara is a great logician; Buddha is not a logician at all, Buddha is a pure, existential mystic. Hence Buddha never talks about all this jargon: cosmic consciousness, unity consciousness, Brahma consciousness -- you can create as many as you want.

If you are really interested in such nonsense then there is a sect in India, Radha Swami Sampraday. They talk about fourteen states, and they have a map, and only THEIR Master has attained to the fourteenth. Buddha et cetera are somewhere on the third, fourth, fifth; Krishna, Christ are somewhere on the second; Shankara et cetera are just somewhere on the seventh. The fourteenth they call the Land of Truth, SATCHKAND; that space of truth has been attained only by THEIR Master, Radha Swami. Now these games can be played.

Once a Radha Swami follower came to me and he said, "Do you know anything about the fourteenth?"

I said, "Who cares about the fourteenth? no you know about the fifteenth?"

He said, "Fifteenth? Never heard of it!" "I have attained to the fifteenth! And I know your guru -- he is just lagging behind."

And he was asking me the secret of the fifteenth!

All foolish talk! But this is how the ego works.

Now you seem to be a Shankara-freak; in India there are many. Shankara has impressed many because he is really clever at logical argumentation; but logical argumentation is just meaningless as far as existential experience is concerned.

Shankara used to say that the world is illusion, and he used to prove it. And it can be proved logically because logically it is very difficult to prove that it is real. Who knows? -- you may be simply dreaming that you are listening to me, that I am here talking to you. Sometimes in a dream you have listened to me, and in the dream it looks so real. So who knows? -- maybe now you are dreaming and it is looking so real. How can it be proved that I am really here and you are really there? In fact there is no way to prove it, it may be a dream.

Chuang Tzu says that he dreamed in the night that he had become a butterfly, and since then he has been very confused -- confused because now in the morning, he thinks it may be just that the butterfly had fallen asleep and was dreaming that she was Chuang Tzu. Now who is right: Chuang Tzu dreaming that he has become a butterfly, or Butterfly dreaming that she has become a Chuang Tzu? Now what is true? If Chuang Tzu can become a butterfly in the dream, why can't a butterfly sitting on the foliage in the shade in the afternoon dream and think that she has become a Chuang Tzu? What is wrong about it? It can happen in both ways! It is difficult to prove that the world is real. Hence Shankara was proving that the world is illusory. All is illusory, only God is true.

But one strange man -- nobody knows who he was, must have been of great insight -- disturbed him very much. One day Shankara was coming from the Ganges early in the morning, as was his habit. He took his usual bath of purification in the Ganges, in Varanasi. It was still dark, he was coming up the stairs, and one untouchable, one SUDRA touched him. Now he was very angry and he said, "You have destroyed my bath. I will have to go again and take a bath. And you should know how to behave. Is this the way? Can't you see a BRAHMIN?"

And the SUDRA, the untouchable started laughing. He said, "But last night I heard you arguing with great intelligence, with great acumen, that the world is illusory. So I thought that if the whole world is illusory then these untouchables must be illusory. How can an illusory

untouchable touch you in the first place? Secondly, how can an illusory person destroy your purity? Who has touched whom? If the body is illusory, then your body is also illusory. Two illusions touching each other cannot be different. Or do you think your soul is pure and my soul is impure? If the soul also can be impure then there is no way of making it pure. What do you think -- have I touched your body or your soul? Who has become impure? And just last night I heard your argumentation. It was great! And I become so convinced, that's why I have come."

Shankara was at a loss, touched the feet of the man and said, "Excuse me. It has been only logic it seems. I have not yet experienced."

He was a great philosopher, the greatest that India has produced. But remember one thing: he is nowhere close to Buddha, and cannot be. In fact whatsoever he was saying was all borrowed from Buddha, hence he has been known as a hidden Buddhist. Whatsoever he has been saying, he has only changed the words and terminology, but he is talking about the same things. And that is one of the arguments of those who are against Shankara: that he is just a PRACHCHHANNA BUDDHA, a hidden Buddhist -- using Hindu terminology instead of Buddhist terminology, that's all.

Zoli, don't be too much bothered with Shankara -- unless you are interested in philosophy, then it is okay. Then you can read Shankara and you can read Nagarjuna and you can

read Nimbarka, and you can read so many more in the West.

But if you are really interested in transformation then Buddha will be of great help, Lao Tzu will be of great help, Jesus will be of great help. If you are really interested in transformation, then listen to those who have reached the ultimate peak. Shankara was also trying, and he has said a few beautiful things, but nothing to be compared to Buddha.

And this is all nonsense, this cosmic consciousness, unity consciousness, Brahma consciousness. These are clever strategies to befool the masses.

Buddha talks only of ANATTA, no-self, ultimate emptiness, absolute death of the ego. And when you have disappeared there is nothing more to happen. To whom is it going to happen? When you are no more, all has happened. All happening disappears. That state where nothing happens any more is called NIRVANA.

NIRVANA IS a beautiful word. It means utter cessation; literally it means blowing out the candle. Just as you blow out a candle and suddenly the light disappears and is nowhere found, in deep meditation the small flame of the ego dissappears. You blow it out, and there is utter nothingness left: no experiencer, no experienced. That is NIRVANA. There is no more and nothing beyond it.

The last question:

Question 7
COME ON, OSHO, BE A SPORT AND TELL US THAT JUICY JOKE!

Okay, Maneesha!

ONE day, while studying the alphabet, the teacher looked at her second grade class and said, "Who can tell me a word that starts with the letter A?"

All the children raised their hands, but teacher wouldn't call on Johnny Badmouth because she knew he'd say 'asshole' or some other bad word. Instead she called on Billy.

"Apple."

"Very good," replied teacher, "and who can tell me a word that starts with the letter B?"

Many children raised their hands, but she refused to call on Johnny Badmouth because she knew he'd say 'bastard' or some other dirty word. She called on Mary.

"Boat."

"Very good."

And so on through the entire alphabet, each time ignoring Johnny Badmouth. "And who can tell me a word that starts with the letter R?" The children raised their hands. The

teacher racked her brains, but couldn't think of a single dirty word that started with the letter R, and decided to call on Johnny.

"Rats," said Johnny, and raised his hands to demonstrate. "BIG FUCKING RATS!"

The Guest
Chapter #3
Chapter title: Live in the is!
28 April 1979 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
OSHO, WHEN SUCH INCREDIBLE HAPPINESS DESCENDS, WHY DO I FEEL SO UNWORTHY?

Abhiyana,

IT'S natural, because that which descends has nothing to do with your effort. It is a grace, it is a gift from God. And the gift is so big, so huge, so enormous... it is natural to be overwhelmed. It is like a flood, as if the ocean has descended into the dewdrop.

How can one feel worthy? You have not earned it. It has nothing to do with your effort, your doing, your practising. It has simply come to you for no reason at all. Hence one

feels dumb,. lost, in such an awe that breathing stops, that the heart beats no more. The whole world stops.

Whenever it happens to anybody, the same is the experience -- the feeling of great unworthiness. But it is beautiful! It will give you a depth in humbleness; slowly, slowly the ego will be eroded. And sooner or later you will find that with your effort, with your worth, only small things are possible. All great things HAPPEN, they cannot be done -- and they happen for no reason at all, remember it.

The beauty of the sunset, the song of a bird, a small lonely flower, the moon... there is no reason for it at all. Nobody can answer why it is there: why the rose is so beautiful, and why this existence exists at all, and why the universe moves with such tremendous grace, harmony. There is no reason at all!

Hence I say it is a mystery, and it remains a mystery even for those who have gone deeply into it, who have become dissolved into it. It is never demystified.

But you are fortunate, Abhiyana, that those moments have started happening. Don't be shy to receive them, don't be embarrassed. It is natural in the beginning to feel unworthy. Slowly, slowly that grace will transform you. Those moments will come more and more; they will become natural. They will become a shadow to you: where you will be, they will be there. Waking, asleep, you will find that grace surrounding you. That grace will be without and

within. That grace will become a luminous point within your heart, and the flame will go on burning.

But remember, don't become too much worried about your unworthiness. If you become too much worried about your unworthiness those moments will start disappearing, because your focus has changed. Rather than feeling unworthy and becoming focused on it, feel the compassion of God and become focused on it. Remember, these are two different gestalts; both are possible.

The unintelligent will become too much concerned about his unworthiness and will start denying those moments: "How can those moments happen when I am so unworthy? It must be my imagination, it must be a trick of the mind. I must be going crazy!" And you will become convinced by your own logic that those moments are not true. You have to prove them untrue because you are so focused on your unworthiness. If they are true, then you are not unworthy.

And your society has been teaching you that you are unworthy. You have been told that you are of no use, you are utterly worthless. You are nothing but dust -- dust unto dust. You are more worthless than dirt: that's what has been told to you in so many ways; it has become a deeprooted idea in you. If you pay too much attention to it, the only possibility is that you will deny those moments.

And I know many people who have denied when the mysterious has knocked on their doors, just because they cannot leave the idea of their unworthiness. Then the only

possibility is to deny those moments, call them imaginary, hallucinations, dreams, deceptions; something must have gone wrong in your head, you are going berserk; forget all about them because they remind you of your unworthiness. Don't become focused on it, be focused on the compassion of God.

That's why all the religions emphasize: God is compassionate -- RAHIM, RAHMAN! -- God is compassion. This is just to give you an alternative gestalt so you become focused on His compassion, not on your unworthiness. You may be unworthy -- that is irrelevant -- but God is compassionate. You may be a sinner -- that is irrelevant -- God is compassionate. He gives for no reason at all; He is simply a giver, He knows only giving. And He does not give conditionally, He gives unconditionally.

Jesus tells a parable again and again.

A rich man called forth a few laborers to work in his garden in the morning. The fruits were becoming ripe and they had to be collected soon. But by the afternoon it was felt that the laborers were not enough; more were needed, so more laborers were called. By the evening it was felt that even those laborers were not enough; a few more were needed, and they were called. And when the third group of laborers went the sun was almost setting.

Then it was night, all the laborers were called, and the rich man gave exactly the same amount to everybody. Those who had come in the morning and those who had come in

the afternoon and those who had just come and had not worked at all were also given the same amount of money. Naturally, the people who had been working the whole day in the hot sun complained; they were angry. They said, "This is unjust! These people have just come! They have not done anything at all, and they receive the same amount of money? And a few people have come in the middle of the day, they have done only half the work, and they also receive the same amount of money as we have received? This is unfair!"

The wealthy man laughed and he said, "Answer me one question: is what I have given to you not enough for the labor that you have done?"

They said, "It is more than enough, but what about the others?"

And the rich man said, "You need not worry about others. I give them not because they have worked, I give them because I have too much to give. I am burdened! Can't I give my money to anybody, to whomsoever I want to give? Can't I throw my money to the winds? You have received your worth. You have received because you worked, they are receiving because I have so much to give."

This is a very strange parable; except for Jesus, nobody has told such a thing. Jesus is saying that those who are working hard, those who are cultivating culture, virtue, character, those who are practising austerities, the doers, they will receive: they will receive according to what they

have done. But lovers will also receive, who have not cultivated any virtue, who have not cultivated any austerity, who have simply lived and rejoiced, who have simply prayed, who are not great saints, who may even be known as sinners in the world. They will also receive, and the SAME amount, because God is compassion.

This is something of immense value that Jesus has said. He has opened the doors of grace for people.

That's what is happening to you, Abhiyana -- not because you have done anything special to attain it, but because God has so much He goes on showering on anybody who is receptive.

And my work here is to help you to become receptive. My function here is not to teach you how to attain to God, but to teach you how to receive god when He comes. And He comes... and He comes every day, and He comes every moment. You are just not in a receptive mood, hence you go on missing. It is not according to your saintliness that you will receive Him; it is according to your emptiness, receptivity, humbleness.

You cannot earn God. It is always a gift, and whenever it comes you will feel unworthy. And it is good to feel unworthy; don't become focused on it, don't become obsessed by it. Feeling unworthy, emphasize God's compassion. Feeling unworthy, see the beauty: that the gift is unconditional, that you cannot claim it yet it has been given to you.

You have heard Jesus' famous statement: Knock, and the doors shall be opened unto you. Ask, and it shall be given. Seek, and ye shall find.

Once Rabiya, a woman Sufi mystic, was passing, and she saw Hassan, another Sufi, praying in the mosque with great fervor, tears rolling down his cheeks, hands raised to the sky. He was crying and weeping and saying to God, "Come, open the door! Let me in!"

This was very usual with Hassan, almost an everyday ritual, five times a day. And he was doing it very sincerely. It was not just a ritual, not a mere ritual; his heart was in it. He was a man of great qualities. And Rabiya had heard him many times, and whenever she heard him she smiled, laughed, and went on her way.

But that day she went close to Hassan and shook him. Hassan looked at her, and Rabiya said, "How long are you going to do it? I tell you, the doors are open! You need not ask Him again and again, 'When will you open the doors?' Don't be foolish! Enough is enough! I have heard enough of all this nonsense! The doors are open -- just open your eyes and see!"

Rabiya's statement goes far deeper than Jesus' statement. Jesus says, "Knock, and the doors shall be opened." Rabiya says, "Open your eyes -- the doors are already open!"

And I am saying to you: God is already coming, God HAS come. He is standing at your doors. Open your doors, open your eyes, just open your heart!

And certainly, when God's energy showers on you, how can you feel you are worthy? Impossible! The gift is so big, as if somebody has given a Kohinoor diamond to a beggar. He cannot believe it; he will think it must be an artificial thing, or maybe somebody is kidding: "I am a beggar! Who can give me the Kohinoor diamond? Impossible! Maybe I am dreaming, maybe I have gone mad. This is an ordinary stone -- I am projecting!"

That's what happens to everybody when God comes in. But don't become focused on it, become focused on God's overflowing energy.

God IS overflowing energy, God is overflowing joy! God is SATCHITANANDA -- overflowing truth, overflowing consciousness, overflowing bliss. Just whenever you are ready, receptive, it is going to happen. It could have happened at any time; no time was the wrong time, no time was an unripe time. It could not happen for just one single reason: because you were not open. And if you become obsessed with your unworthiness you will become closed again.

It is natural, Abhiyana -- but look at the compassion, look at the friendliness of existence. Look at its acceptance of you, whoever you are, wherever you are. It makes no

difference between the saints and the sinners. God is available to everybody.

The second question:

Question 2
OSHO, WHY DO I GO ON FORGETTING MYSELF?

Gyan Deva,

IT IS an ancient habit; for many, many lives you have practised it. You have put so much energy into it, into forgetting yourself. You remember money, you remember others, you remember the world. To remember all these things -- all these things which Taoists call 'the ten thousand and one things'.... If you want to remember these ten thousand and one things, you will have to forget yourself, because your eyes will be focused on things, on people, on the world, and of course you will fall in the shadow.

It is a long, long habit -- just a habit. You are there; you can turn in. But turning in seems to be difficult because your neck has become paralyzed. For how many lives have you remained in this forgetfulness? Now suddenly, you want to remember.

At the most, for one or two seconds you can remember; again you will forget. But those one or two seconds open the doors of hope. Don't be worried: if you can remember only for a single moment, that's enough, the key is with

you. You are never given more than a single moment at a single time; you are never given two moments together. If you can remember for a single moment, that's enough, the key is there; now you can work it out. After this moment is gone another moment will be given to you, and you know how to be alert, aware, in a single moment -- be alert and aware in that.

Remember, you will forget many times, but don't feel repentant. Otherwise one starts feeling guilty and creating complexities which don't help, which in reality hinder. If you forget, so what! For millions of lives you have been forgetting -- accept it. And the moment you remember that you have forgotten, it is good that you have remembered again. Remember, you will forget again. When you forget, forget, when you remember, remember, but don't make much of a problem out of it. Slowly, remembering more and more, by and by, gradually, the forgetfulness, the habit, will be broken.

Mrs. McMahon went berserk one afternoon. She broke every dish and cup and reduced her usually spotless kitchen to shambles. The police arrived and took her to the city's mental institution.

The head psychiatrist sent for her husband.

"Do you know any reason," asked the shrink, "why your wife should suddenly lose her mind?"

"I am just as surprised as you are," answered Mr. McMahon. "I can't imagine what got into her. She has always been such a quiet, hard-working woman. Why, she has not been out of the kitchen in twenty years!"

How many lives have you not been out of the kitchen? How many lives have you remained in a state of forgetfulness, in a state of unconsciousness? Now suddenly you try to be aware -- the weight of the past is too much, the chains of the past are too heavy. But they WILL be broken; all that is needed is perseverance and patience.

And you have to be very, very intelligent about it. Otherwise, my observation is, people try to remember and when they cannot they start feeling very guilty. That too is part of your habit: if you cannot do something you immediately start feeling guilty. And if you feel guilty it will be more difficult to remember. If you feel frustrated; sooner or later you will stop the very effort of remembering.
Be intelligent. Seeing that for many lives you have not remembered yourself, it is natural that you forget. Even if you can remember for a few moments, feel grateful, feel thankful -- you are.doing the impossible!

A little intelligence is needed. Otherwise rather than the so-called religious people becoming religious, they become simply guilt-ridden, they become repentant, they start feeling about themselves as if they are condemned, as if they are not the chosen ones; as if God has thrown them into the dark night and has forgotten them; as if it may have

happened to a Buddha or a Kabir or a Krishna or a Zarathustra, but it is not going to happen to them. "They were special people; that's why it happened to them. They were already born enlightened; that's why it happened to them: it can't happen to me, I am an ordinary person."

Just to avoid remembering, people have created all kinds of theories. Hindus say Krishna is an incarnation of God. Christians say Jesus is the only-begotten son of God -- mind you, the only-begotten. And all others are bastards? The Jains say Mahavir is a TEERTHANKARA, very special, not an ordinary soul, not even an ordinary body. Mahavir does not perspire, he is not an ordinary human being. He does not defecate or urinate, no; he is not an ordinary being, he is very special, his body is special. Jesus is born out of a virgin mother -- he is not an ordinary mortal, even his birth is special, and so on, so forth.

Every religion has created these theories, and on the surface it looks as if you are paying great respects to Mahavir, Krishna, Buddha. You are not! In fact you are simply trying to avoid remembering yourself. You are saying, "They are special and we are not, so they can remember, they can realize, they can become enlightened. We cannot!" This is a very political strategy, but very unintelligent. This is how you are preventing yourself from becoming enlightened.

Nobody is special, or everybody is special. Nobody is an incarnation of God, or everybody is an incarnation of God. Choose either, but don't make a few people special. That is the trick, and that is a very stupid trick. Because of it you

have not remembered yet who you are. Be a little more intelligent. You have not remembered up to now because you have not decided to remember, that's all. Now decide to remember.

Gyan Deva, this decision to remember is going to create many, many problems for you. Forgetfulness is easy, habitual, has become second nature. Now you are going against your habits; the habits will create every kind of hindrance, obstacle. Only for moments will you be able to pull yourself out of your habits, and they will drag you back again into the old mire. But don't be worried: if it is possible to remember even for a single moment, it is possible to remember; that one moment is enough proof. And that one moment will give you such joy and such freedom that you cannot relapse back into forgetfulness forever.

But don't make much fuss about it. If you forget, it is natural, accept it. If you remember, that is something great to rejoice in. Rather than repenting for forgetfulness, rejoice in being able to remember. Just a little intelligence... The Irish paratroop trainees were flying out for their first parachute jump after several weeks' training.

"Remember, lads," said the instructor. "Yell 'Geronimo', jump out, count to eight, and then pull your ripcord."

The door opened at 1O,OOO feet, all the lads jumped out one by one, and Paddy went last. The instructor shut the door, and the plane flew down and landed. The instructor

got out and saw Paddy, frantically clutching the plane's wing.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" yelled the instructor.

"Sorry, sir," said Paddy, "but I forgot the name of that bleeding Indian!"

That Geronimo! It is not the name of any 'bloody Indian'; it is just an exclamation...'alleluia!' And it is irrelevant too. The whole point is that after counting to eight you pull your ripcord. And counting to eight is also not to be followed literally -- you can count to ten, you can count to six; that will do.

Don't become too unintelligent in what you are doing, particularly when you are moving towards inward consciousness. Remember, everything is just a formal support; anything can be of help.

For example, you are sitting here. You can just remember, and you can use these words: 'I am here'... and feel it 'I am here'; not just the words, but the existential feel...'I am here'... and a sudden remembering, a witnessing. Repeat it whenever you want to remember: 'I am here'. And then slowly slowly, when you are capable of remembering 'I am here' and it has become a feel in you -- not just words in.the head, but in the guts you can feel 'I am here' -- then drop the word 'here'. Then simply say, 'I am', and that will do -- and that will do far better. Just 'I am', and a great

remembrance, and a great light, and a great rooted feeling in existence. But don't become attached to the words. When you have become capable of remembering 'I am', drop the 'I'. Then simply use the word 'am'. Whenever you want to remember, just say 'am' -- but that too has to be dropped finally. These are not mantras to be repeated, these are just simple devices. Then drop 'am' too, then simply remember without using any word. You can give just a small shrug, a nudge, and remember. Then even the nudge should be dropped.

ALL devices have to be dropped, because the human tendency is to become more attached to the device than to the purpose.

You say, Gyan Deva, "WHY DO I GO ON FORGETTING MYSELF?"

Because you have been living in forgetfulness for many lives. This may be your first chance to remember. There are people who have tried to remember in their past lives; when they come it is easier for them, because nothing is ever lost. If you have meditated in the past lives, all that you have done in those meditations will remain part of your being,.and whenever you meditate again that energy will become available.

But a few people are meditating for the first time; then it is a little more difficult, but not impossible. Take the challenge! Never feel repentant. Just rejoice in the positive that happens to you and never be worried about the

negative. Accept the negative as it is and rejoice in the positive, and the positive will go on growing and the negative will be reduced of its own accord.

The third question:

Question 3
OSHO, I LIVE IN THE WORLD OF THE CONDITIONAL -- COULD, SHOULD, WOULD, MAY, MIGHT AND IS, ARE MY DREAM OPERATIVES, WHICH ONLY MY MIND ACCOMPLISHES, USUALLY IN THE PAST TENSE. WHY AM I SO SECURE IN THIS ILLUSION?

Bhagawati,

ONE can be secure only in an illusion, because security is the greatest illusion there is. Life is insecure. Love is insecure. To be is to be in insecurity. To be is to be in constant danger. Only the dead are secure because they cannot die any more; nothing can ever happen to them now.

The more alive you are the more insecure you are. Hence many people have decided not to be alive, because a kind of deadness gives security, protection, armor. Many people have decided not to look into reality, because reality IS insecure. I cannot do anything, you cannot do anything about it -- it is how it is. Reality is insecure; one never knows what is going to happen in the next moment. I may be here, I may not be here; you may be here, you may not be here. The next breath may come in, may not come. The

person who loves you may simply forget all about you tomorrow. That's how life is.

So we have created illusions to hide ourselves behind the illusions, so we need not see the insecurity of life. Marriage is an illusion, love is a reality. Love is insecure! Nobody knows whether it is going to be there tomorrow or not. It is like a breeze: when it comes it comes, when it is gone it is gone. You cannot manipulate it, you cannot control it, you cannot predict it.

But the mind is very much afraid: if tomorrow your woman leaves you, what are you going to do? How will you ever be able to live without her? You have become so dependent on her, you cannot conceive of yourself without her. So you make some arrangements: close the doors, close the windows, lock everything, so she cannot escape. That's what marriage is: making legal locks so you cannot easily escape. You can go to the police, you can go to the court, you can harass the woman to come back.

But when you close all the doors and all the windows, the woman is no longer the same as she was when she was under the sky, under the stars; she is no longer the same. The bird on the wing is a totally different phenomenon from the bird in the cage. The bird in the cage is no more the same bird, because it no longer has the same sky, the same freedom. It is imprisoned, its soul is killed. It only appears alive -- its wings are cut. It only appears that it is; now it will only vegetate.

Without freedom there is no life. But one thing is good about the cage: it has security. Now the bird need not be worried about food; tomorrow morning he is going to be fed as usual. He need not worry about enemies, predators; nobody can attack him. The bird may think he is not caged but protected. He may think these iron bars are not enemies but friends; he may start loving them. Even if one day you want to make him free, he may not like the very idea; he may resist. He may not go even if you open the door. He will say, "I am not going. How can I leave my security?" He has forgotten all the joy of freedom; now he only remembers the comfort and the convenience of security.

Marriage is a cage, love is the open sky. We have destroyed love and created the illusion of marriage. It is ugly. Two persons together out of love is one thing, and two persons together because of the law is totally different. Their souls are no more together, only their bodies are tethered together. Because they cannot escape, because the escape seems to be costly -- and the children are there, and all the comforts of family life and the home -- they decide to remain slaves. They decide NOT to live but just to exist. And then, of course, people have many kinds of illusions of the past, of the future.

Bhagawati, you are not alone in it; every human being is in the same boat. Because we cannot live in the present...

It is dangerous to live in the present because to live in the present means to be authentic. We live in the past, we live in the future. Past and future are very easy, comfortable, no

danger. You can manipulate your past, you can control it. You can order your past, your past is very obedient. It is non-existential, it exists only in your memory; you can arrange it again and again.

Hence one of the greatest psychological insights is that up to now no autobiography has been written. Millions have been written, but they are all untrue. To write an autobiography seems to be almost impossible, because you always go on arranging your memories. When you look back, it is not the real past that you are looking at. It is no longer there, just your memory of it.

And in the memory also you choose. First you choose while you are experiencing something; a thousand and one things are happening every day, but you choose only a few, scientists say only two percent. Ninety-eight percent is not chosen, only two percent. All that feels good to you, ego-enhancing, gratifying, you choose. All that seems like suffering, pain, all that hurts, you don't choose.

Your memory is a choice first, and then each time you remember it your experiences are growing, and your experiences go on being reflected in your memories. You go on giving them new colors, you go on painting them again and again, so many coats that by the time you write your autobiography... and people write autobiographies only when they know that they arc dead. When they know that now nothing more is going to happen, then they write autobiographies.

When a person is alive, how can he write his autobiography? When he thinks that everything is finished: "I have lived, the full point has come; now there is nothing else to happen," then he writes. Now he looks back, paints all the memories as he wants them to be. All autobiographies are fiction.

My suggestion to the librarians is: all autobiographies should be counted as fiction and should be categorized as fiction. They are fiction and nothing else. You magnify things which you would like, and unconsciously you add many things which have never happened. And I am not saying that you are cheating knowingly, no; you may believe. Just start telling a lie, and after ten years you will be suspicious about whether it was a lie or a truth.

A journalist died; he knocked on the doors of heaven. Saint Peter opened the door and said, "Sorry, are you a journalist?" -- because it is very difficult to miss a journalist: he looks like one from his very face, from his eyes.

And the man said, "Yes, but how did you recognize it?"

He said, "It is very difficult to miss a journalist. But I am sorry, we don't have any place for journalists any more in heaven, the quota is full. We have only one dozen journalists; even those are just useless because nothing ever happens in heaven, nothing worth reporting, nothing like news."

You know the definition of news that George Bernard Shaw has given? "When a man bites a dog it is news, not when a dog bites a man." That is not news, that is nothing!

"In heaven news does not happen; no newspaper is published. Even those twelve journalists are just useless, so what do we need you for? You go to hell! -- and there is news and news and news. Nothing else ever happens there, everything is news. And there are many, many papers, and great is their circulation. You go there, you will have a good job."

But the journalist said, "No, I cannot go. Can't you manage in some way? If you give me twenty-four hours' time I can convince some other journalist to go to hell, and in his vacant place you can allow me in."

Peter said, "That's okay -- twenty-four hours are given. You go in."

The journalist entered with all his journalistic acumen, skill. He started a rumor; to whomsoever he came across he said, "Have you heard? A big newspaper is going to be started in hell and all the posts are vacant -- the chief editor and the assistant chief editor, and other assistants," and this and that, whomsoever he met he told that. After twenty-four hours, when he got back, Saint Peter would not open the door. He said, "You cannot go out, you have to stay in "

He said, "But what is the matter?"

Saint Peter said, "All the twelve have left. Now at least just for the name's sake we should have one journalist. You be in!"

The journalist said, "I can't stay now any more. Let me go! There must be something in the news. How can twelve persons believe if there is nothing in it? It can't be just a rumor! There must be some truth in it -- maybe a fragment, but there must be some truth in it. I cannot remain any longer. Open the door, let me go!"

If you start a lie, sooner or later you will believe in it. In fact before others believe in it you will believe in it, and after ten years it will be difficult to tell whether it was a lie. After ten years it will be difficult to tell whether you had dreamed about it or you had really lived the thing. Your dreams and your life will become mixed into each other.

It is very difficult to write an autobiography. It has not yet been done, and I don't think it can ever be done. Those who can write, they don't write. A Buddha can write, but he says he has no autobiography to write. He says, "I was never born." He says, "I have never uttered a single word." He says, "I never became enlightened because I was never unenlightened." He says, "I never died because nothing ever dies. So what autobiography? There is no self, so what AUTObiography? There is no ego, there is no center, so what about the circumference? No circumference is possible."

A Buddha can write but he will not write, and others who write are bound to write fictions.

You go on living in the past; it is very comfortable. You are the master -- about your past you are the master; you can do anything you want to do with the past. And about the future also you are the master: you can become the President of America, of India -- in the future. You can do anything that you want, and everybody does something.

Just sitting silently, you start imagining that passing by the side of the road you have found a bag full of money. And not only that, you start planning how to use that money; you start purchasing things. You are the master.

The past and the future give you the idea that you are a king. The present takes all illusions away, the present simply reveals your naked truth. And the present reveals the insecurity that life is, because life implies death. And everything that is implies that it cannot be forever, everything that is is going to be non-existential sooner or later. The flower that has bloomed in the morning is beautiful; by the evening it will be gone, the petals will wither away and tomorrow you will not find even a trace of it. That's how real life is: changing, moving, dynamic, nothing static, nothing permanent, always in a flux.

Bhagawati, that's why not only you but everybody starts living in the past and the future: to avoid the present and its danger.

Friedrich Nietzsche is right: he says, "Live dangerously." In fact there is no other way to live; one can only live dangerously. The other way is of avoiding life, not of living.

And that's what sannyas is all about. It is to accept the insecurity of life, it is to accept death, it is to accept that everything can disappear at any moment. Your love, your friendship, you, everything is only for the moment. The next moment the petals will wither away, all will be gone.

Knowing this and yet rejoicing, knowing this and yet dancing, knowing this and yet having a song on your lips, knowing this and yet having joy in your eyes -- that's what sannyas is all about. In fact, this insecurity is beautiful. This insecurity has a blessing in it, because if everything were secure there would be no life at all. If everything were secure there would be rocks and rocks -- no flowers, no birds, no people. If everything were secure there might be notes, mathematics, science, but no poetry, no music, no dance. The world would be a dead world, phony, plastic.

The real world has to be in a constant danger. That danger adds to its beauty, that danger gives a depth, that danger makes it challenging.

Bhagawati, come out of your security and your illusions.

You say, "I LIVE IN THE WORLD OF THE CONDITIONAL."

The world of the conditional is the world of the mind. The true world is unconditional. You cannot make any conditions on the truth, and truth never makes any conditions on you. Neither can you make conditions on God, nor does God ever make any conditions on you. All is given unconditionally.

You say, "I LIVE IN THE WORLD OF THE CONDITIONAL."

That means you don't live, you only pretend.

You say, "I LIVE IN COULD, SHOULD, WOULD, MAY, MIGHT AND IF."

These are the words which belong to the world of death, not to the world of life. Life simply is, it knows nothing of should, could, would. Life simply is, it knows nothing of may, might. Life simply is, it knows nothing of ifs and buts.

Live that which is, and WHATSOEVER it is. Yes, sometimes it hurts, and hurts very much. Sometimes it brings great agonies, but those agonies are the stepping stones to ecstasies, and those hurts are nothing but birth pain. You have to accept the day and the night, birth and death, summer and winter. You have to accept all that life is. You cannot reject anything, you cannot make conditions on it. Your conditions won't make any difference, they will only drown you in your own illusions.

Live in the is! The word 'ought' is a mind construction, avoid it.

You say, " WHY AM I SO SECURE IN THIS ILLUSION?"

One can be secure only in illusions; there is no question of why. If you find somebody who is secure, you can be certain he must be living in illusions.

But insecurity has tremendous beauty; you have not tasted of it. You have become too much accustomed to the dirty pool of water, stagnant, stinking. You have forgotten the beauty of a river, constantly flowing from the known to the unknown, from the limited to the unlimited. I have to revive your memory of it. It is a remembering, because one day you knew it.

When the child is born he knows nothing of security; he knows nothing of the past, nothing of the future. He simply lives in the is; we drive him out of the is. That's what we call the process of civilizing a child, that's what we call education: driving him out of the is, taking him out of life's naturalness and making him arbitrary and artificial. By the age of three or four a child becomes part of society; he loses all contact with God and reality.

So you knew once what it means to be in insecurity. All that I need is to remind you, to provoke that remembrance in you. And once you have again tasted it you will drop all

your illusions and you will start moving into the unknown with all its insecurity.

And not that you will feel frightened -- you will feel thrilled! You will feel that insecurity is not something wrong but is the root of all adventure. Insecurity is not something against you but is the very possibility of your existence. It sharpens your intelligence, it keeps you alive, alert. It keeps you always mystified, it keeps you in a state of constant surprise.

Insecurity is beautiful. And the day you know insecurity is beautiful, you have known the wisdom of insecurity, and you have understood the very core of sannyas.

The fourth question:

Question 4
OSHO, I AM A STAUNCH CATHOLIC. NOBODY CAN SHAKE MY BELIEFS, BUT WHY DO I FEEL A LITTLE FRIGHTENED HERE?

Alexander,

YOU have fallen in wrong company! Escape from here as fast as possible, because you are already shaken.

A belief has no roots; it is just an imposed phenomenon. Howsoever staunchly you believe in it, it makes no difference. In fact, the more you are afraid of losing it, the more staunchly you believe in it. Whenever somebody

says, "This is my strong belief", know well that he is afraid. Otherwise what does it mean? Why should he brag about his staunchness? If he knows, he knows.

You know that the sun has risen, that it is day. You don't say, "I strongly believe that this is sunrise," you simply say, "I know this is sunrise." You don't say, "I strongly believe, nobody can shake my belief." If you say it people will think you are crazy. If you say it people will think you must be blind; you are not seeing the sun, you have only heard about it. Others must have told you and you are saying, "I believe strongly." Just to protect yourself you create a great armor around yourself.

But a real experience needs no protection. The real experience needs no bragging about being staunch. One simply knows or one knows not; things are very simple.

You say, "I AM A STAUNCH CATHOLIC."

It is just accidental that you were born in a Catholic house. If you were born and brought up by a Hindu you would have been a staunch Hindu. And if you were born in Soviet Russia and you were brought up by a communist you would have been a staunch communist. Staunchness would have remained the same, otherwise everything would have been different. That staunchness simply shows that you are not intelligent.

An intelligent person does not believe; he tries to know, he enquires. An intelligent person is neither Catholic nor

Protestant; an intelligent person is neither Hindu nor Mohammedan. An intelligent person says, "I don't know yet, so how can I claim what is right and what is wrong? How can I say that the Bible is right and the Koran is wrong, or vice versa?" The intelligent person is bound to say only one thing, that "I don't know, and I cannot carry any prejudice if I really want to know." He remains unprejudiced, open.

By being a Catholic you are closed, by being a Jain you are closed, by being a Buddhist you are closed. You are not an enquirer, you are not a seeker. You don't love truth, you love security. Belief gives you security.

And if you want to know the truth you have to begin with agnosticism, you have to begin from the state of not knowing. Every true enquiry starts only in not-knowing. One has to be clearly aware that "I don't know. But I have to seek, I have to search, I have to find, and I should start without any a priori conception."

That's why you are becoming a little afraid, frightened. You may not have landed in such a society before -- these people are dangerous! Don't tell me later on that I didn't give you the warning!

Alexander, please escape You don't seem to be much of an Alexander either, and certainly you are not in good company.

Have you heard this story about Ferrara the Flyer during World War II?

He'd never shot down a British plane and everybody in the squadron kidded him about it.

One day while on patrol Ferrara spotted five British transport planes. He zipped into their formation and shot down all five. Now he couldn't wait to tell his fellow pilots. Ferrara landed quickly, jumped out of his plane and rushed over to a colonel standing beside a map table. "I just-a shoot down five-a British-a transports!" shouted the proud Italian.

"I say, bad luck, old chap!" replied the officer.

You are in a wrong place, old chap. You should not have landed here!

You say, "NOBODY CAN SHAKE MY BELIEFS."

But why do you say it? Why in the first place does the idea come to your mind? I have not asked, nobody has asked. "Nobody can shake my beliefs..." You are already shaking inside, I can see you trembling! And it is natural, because you know that you don't know, that those beliefs are just borrowed by you from others. The priests have told you and you have believed. You have believed because you were not really interested in truth, so you said, "Okay." You were not really caring enough about truth so you said okay.

People are so uncaring about truth that they say, "Whatsoever you say, it must be right. Who cares? I am not interested enough to bother."

That's the situation in the world: a few are Christians, a few are Hindus, a few are Mohammedans. If you look deeply into them you will see that they don't care whether God is or is not, they don't care what truth is. They have simply accepted the belief that the people around them believe. It is formal, a social security. It feels good to be part of the crowd, it feels good that others think that you are religious. You are not religious!

It is not easy to be religious. It is one of the most dangerous adventures of life, to be religious. It means dropping all the beliefs and going into the unknown without any maps.

It is good if you allow us to destroy your beliefs. It is good and will be healthy for you if you don't cling to your beliefs. And something seems to have started.

You say, "BUT WHY DO I FEEL A LITTLE FRIGHTENED HERE?"

You have started becoming alert that your Catholicism is phony. There has been only one Christian, and he was crucified on the cross. Since then there have not been any Christians.

In fact, be a Christ, don't be a Christian. Don't disrespect yourself by being a Christian. You are meant to be a Christ! You are meant to be a Buddha, not to be a Buddhist. What is a Buddhist compared to being a Buddha? -- just a believer, not a seeker, not an enquirer. Go on the voyage... the sea is calling you. Go alone, and go without maps and without scriptures. And if you can drop all your scriptures and maps and ideologies on THIS bank, the other bank is not far away.

The man who is utterly empty of knowledge is immediately worthy of receiving from God the ultimate gift of knowing. Only those who renounce knowledge become capable of knowing.

The seventh question:

Question 5
OSHO, WHAT DO YOU MEAN WHEN YOU SAY, "MEDITATE OVER IT"? PLEASE EXPLAIN IT IN RELATION TO MY PROBLEM OF JEALOUSY?

Veetgyan,

WHEN I say meditate over it, I don't mean think it over, I don't mean concentrate on it, I don't mean contemplate it. When I say meditate over it, I mean watch, be a witness. Whatsoever the problem -- anger, sexuality, jealousy, greed, ego -- whatsoever the problem is, the medicine is the same.

If you suffer from jealousy, just watch how it arises in you, how it grabs you, how it surrounds you, clouds you, how it tries to manipulate you, how it drags you into paths where you never wanted to go in the first place, how finally it creates great frustration in you, how it destroys your energy, dissipates your energy and leaves you very negatively depressed, frustrated. Just watch the whole thing.

And remember not to condemn, because if you condemn you have started thinking. I am not saying condemn it. Just see the facticity of it, without condemnation, without appreciation, without any judgement for or against. Just watch, aloof, distant, as if you have nothing to do with it. Be very scientific in watching.

One of the most important scientific contributions to the world is non-judgemental observation. When a scientist is experimenting he simply experiments without any judgement, without any conclusion. If he has a conclusion already in his mind, that means he is not a scientist; his conclusion will influence the experiment.

One man has written a book.... In America people are very superstitious and afraid of the number thirteen. Even in the hotels you will not find room number thirteen. After twelve comes fourteen, because nobody stays, nobody wants to stay, in the thirteenth room. You will not even find the thirteenth floor -- the whole floor is missing! After the twelfth, they have the fourteenth, because who will want to stay on the thirteenth floor?

One man has written a book, has collected thousands of facts -- that this is not a superstition, this is a truth. He has collected information about all the people who have committed suicide on the date the thirteenth. Of course millions of people murder, commit suicide, on the thirteenth, as much as on the twelfth, as much as on the fourteenth, but he collects only about the thirteenth. And many people commit suicide from the thirteenth floor, and many people commit suicide in room number thirteen. And many things happen -- in the world things are continuously happening. This man had brought his thesis to show me, and I told him, "You have really done a great job!"

He said, "I have been working at it for almost five years." He has gathered millions of facts! He said, "Now who can say that this is superstition?"

I said, "You do one thing more -- it will take five years again -- now you try to find out about number twelve!"

He already had a conclusion: the thirteenth number was wrong, something was evil about it; with that idea he had chosen.

And I said, "Do one thing more -- after you are finished with number twelve, then for five years more you will have to do another experiment: find out how many good things happen on number thirteen. Room number thirteen, the thirteenth storey of the hotel, the thirteenth day of the month -- find out how many good things happen. Only then

can your conclusion be of any scientific value. You are already prejudiced."

A Hindu psychologist, Doctor Banaji, came to see me once. He said, "I am trying to scientifically prove that rebirth is a fact and not a hypothesis."

I asked him, "Doctor Banaji, you say you are trying to scientifically prove it?"

He said, "Yes."

I said, "But if you are trying to prove something scientifically, you should not have any conclusion beforehand. You have already accepted the Hindu idea of rebirth. You are working as a Hindu, not as a scientist."

He was so angry, because he had come to me for support for his belief. I said, "I am not saying anything against your belief; I am not saying whether rebirth is a fact or not. All I am saying is this: don't bring science into it. If you bring science into it, then the fundamental law of science is: be an unprejudiced, non-judgemental observer, without any a priori conclusion."

A priori conclusions make you believers, not scientists.

When I say meditate over it, I mean watch. Be a scientist in your inner world. Let your mind be your lab, and you observe -- with no condemnation, remember. Don't say, "Jealousy is bad." Who knows? Don't say, "Anger is bad."

Who knows? Yes, you have heard, you have been told, but that is what others say, this is not your experience. And you have to be very existential, experiential: unless your experiment proves it, you are not to say yes or no to anything. You have to be utterly non-judgemental. And then watching jealousy or anger or sex is a miracle.

What happens when you watch without any judgement? You start seeing through and through. Jealousy becomes transparent: you see the stupidity of it, you see the foolishness of it. Not that you have already decided that it is stupid; if you have decided you will miss the whole point. Remember it: I am not saying decide it is stupid, it is foolish. If you decide, you miss the whole point.

You simply go without any decision, just to see what exactly it is. What is this jealousy? What is this energy called jealousy? And watch it as you watch a rose flower -- just look into it. When there is no conclusion your eyes are clear; the clarity is attained only by those who have no conclusions. Watch, look into it, and it will become transparent, and you WILL come to know that it is stupid. And knowing its stupidity, it drops of its own accord. You don't need to drop it.

Mrs. Weissman had her portrait painted. When it was finished, the artist presented it to her. "How do you like it?" he asked.

"It's nice," answered Mrs. Weissman, "but I want you should add a gold bracelet on each wrist; a pearl necklace,

ruby earrings, an emerald tiara, and on each finger I want you to put a twenty-carat diamond ring!"

"But," said the bewildered artist, "why do you want to ruin a good picture with all those gaudy trinkets?"

"My husband is running around with a young chippie," explained Mrs. Weissman, "and when I die, I want her to go crazy looking for the jewelry."

Just look into your jealousy and you will see how it drives you crazy! Seeing it, sanity arises -- just seeing it!

I am not saying renounce jealousy. Those who say renounce jealousy don't understand a thing. I am saying: look, watch, meditate, and if it is stupid it will drop -- because how can you carry anything stupid with yourself? But its stupidity has to be your own experience. If it is not your own, then you will only repress, you will condemn. You will not look into it. You will throw it into the basement of your unconscious and there it will boil, and there it will grow. And the growth is more dangerous because it will be growing underground. It will become a cancerous growth, it will spread all over your life. And you will wait simply for the opportunity: it will explode sooner or later. Any day it will explode, and it will destroy you.

Paddy and his two friends, an Englishman and a Scotsman, got sentenced to five years in jail, but were told that they could have one thing with them that they badly wanted. The Englishman had a big blonde, the Scotsman had bottles

of whisky, and Paddy chose packets and packets of cigarettes. Five years came and they were all let out, one by one. The Englishman came out with his blonde, looking absolutely knackered, the Scotsman came out staggering all over, and hiccupping. And last of all out came Paddy, of course, looking very frustrated. And do you know what his first words were? "Have you got a light, anybody?"

The Guest

Chapter #4

Chapter title: ***The Guest*** waits for you to die
29 April 1979 am in Buddha Hall

MY BODY AND MY MIND ARE IN DEPRESSION
BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT WITH ME.
HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU AND WANT YOU IN MY HOUSE!
WHEN I HEAR PEOPLE DESCRIBE ME AS YOUR BRIDE
I LOOK SIDEWAYS ASHAMED,
BECAUSE I KNOW THAT FAR INSIDE US
WE HAVE NEVER MET.
THEN WHAT IS THIS LOVE OF MINE?
I DON'T REALLY CARE ABOUT FOOD,
I DON'T REALLY CARE ABOUT SLEEP,
I AM RESTLESS INDOORS AND OUTDOORS.
THE BRIDE WANTS HER LOVER
AS MUCH AS A THIRSTY MAN WANTS WATER.

AND HOW WILL I FIND SOMEONE
WHO WILL TAKE A MESSAGE TO ***THE GUEST***
FROM ME?
HOW RESTLESS KABIR IS ALL THE TIME!
HOW MUCH HE WANTS TO SEE ***THE GUEST***!

ARISTOTLE defines man as the rational animal; no definition can be more false than this. Man is the most irrational animal, because man is not conscious yet. Reason is possible only as a by-product of consciousness. Man is asleep, man is dreaming. How can he be rational? He has no eyes to see, he has no awareness to know, he is utterly confused.

Man is a confusion, confusion between the body and the soul, confusion between the material and the spiritual, confusion between logic and love. Out of this confusion there is no possibility of knowing God. Out of this confusion you can go on crying and praying, but your prayer will never reach to the divine, your crying is futile. Out of this confusion you will not be able to see the light. This confusion has to be dropped.

One has to become intensely aware or intensely loving. These are the only two keys which can bring man out of the state he is in: either intense awareness -- that is the path of meditation -- or intense, total love -- that is the path of devotion.

Kabir is a devotee: he is on the path of love. He will talk of love again and again, but what he means by love has to be

understood well. By love he means an intense desire to disappear into the whole. It is not the love you know of, that you talk about; it is a totally different phenomenon. Your love is an effort to dominate the other; it is a strategy to possess the other, to exploit the other. Kabir is not talking about that love. You cannot possess God, you can only be possessed by God.

To love God means to surrender, to trust, to be ready to die into Him, because dying in God is the beginning of a new life; it is resurrection. Love has to become such an intense flame that it bums you out, that you are not left behind, that you are consumed in it. If you are not, ***The Guest*** comes.

This paradox has to be understood: ***The Guest*** cannot come if the host is very much there; ***The Guest*** can come only when the host is not there at all. In fact, that's what it really means to be a host: absent, utterly absent, with no ego, with no idea of 'I' within you; just an utter, pure emptiness, then you are a host. When the host is not there, then you are really a host. And then not even a split second is lost and ***The Guest*** comes.

The Guest does not come from the outside, hence there is no time gap. The dying of the host is the resurrection of ***The Guest***. You are the host, you are ***The Guest***! If you live with the I you remain a host, unacquainted with ***The Guest***. If you drop the I, you are ***The Guest***.

But before man can attain to such intensity, either of awareness or of love -- the real thing is intensity; neither does awareness matter nor love; what matters is intensity, total intensity -- before that total intensity can happen you have to be perfectly conscious of your unconsciousness. Man is so unconscious that he is not even conscious of his unconsciousness.

Just the other day Mulla Nasrudin was telling me: "I had eighteen bottles of whisky in my cellar and was told by my wife to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink, or else. I said I would and proceeded with the unpleasant task. I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass which I drank. I extracted the cork from the second bottle and I did likewise with it with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle and poured the whisky down the sink which I drank. I pulled the cork from the fourth bottle down the sink and poured the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour. When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with me hand, counted the glasses, corks, bottles and sinks with the other, which were 29, and as the house came by, I counted them again and finally had all the houses in one bottle, which I drank. I'm not under the affluence of oncohol, as some tinkle peep I am, I'm not half as thunk as you might drink. I

fool so feelish I don't know who is me, and the drunker I stand here the longer I get. Ah me!"

This is precisely the situation man is in. One is not aware of who one is, one is not aware of from where one is, one is not aware of where one is going. One is not aware of why one is at all, why this whole existence is. One simply goes on like a robot, doing things, managing somehow.

From birth to death man is a long sleep, sometimes dreaming with eyes closed, sometimes dreaming with eyes open, but dreaming all the same, all the time.

This situation cannot allow you to invite ***The Guest***. In this situation you cannot know what God is, because God is nothing but the name of the totality. You don't even know yourself, how can you know the total? Even the small part of your being -- you are just a tiny being compared to this great, vast existence, you are just a dewdrop compared to the ocean of existence -- and you don't know even the dewdrop, and you start enquiring about the ocean.

Hence all philosophy is foolish. Philosophy is bound to be foolish because it enquires about the ocean without knowing the dewdrop. Religion is very sane: it starts by enquiring into the dewdrop.

The first and the most fundamental question of religion is not God but 'Who am I?' One who starts with this question, 'Who am I?', is moving in the right direction. But remember, this question should not be just an intellectual

enquiry. You should not ask this question with the expectation that somebody else is going to answer it; nobody can answer it for you. You cannot borrow the answer from any source, the Bible, the Veda, the Koran. No Buddha can be of any help as far as the answer is concerned.

Then what is the purpose of the Buddhas? -- to make it clear to you that your question is unanswerable, that your question has to become an inner quest. You should not look out for the answer, you should look in for the answer. The question is hiding the answer in itself -- if you go deep down into the question you will find the answer.

The answer has to become your own realization. It cannot be through the scriptures, it cannot be through the sermons of those who are awakened. It can only be through your own awakening, through your own enlightenment; there is no other way, there is no shortcut. There is no way to get the answer cheaply. You will have to dive deep into your being, you will have to risk.

Why do I call it a risk? The greatest risk is to dive deep within oneself, because when you dive deep within yourself you come across abysmal emptiness, and it frightens. And there are only two possible ways: either to be superstitious and just go into it with all your superstitions... you will miss. The superstitious person can never become religious. He believes, but his belief is blind, and if your belief is blind you cannot open your eyes. If you begin with blindness you will end with blindness.

The other possibility is doubt -- one is superstition, blind belief, the other is doubt. If you doubt, you cannot dive; if you believe, you dive but in vain. And these seem to be the immediately available alternatives; the third is not so immediately clear.

The third is an intelligent trust. Again a paradox! You have always thought of trust as needing no intelligence; you have always thought of intelligence as sceptical. You have never thought of the beautiful synthesis, the harmony, of intelligence and trust. When intelligence and trust meet. when you dive deep but fully aware -- fully aware of the risk -- when you dive into your being risking all, gambling, but knowing, knowing perfectly that you may simply be entering into something from which there may be no return -- you may be dying and there may be no resurrection -- not even a perhaps in the mind; risking without motive, risking intelligently, seeing that the life outside is futile -- you have seen it, you have lived it, you have been through it, and enough is enough -- you are ready to risk the inner journey intelligently. But remember, I say intelligently; love has not to be blind.

Ordinarily that's what your love is: it is emotional blindness; it is sentimentality, it is not intelligence. And unless love has the quality of intelligence it is not love -- not the love that Kabir is talking about.

There are two stories to be pondered over....

There is this guy from India and he is walking along a cliff, falls off, grabs the branch and pleads, "Is there anyone up there? Help me!"

God answers true to form, "Trust me -- let go! "

The guy does, and immediately falls to his death on the rocks below.

God speaks again through the clouds, "That will teach you, you stupid Indian!"

And the second story....

A Jew is walking along a cliff, falls off, grabs the branch and pleads, "Is there anyone up there? Help me!"

God answers, "Trust me -- let go!"

The Jew thinks for a minute, then with eyes uplifted to the sky, says, "Is there anyone ELSE up there?"

These are the two alternatives, simple alternatives, available: either blindly believe -- but remember, God is not available to blind, superstitious people -- or blindly doubt God is not available to them either. God is available to intelligent enquirers.

What is intelligent enquiry? The first requirement is to be a little more conscious than you are. Whatsoever you are

doing, bring the quality of consciousness into it. Walking, remember 'I am walking.' Not that you have to repeat these words, 'I am walking', just remain alert that you are walking. Drinking water, remember you are drinking. Remember it is cool, remember it is quenching the thirst, not afterwards, not when the thirst is quenched, not when it has become a past thing but when it is on the way, when the process is happening, when really the thirst is being quenched; not when it has become a noun but when it is a verb, still alive, vibrating. Feel the coolness of the water in your throat, the quenching of the thirst -- not afterwards, let me repeat, not even a split second later.

Eating, working, taking a bath, whatsoever you are doing, bring the quality of awareness so that awareness becomes soaked into your being. Then only will you be able to become a conscious lover, because love is one of the deepest phenomena. Unless you are aware, conscious in your ordinary life, you will not be conscious in your love. And conscious love is prayer.

If love is not conscious it remains lust, and lust can never have anything of prayer in it. Lust is unconscious, love is conscious.

The lush staggered into the heart of Lover's Lane, blundered into the parked convertibles and caused a minor commotion. Just then a young man appeared from the shadows, breathing heavily.

"Wow!' he exclaimed, "what a dynamo! A woman like that would kill you in no time flat -- she'd burn a guy up!"

"So what?" slobbered the drunk.

"I'm bushed, pal," said the fellow, "want to take over for me a while? I gotta rest up."

"Glad to, buddy, ol' pal," mumbled the drunk, as he blundered his way to a parked car nearby. He had no sooner made himself comfortable than a police car drove up and a flashlight flooded the darkened convertible with its strong beam. "C'mon you two, break it up," snarled the Law.

"But offisher," protested the lush, "this is my wife!"

"Sorry mister, didn't know it was your wife."

"Neither did I until the lights went on!"

You don't know what you are doing. You call your lust love, you call your desire to possess love, you call your exploitation love. You use the other person and you call it caring. You don't know what you are doing; you can't know, unless you start becoming aware and alert about small things first. One has to learn swimming in shallow water.

When you have gone for a morning walk, try to remember. Be mindful, alert. Whatsoever is happening, don't exclude anything: the distant call of the bird, be aware of it... and

the car that has passed by... and a child crying in some house. Be alert to everything, inclusive of all. Just be alert.

It will be difficult -- only once in a while will you be alert and again you will become unconscious; the unconscious is such an old, ancient habit. But slowly, slowly a part of you will be freed. In the beginning it will be only the tip of the iceberg, but that is the beginning of a great revolution in your life. And then you can start moving your light of awareness onto deeper things.

And love is the deepest. When love and consciousness meet, prayer arises.

These songs of Kabir are his prayer.

Kabir says:

MY BODY AND MY MIND ARE IN DEPRESSION BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT WITH ME.

Man without God is a corpse, man with God is a celebration. Minus God or plus God -- these are the only two ways to live your life. Minus God you are nothing but misery, plus God you are nothing but bliss. Minus God you are a negative, black hole. Minus God you only pretend to live, you cannot live. How can there be life minus God? God is life! Yes, you go through all the empty motions, gestures, you ACT as if you are alive; deep down you know you are not alive, life has not yet happened to you. Birth has happened but not life.

Life happens only when God has happened. Then a man is twice-born. In the East we call him DWIJA, twiceborn. Then a man really becomes a Brahmin, not by birth; nobody can be a Brahmin by birth.

The word 'brahmin' does not mean a caste; it means one who has known the Brahma, one who has known God, one who has become one with God. A Brahmin is never born, a Brahmin is resurrected. One has to die first to all that one thinks one is; then one is reborn, twice-born.

With God, your life really begins. You start pulsating on a new plane, radiating joy. Your life takes the color of the rainbow; you are all the colors, the whole spectrum. Your life becomes music, ALL THE NOTES; you become an orchestra. Each moment it goes on deeper, becomes more and more sweet. You start having a love affair with existence for the first time.

The world remains the same and yet not the same. The trees are greener than they had ever been before, and the roses are rosier. And the people are no longer ordinary people: each person represents a facet of God, a face of God.

Knowing God, your life starts soaring high for the first time, you have wings. Minus God you are just crawling in the mud, plus God you can fly to the sun. The flight Of the alone to the alone becomes possible.

Kabir says:

BALAM AVO HAMARE GEH RE...

Oh my beloved, when are you going to enter
into my house, into my being?

... TUM BIN DUKHIYA DEH RE...

Without you, my body aches,
my body is nothing but pain, my body is nothing but agony.
Without you I live in agony.
How much longer do I have to live this way?
How much longer do I have to call you forth?

MY BODY AND MY MIND ARE IN DEPRESSION
BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT WITH ME.

And I know why I am in such despair, in such anguish. I know perfectly well it is not because I don't have much money, no. It is not because I am not politically powerful, no. It is not because I am not very respected, no. I have come to find the basic thing: it is because you are not with me.

Have you come upon this basic fundamental of life? People go on thinking they will be happy if they have a little more money; or if they are more respectable, more famous, more known; or if they have more power, more prestige. People go on thinking that this is missing, that is missing, and even when they get those things they don't see; they again start thinking of something else. You were thinking that if you

had one million rupees you would be happy; now you have, but you don't see the futility of it. By the time you have one million, you start thinking that unless you have ten million you are not going to be happy. What is one million, after all? -- unless it is ten.... And remember, this is going to happen again when you have ten million.

Your desires go on projecting into the future. The desiring mind never ends desiring. You can provide each and every thing that it desires, but it can always find more to desire; the more is always there. The desire for more is the basic root of the mind.

Look back at many things you had thought: if you had this woman, this man, you would be happy. Now you have that woman, that man -- are you happy? No, now you are thinking, "Some other woman, some other man," and the same will be repeated.

To go on repeating this vicious circle is what I mean by stupidity; you are not intelligent then.

Kabir is showing his intelligence. He says: I have come to know, only one thing is missing in my life, and that is you -- God is missing. I am minus you; that's my misery. And I am just pain and nothing else, pain all over. My body is pain, my mind is pain, I am aching all over. This is just agony!

Without God there can be no ecstasy.

HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU AND WANT YOU IN MY HOUSE!

Can't you see how much I love you and want you in my house, in my temple, in my heart? What is missing? he is asking. Is not my love enough yet? Is there something wrong with my love? Is my love still lukewarm, not intense enough, not boiling at a hundred degrees? You just tell me!

WHEN I HEAR PEOPLE DESCRIBE ME AS YOUR BRIDE
I LOOK SIDEWAYS ASHAMED.

And I am very much ashamed, because people have already started talking about me as your bride.

People have started saying about me
that I am married to God.
People have started saying about me
that I have reached the beloved,
that I have found the beloved.
I feel very ashamed.
Yes, glimpses have happened;
I have seen you from a faraway distance...

... just as you can see the Himalayan peaks from thousands of miles away on a clear day. In the sunlight you can see those virgin peaks and the snow-from thousands of miles away. Just like that, I have seen a few glimpses of you, but I have not yet melted in you and I have not yet found you in

my heart. In the depths we have not met, only on the circumference. Yes, a few meetings have happened; those meetings can only be called acquaintances. I am introduced to you, you are introduced to me, that's true... and people have started describing me as your bride.

SAB KOI KAHE TUMHARI NARI, MOKO LAGAT LAJ RE...

Everybody is talking, the news has reached to many that Kabir has attained.

Kabir is very authentic and very true. He says: Only a few glimpses have happened; this is not attainment. In fact I have never been in more misery than I am now. When I had not seen your face at all, I was far happier because I was far more unconscious. Before I had ever seen you I had no idea that you are, hence there was no misery. I was not missing you at all. Since I have seen your face from far away, since a few glimpses have entered into my being, since like lightning, sometimes you have happened in my dark night of the soul, the darkness is far more dark than ever before. Now I know the anguish because I have seen the joy. Now I know the agony because I have felt the ecstasy. Now I know where I am -- utterly useless is my existence without you.

And people have started talking of me as your bride; I look sideways ashamed. I cannot deny that I am your bride. From my side that is true, but it has not happened from your side yet. From my side I am ready, but you have not

accepted me, you have not shown any indication that you have accepted me. I cannot say that the people are wrong; the marriage has happened at least as far as I am concerned. I am married to you, I cannot live without you. I will wait for you for infinity. I cannot fall into the trap of the world again; even if I have to wait forever and ever, I will wait. From my side I am married to you, wedded to you, but what about you? You have not yet entered into my heart. What is missing?

That's how real prayer arises: it simply asks, "You must be ready to come, but something is missing in me. I desire, but my desire must not be pure. I love, but there must be a shadow of lust in it."

WHEN I HEAR PEOPLE DESCRIBE ME AS YOUR BRIDE
I LOOK SIDEWAYS ASHAMED,
BECAUSE I KNOW THAT FAR INSIDE US
WE HAVE NEVER MET.

Saying that needs courage, and for a man like Kabir... he was already known as one of the enlightened. Thousands had come to him, hundreds were his followers. It needs courage to say it so truly: that deep down, far inside us, we have never met. Circumferences have overlapped, yes, there has been a certain kind of meeting, but at the centers no meeting has happened yet. There has not been an orgasmic unity yet, we have not made love to each other yet. I have not penetrated you, you have not penetrated me;

we are poles apart. And people are talking, and I feel ashamed.

Then what is this love of mine? Why is this meeting in the depth not happening? Then what is this love of mine, you tell me!

This is how a devotee prays.

Prayer is a dialogue, a dialogue with the whole. No answer comes from the other side. The devotee goes on asking, enquiring, praying, demanding, complaining, thanking -- no answer ever comes. It looks like a monologue to the outsider; if you see a devotee of the caliber of Kabir it will look like a monologue: "With whom is he talking? has he gone mad?" -- because there is nobody else.

But as far as Kabir is concerned it is a dialogue, it is not a monologue. Response may not come, the beloved may remain silent, but His silence is so tangible and His presence is so tangible, he can touch it. He may not say a single word but He is there; now there is no missing about it.

Kabir knows God is, he has seen the glimpses. Kabir knows that God loves him, he has seen those few moments of joy too.

But when you know, and sometimes light happens in your darkness, great desire, great longing, arises to end this night completely, to reach to the dawn.

THEN WHAT IS THIS LOVE OF MINE?

If there is something wrong with me, you tell me. If there is something missing, I will try hard. I will cleanse my heart if it is not ready to receive you. I will prepare, I will learn the art of being a host -- you just tell me what is missing.

I DON'T REALLY CARE ABOUT FOOD,
I DON'T REALLY CARE ABOUT SLEEP,
I AM RESTLESS INDOORS AND OUTDOORS.

The devotee knows a totally different kind of restlessness than you have known. Your restlessness is very mundane, superficial. You are restless for money, power, this and that -- a better house, more money in the bank, a little more of a prestigious life so you can brag that you are somebody -- but you don't know the restlessness of a devotee. He cannot say it to anybody, he cannot show it to anybody, nobody will ever understand. He will be thought crazy, he will be thought mad.

And his restlessness is not on the surface. On the surface Kabir will be found utterly calm and quiet, but his heart is burning, his heart is on fire. Only those who know what love is, what devotion is, will understand the pain, the suffering of Kabir. On the surface, those who don't know about the heart will see Kabir so quiet, so silent, so still, and deep down he is carrying a storm.

I AM RESTLESS INDOORS AND OUTDOORS.

I don't care about food and I don't care about sleep. My whole concern is you, my whole concentration is you. Day in, day out, I only think about you. I simply wait at the door and wait for you. The wind comes and knocks on the door; I rush to the door to open -- maybe He has come? Dry leaves move on the street with the wind, I rush -- maybe these are the sounds of his footsteps?

I cannot sleep, Kabir says, I cannot eat. I am so full of you that there is no space left in me for anything else. Still something is missing. What is that?

THE BRIDE WANTS HER LOVER
AS MUCH AS A THIRSTY MAN WANTS WATER.

Just like a fish thrown on the bank, I am thirsty for you, dying for you, but still you have not arrived. And you cannot be wrong so I must be wrong. It seems that still my thirst is not enough, my longing is not intense. I have not yet prayed and called you. It seems my host is still unworthy of receiving you.

AND HOW WILL I FIND SOMEONE WHO WILL TAKE
A MESSAGE TO ***THE GUEST*** FROM ME?

And I go on calling and you don't answer, and sometimes the doubt arises whether my words reach to you, whether you hear me, whether you care about me. Yes, suspicions arise, doubts arise. There are moments when I start losing

hope, when hopelessness settles into me, when the despair is so much that I start thinking that if there were somebody to take the message to you...

Kabir is saying: Where can I find a Master who can become a bridge between me and you, whom I can tell, and trust that the message will be delivered to you, who can answer on my behalf? Where can I find a Master?

The story of Kabir is of tremendous beauty. It is said that he was born into a Mohammedan family. Nothing is absolutely certain, but he was abandoned by the parents and he was brought up by a Hindu family. But the suspicion was there always that he was born a Mohammedan, brought up by a Hindu. He had knocked on many so-called gurus' doors and they would not accept him because he was a Mohammedan, or even if he was not, at least his birth was suspicious, uncertain. He must have been an illegal child, maybe -- why was he abandoned? The parents had simply thrown the child on the bank of the river. Somebody found him and brought him up. Nobody would accept him. His name also shows that he was a Mohammedan; Kabir is one of the names of God given by the Sufis.

Sufis have a hundred names for God -- ninety-nine can verbally be communicated, the hundredth cannot be communicated verbally; that is understood only in deep silence between the Master and the disciple. Out of those ninety-nine names, one is Kabir. Kabir literally means 'the great, the vast, the infinite'. Kabir is not a Hindu name, certainly.

His name was Mohammedan, his birth suspicious -- who would accept him? And the so-called Masters were afraid; he was rejected.

Then he played a trick. He wanted to become a disciple of the great Ramananda, a very famous Master, but he was afraid to go to him -- maybe he would not accept him, just as others had not accepted him. And once he had rejected, then it would be very difficult to make his no into a yes, so he played a trick.

Ramananda used to go to the Ganges in Varanasi to take his morning bath, early, when it was dark and the sun had not risen yet. Kabir went there, slept on a step where he knew Ramananda would pass. It was dark and Ramananda's feet touched Kabir -- Kabir clung to the feet. Ramananda said, "Hey Ram! My God! Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

Kabir said, "Forget all about it. But you have given me the mantra 'Hey Ram'. You have initiated me, now I am your disciple."

This is how he got initiated into disciplehood. It was only later on, when the sun rose, that Ramananda became aware that it was Kabir. Everybody knew about him, that he was knocking on every door asking to be initiated. Ordinarily it is the Masters who create devices to initiate the disciples, but in Kabir's case it was Kabir the disciple who created a device to be initiated by the Master. Now Ramananda could

not go back on his word. He said, "That's true, this is your mantra -- hey Ram, oh God -- and you are my disciple."

He says: It is very difficult to find a Master.

AND HOW WILL I FIND SOMEONE
WHO WILL TAKE A MESSAGE TO ***THE GUEST***
FROM ME?

This song must have been sung before he met Ramananda.

HOW RESTLESS KABIR IS ALL THE TIME!
HOW MUCH HE WANTS TO SEE ***THE GUEST***!

HAI KOI AISA PAR-UPAKARI. PIVSON KAHE SUNAY RE...

The original is:

Is there anybody in the whole world
who has any compassion on this poor man?
Because I have a message to be delivered to my beloved.
Is there somebody compassionate enough in the world
who can deliver my message to God?

... PIVSON KAHE SUNAY RE...

One who can go to the beloved, one who knows the way,
one who knows the beloved, one who knows His address.
I don't know His address, I don't know His way,
I don't know His house, where He resides.

I go on calling for Him,
not knowing in what direction to call,
not knowing with what name to call.
Is there somebody in the world
who is compassionate enough
to take my message to my beloved?
just to tell Him, "There is a madman
dying in deep love for you,"
and if there is any fault, just tell me,
and I will drop it.
I am ready to risk all,
but I don't know what to drop.

HOW RESTLESS KABIR IS ALL THE TIME!

Cannot someone go and say to God how restless I am?
My heart is burning,
I am constantly crying and weeping.

AB TO BEHAL KABIR BHAYO HAI, BIN DEKHE JIV JAYE RE...

Now the situation is such: Trust me, says Kabir.
Now things have come to such a point --
if you don't show up I will die.
I cannot remain alive any more without you.

... BIN DEKHE JIV JAYE RE...

If I cannot see you, I cannot live any more. I am finished! Either you come or I am going to die.

I am breathing my last.

AB TO BEHAL KABIR BHAYO...

Kabir has come to such a state
where only death seems to be possible.
Either you appear, or I disappear.

And this is the point where ***The Guest*** appears, this is the point where the meeting happens. In fact to call it a meeting is not right, because a meeting needs two, and THIS meeting happens only when you are not.

In another song Kabir sings -- it must have been composed after the meeting; he says:

In the beginning I used to seek and search for you,
and I was at a loss, I was continuously frustrated.
I used to seek and search for you
and there was no sign of you.
Now you seek and search for me,
and you will not find me
anywhere.

HERAT HERAT HE SAKHI, RAHYA KABIR HERAI...

Seeking and seeking, searching and searching
for the beloved... a moment came,
the beloved was not found but the seeker disappeared.
And the moment the seeker disappeared,
the sought was found,

because it is the seeker that is hiding the sought.

The seeker is the last citadel of the ego, the very last citadel of the ego, where the ego hides. It becomes the seeker, the great seeker; it becomes the devotee. The ego can take any form, remember, and the subtlest form is that of a devotee, a humble devotee, a surrendered devotee.

Beware of the subtle ways of the ego! It has to die totally. One has to come to a point where one finds oneself not, where one is just utter nothingness; that is the point of the meeting. When you are not, God is.

HOW RESTLESS KABIR IS ALL THE TIME!
HOW MUCH HE WANTS TO SEE ***THE GUEST***!

This longing to see ***The Guest***, this desire to see ***The Guest***, brings you a long way. But finally, ultimately, even this desire has to be dropped.

There is a very famous story about another mystic, a contemporary of Kabir, Sheikh Farid.

Farid was going to the river to take his bath. A young man asked him, "Can you tell me how to find God?"

Farid looked at the young man with very penetrating eyes, and he looked for a long time, and the young man started feeling frightened. And then Farid said, "You come along with me to the river. First take a bath, and if I get an

opportunity I will answer it while we are taking the bath, or if not then later on."

The young man was puzzled: "What does he mean? I have asked a simple question -- how to find God? -- and he is talking in puzzles. Bathing in the river, if he gets the opportunity he will answer. Why can't he answer right now?"

But knowing that the ways of the mystics are mysterious, strange, and the man looked very magnetic, and the way he had looked into his eyes... he FELT like going with him. He was a little afraid, scared, but still the attraction was so much that he followed. He said, "Let us take the risk -- what can he do?"

They both went into the river, and when the young man dived into the river Farid caught hold of him under the water and wouldn't allow him to come out of the water; he forced his head deeper and deeper. Farid was a strong man and the young man must not have been very strong, because strong people don't ask such questions, such philosophical questions: How to find God? What is God? These enquiries are philosophical; fragile people ask them. Really strong people start the journey rather than asking here and there; rather than becoming philosophical they become religious.

The young man was dying, but when you are dying, suddenly a great energy arises in you. When it is such a risk, you cannot afford to be half-hearted. His whole energy

became available to him, which had never before been available.

You know only the first layer of your energy, which is very ordinary; it is enough for day-to-day work, then it's exhausted. You need sleep to become refreshed again. The second layer is the emergency layer; it arises only when you are in an emergency. For example, if somebody is with a bayonet, or a lion is following you in the forest, then you will run! No Olympic runner can compete with you -- and you don't know how to run but it will come, it will happen. When life is in danger the second layer is available. And when life is really in danger, totally in danger, absolutely in danger...

And so was the case with the young man. Farid was a strong man and he was not leaving him, he was forcing him down and down. The third layer became available; the third layer is inexhaustible. The third layer is already joined with existence, it is rooted in existence.

Farid felt -- when the first layer was exhausted he felt the young man was becoming stronger. Suddenly there was a great strength; it was difficult even for Farid to keep him down. And soon Farid became aware that now the third layer had become available. And the young man threw Farid as if Farid were just a toy. He came out, was very angry, obviously, and he said, "Are you mad or something? I had asked a religious question and you were going to kill me! Are you a murderer? And people think that you are a great sage!"

Farid said, "We can discuss these things later on. Right now, lest you forget, let me ask the question: what happened when I went on forcing you down and down into the water?"

He said, "What happened?"

Farid asked, "Were there many thoughts in your head?" He said, "Many thoughts? There was only one thought -- how to get out!"

"Was it a thought or was it a feeling?" Farid asked.

And he said, "It was a feeling, you are right, it was not a thought. I was not verbalizing it; it was not in my head, it was in my heart. It was just a feel -- now I am verbalizing it."

"And how long did it stay?"

And the young man said, "You are again right. A moment came when that too disappeared: there was no thought, no feeling. But something was happening, I don't know what, from where. I was not doing it, it was happening -- a great uprush of energy from some unknown source. Now I can look backwards, I can formulate it, but at that very moment I was conscious, ABSOLUTELY conscious. I have never been so conscious, because I have never been in such danger before. I was alert, absolutely alert, but still there was no thought, no feeling, not even a desire to save

myself. In fact there was no me. I had disappeared, but something was happening beyond me, something transcendental."

Farid said, "Now you know the answer -- this is the way to find God. When you are not, the transcendental descends in you. Now you can go. Never ask anybody again, you know the key: let God become such a problem, such a quest, as if your life is at stake."

That's what happened to Kabir. He says:

AB TO BEHAL KABIR BHAYO...

Now the moment is approaching closer and closer
when I know my death is becoming an absolute certainty.
Either you or death!
Now it is a question of either/or.
All other alternatives have disappeared.
Everything has become narrowed down to two things:
death or God... death or God.

AB TO BEHAL KABIR BHAYO HAI, BIN DEKHE JIV JAYE RE...

If you don't appear I will be gone,
and then it will be too late for you to come.
And then you will repent
that one who had prayed his whole life,
one who had devoted his all to you,
one who was so surrendered,

one who was so deep in trust,
died, and you didn't appear.

The song ends at this point, because beyond this nothing can be said. Kabir died and God appeared. The host disappeared and ***The Guest*** came in. ***The Guest*** waits for you to die.

That is the meaning of the Christian symbol of the cross. Jesus says to his disciples: If you want to follow me, you will have to carry your own crosses on your own shoulders. Each one has to carry his own cross, each one has to prepare for his own ultimate death -- I don't mean physical death, remember. Physical death has happened to you many times; millions of times you have died physically. That is not true death because the mind continues, enters into another womb, starts another game; again the whole story is repeated. You go on moving in circles; that is not true death.

The true death is known only by the devotee who comes to a point when he CANNOT live without God, it is impossible to live without God. When this impossibility arises, that one cannot live without God... this is what Jesus means, by 'carrying your own cross'. Of course, nobody else can carry it for you. This death is so deep that nobody can help you. This death is so much of the interior that nobody can approach it from the outside. You cannot be murdered, you can only commit suicide -- about THIS death, about THIS internal disappearance, about THIS subjective annihilation, cessation.

Kabir died, Kabir disappeared... and ***The Guest*** was always there; it was only the presence of Kabir that was preventing it.

One of the greatest poets that India has given birth to in this century was Rabindranath Tagore. He has written a memoir of tremendous beauty and significance.

He was staying in a boat on a river; he loved his boat and the river. It was a full moon night. In the small cabin of his boat he was pondering over one of the ancientmost questions that all the poets have pondered over: what is beauty? He was looking into books, ancient and modern; he had a great library in his cabin all about aesthetics: what is beauty? That had been his lifelong concern -- what is beauty? -- because he had the feeling that God is beauty -- not truth, but beauty.

Truth looks dry, truth looks logical. The very word connotes some head-trip; truth seems to belong to the head. Hence Rabindranath used to say that God is not truth but beauty. Beauty is a feel, it is not a logical phenomenon; it is of the heart. It is closer to love than logic.

This had been his lifelong meditation: what is beauty? And on that night also he had been thinking about it, looking into books, finding out definitions. Half the night passed. He was completely oblivious to the full moon, he was completely oblivious to the silence outside, the absolutely silent river and the full moon and the beauty of the full

moon. And the whole river was transformed into silver... and the silent trees meditating on the banks, and only once in a while a distant call of a cuckoo. But he was completely oblivious to it all.

Then feeling tired, exhausted, he closed the books, blew out a small candle, and suddenly a great revelation happened. As he blew out the small candle, from the windows, from the doors, from every side, the moonlight entered in, started dancing in the cabin. That sudden change -- the candle was burning and the moon had not been coming in... The moment the candle was blown out the moonlight entered in. For a moment Rabindranath was in such awe that he says, "I knew in that moment what beauty is. I cannot say to anybody, I cannot define it yet, but in that moment I knew what beauty is. The utter silence, the distant call of the cuckoo, suddenly the entering of the moonlight.... "

He went out... it was sheer beauty. The whole existence was celebrating! The river was just silver, the whole sky opened with just a few white clouds floating.

He wrote in his notebook, "How foolish I am! I was looking in the books for the definition of beauty, and beauty was standing at my door! And a small candle prevented the great moon from entering!"

He wrote in his diary, "Exactly like that, in that night I felt this small ego and its pale light preventing ***The Guest***, God."

Blow this candle out, blow it out! Let there be no ego, and suddenly, from every nook and corner, ***The Guest*** enters in -- and you know what beauty is, and you know what God is.

That is exactly what must have happened to Kabir. He does not say in this song. In another song somewhere he says:

There was a day when I used to go on religious pilgrimages
in search of God.
I went to Kashi, I went to Mathura,
I went to this temple and to that.
I went to every place, wherever I heard God is,
and I never found Him anywhere.
Then one day, Kabir disappeared.
Since then, God comes following me wherever I go
calling, "Kabir, Kabir! Where are you going?"
And I don't care! He follows me like a shadow,
and how can I care, because I am no more.
He goes on calling, "Kabir, Kabir!"
First I used to call Him and He never answered --
why should I answer now?

Tit for tat!

Meditate over these beautiful songs of Kabir. They are very precious, more so because Kabir is not a learned man at all. He says:

MASI KAGAD CHHUYO NAHIN --

"I have never touched paper and ink."

And that is exactly so: he could not write, he could not read. He had no idea of the Vedas and the Koran and the Bible, but what he says contains all the Vedas and all the Korans and all the Bibles. Not knowing a single word of the Upanishads, his poetry contains all of them. He is not a learned man but he is a wise man; not knowledgeable, but he knows. And he has come the hard way.

In fact there is no other way -- no cheap way, no shortcut.

If you meditate on him, slowly, slowly a great desire, a flame of longing in your heart, will arise, because you will also be able to see that nothing in the world can ever satisfy you except ***The Guest***.

Minus God you are a corpse, plus God you are a celebration.

The Guest
Chapter #5
Chapter title: A play with the devil
30 April 1979 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
YOU, THE FOUNTAIN OF LOVE,

OUR SOURCE IS IN THEE.
LOVING THY WILL OUR
SPIRIT IS FREE.
THIS BEAUTIFUL DAY
THAT ALL OF US SEE.
THE HOPE OF THE WORLD
IS LOVE.

Gyan Nirmal,

LOVE is not only the hope af the world, but the only hope. Up to now man has lived an absolutely loveless life. All the societies and the cultures and the religions that have existed on the earth have talked about love, but lived a very loveless existence. Much talk about love has happened in the past, but the structure that societies have created is basically against love. The society is geared for war, and a society that is geared for war can only talk about love but cannot live it.

We have come now to the peak of this ugly, stupid structure of hatred. We have come to the point where either man is to change totally or will have to die.

The new man can be born only with a new heart, with a new soul -- and the flavor of that soul will be love, and the poetry of that heart will be love. A society that lives lovelessly is competitive, ambitious, obsessed with money, power, prestige. A society that lives without love lives through beliefs. Beliefs divide people, and all divisions breed war. A society that lives without love lives a very

lusterless existence, because without love there is no splendor in life, no significance. Without love no song arises in the heart of man.

We have come to the point or we are coming to it, approaching it every day: by the end of this century man will have to choose either total destruction or a revolution -- a revolution not political, not social, but a revolution of the heart. A turning-point is coming closer every day; you have to be prepared for it.

Sannyas has to become a herald for a new world, the first ray of the dawn. Man is reaching towards total war; all preparations are there to commit a global suicide. This is what your history has brought you to. All the Alexanders and all the Napoleons and all the Stalins and all the Hitlers and all the Maos have been working for centuries and centuries; now their dream is going to be fulfilled: we can destroy this whole earth within seconds. Destruction has reached its peak; unless creativity also reaches to its peak man cannot be saved.

And to me, love is nothing but the birth of creativity in you. By love I mean an overflowing heart. Love to me is not only a relationship. The relationship that we call love is a faraway, distant echo of the real thing.

The real thing is not a relationship but a state; one is not in love but one IS love. Whenever I talk about love remember this: I am talking about the state of love. Yes, relationship is perfectly good, but the relationship is going to be false if

you have not attained to the state of love. Then the relationship is not only a pretension, it is a dangerous pretension, because it can go on befooling you; it can go on giving you the sense that you know what love is, and you don't know. Love basically is a state of being; one is not in love, one IS love.

And that love arises not by falling in love with somebody. That love arises by going in -- not by falling but by rising, soaring upwards, higher than you. It is a kind of surpassing. A man is love when his being is silent; it is the song of silence. A Buddha is love, a Jesus is love -- not in love with a particular person, but simply love. Their very climate is love. It is not addressed to anybody in particular, it is spreading in all directions. Whosoever comes close to a Buddha will feel it, will be showered by it, will be bathed in it. And it is unconditionally so.

Love makes no conditions, no ifs, no buts. Love never says, "Fulfill these requirements, then I will love you." Love is like breathing: when it happens you are simply love. It does not matter who comes close to you, the sinner or the saint. Whosoever comes close to you starts feeling the vibe of love, is rejoiced. Love is unconditional giving -- but only those are capable of giving who HAVE.

One of the most mysterious things about man is that he goes on giving things which he doesn't have. You go on giving love and you don't have it in the first place, and you go on asking love from others who don't have it in the first place. Beggars begging from beggars!

Love first has to happen in the deepest core of your being. It is the quality of being alone, happily alone, joyously alone. It is the quality of being a no-mind, of being silent. Contentless consciousness is the space, the context in which love arises in you.

And when it arises in you it is so much, it is unbearable. Its pleasure is so unbearable that it becomes almost pain. It is heavy like the clouds which are full of rain; they HAVE to shower, they HAVE to rain, they HAVE to unburden themselves. When love arises in the silent heart, it has to be shared, it has to be given; you are helpless.

And the person you give your love to is not obliged to you in any way. In fact, you are obliged to the person because he helped you unburden, he shared something that was too much in you. And the economics of love is: the more you give, the more you have, because in your silent being you are joined with the oceanic, the divine source of all. And you can go on sharing... more and more goes on flowing in you, it goes on welling up.

Gyan Nirmal, yes, you are right, love is the only hope of the world. And we are coming close to that turning point: either total war or total love. And this is a question of either/or, there is no third alternative. There is nothing like a compromise now, you cannot be in the middle. Man has to choose. And it is a question of life and death: war is death, love is life.

By creating you here, by creating sannyasins here, I am creating a new kind of space. This is the beginning of a totally new man. Hence the old traditions will be unable to understand what is happening here; they don't have any criterion. The experiment is so new! Yes, once in a while men like Buddha, Kabir, Krishna, Christ, Zarathustra, have happened in the past, but only individuals. Now only individuals won't do; only a Buddha here and there won't be of much help. The world has gone too much into hate. The world is so full of hate that it is almost like an ocean of hatred, and a Buddha will be just a spoonful of sugar -- it won't change the taste of the ocean. We will need THOUSANDS of Buddhas.

Hence I am not interested in Christians, I am interested only in Christs. I am not interested in Jains, I am interested only in Mahavirs. I am not interested in Buddhists, I am interested only in Buddhas. My effort here is not to create a following, not to create believers, but to create individuals, lovers, meditators who can stand on their own, and each one can become a light. And we will need... the night is going to become darker and darker every day... we will need millions of lights around the world, millions of people who are capable of love, unconditionally, without asking anything in return, and who are so silent and who are so blissful that wherever they are they will be able to dissipate darkness.

Yes Gyan Nirmal, love is the hope of the world, the only hope.

The second question:

Question 2
OSHO, WHILE DREAMING, SOMETHING IS CONSTANTLY TELLING ME THAT I HAVE TO DIE. I REMEMBER NO OTHER DREAMS. WHAT IS HAPPENING?

Anand Sunno,

MEDITATE first over this small anecdote....

The young man had been keeping company with a girl for over two years, but still had given no indication of serious intentions.

"I had a strange dream last night," he remarked one day. "I dreamt I proposed to you. I wonder what that is a sign of?"

"It is a sign that you have got more sense asleep than awake."

And that's exactly my answer to you, Sunno: you have got more sense asleep than awake.

In fact, the whole movement of psychoanalysis is based on this understanding: that people are more intelligent while dreaming than while they are awake. Why has this strange thing happened? People should be more intelligent when they are awake rather than when they are dreaming. There is a reason: the society has impressed your waking mind; it

has not yet been able to impress your dreaming mind. The society has destroyed your waking mind, distorted it, polluted it, disfigured it. It is almost unrecognizable now from what it could have been naturally. So much has been pruned, cut, so much has been repressed, so much has been imposed from the outside, that you don't know what you would have been if society had not interfered with you so much.

But your unconscious, your dreaming mind is still out of the grabbing society. It will not be for long, remember! There are people who are working to grab your unconscious mind too. Particularly in Russia they have been experimenting for at least twenty years on how to influence your dreaming, sleeping mind, and they HAVE succeeded. They have succeeded enough for you to be alert, to beware.

Now in Soviet Russia they have found that a person can be taught even while he is asleep and dreaming. Earphones are put on the person, and in a very, very silent way, so that his sleep is not disturbed, in a subliminal way, messages are given. He continues to sleep yet his mind goes on receiving messages. You can teach new languages, mathematics, history, philosophy, anything, and he will remember in the morning. In fact, it seems to work far better than ordinary schooling, because in ordinary schooling you have to go on repeating the same thing again and again; when it is repeated too much, only then does it go a little deeper. But when you are asleep the depth of your mind is available.

It is okay if you teach mathematics and science and history -- but politicians cannot stop there. They will teach communism, fascism -- it is bound to happen; they will teach Gandhism -- it is bound to happen. They will teach Christianity, Hinduism, Islam -- it is bound to happen. Once the politician has got the means to influence your sleeping mind he cannot leave you alone.

At least right now you are free to dream; soon the danger is that you will not even be free to dream. The government will go on influencing your dreams; it will allow you only to dream certain dreams, it will create dreams in you. In a communist country you cannot dream a capitalist dream -- even in a dream you cannot have a car of your own, that won't be allowed.

And if your unconscious becomes available to the politicians, man is utterly destroyed. It should not be allowed! This is far more dangerous than atomic bombs, because the atom and the hydrogen bomb can only destroy your body, but these new techniques of Behaviorist psychology can destroy you in your psychology. Right now at least you have some privacy. Politicians are not even willing to give you that much privacy; they want to interfere, they want to poke into your dreams. But up to now it has not happened much; they have succeeded in experimentation, but it has not yet been used on a wide scale.

Sunno, you say, "WHILE DREAMING, SOMETHING IS CONSTANTLY TELLING ME THAT I HAVE TO DIE."

That is the voice of your inner being. It has nothing to do with your physical death, it has something to do with your psychological death. It has something to do with the death of the ego.

It happens to every meditator: the more you meditate the more your inner voice says, "Let the ego die." The more you meditate, the more you become aware that a certain death is going to happen. And you know only one kind of death, so naturally you misinterpret; you think, "I am going to die." You are not going to die, only the 'I', the ego, the personality is going to die, is going to disappear. Your dream is giving you a very significant message.

And you say, "I REMEMBER NO OTHER DREAMS. WHAT IS HAPPEN ING?"

Then this dream is not an ordinary dream, it is something extraordinary. It is not just the rubbish of the mind. Ninety-nine percent of your dreams consist of the rubbish, rubbish that you gather in the day, rubbish that you go on chewing over in the night. It is the reflection of your day, it has nothing special in it.

That's why psychoanalysis takes so many years -- to find a gem in the rubbish takes time. The rubbish is really so much that it takes two years, three years for the psychoanalyst to find something significant, to sort it out, to figure out where you are, what you are.

But in meditation it can happen very quickly, because in meditation you go directly. You don't search in the rubbish, you simply dive deep into your being to where the diamond is, where the Lotus Paradise is.

Sunno, you are hearing something of your inner voice. It is not really a dream, it is far more true than any truth that you have yet known. It is the voice of your soul, it is God speaking to you. Listen, follow -- help the ego to die. Become absolutely non-existent as far as the ego is concerned.

And in the death of the ego love is born, God is born, light is born. In the death of the ego you are transformed; all misery disappears as if it had never existed. Your life right now is a nightmare. When the ego dies nightmares disappear and a great sweetness arises in your being, and a subtle joy, for no reason at all. You cannot explain it to anybody, you cannot explain it to yourself either. It is unexplainable, mysterious. But who cares for the explanation? When you are bathed, when you are in rejoicing, when the being is in a dance, who cares?

People ask why only when they are in suffering. You ask why when you are ill, you never ask why when you are healthy. You never ask your physician, "Why am I healthy?" You certainly ask when you are ill, "Why am I ill? Why this headache, why this stomach-ache?" But when you are perfectly healthy you don't go to the physician to ask, "Why am I healthy?" Health is natural, so is bliss; misery is unnatural. Misery is pathology, illness, dis-ease.

Let the ego die, Sunno. The time has come, and your inner voice is saying, "Don't cling to it. Let go!"

The third question:

Question 3
OSHO, IF I SHOULD MEET BHAGWAN SHREE RAJNEESH WALKING DOWN THE ROAD, SHOULD I KILL HIM?

Barry Letts,

CERTAINLY! You know, that s why I never walk down the road!

But you don't understand; you have asked the question, but you don't understand the meaning of it at all. This is a message only for the disciples, and you are not yet a disciple, you are not yet a sannyasin.

This is a Zen way of saying something of immense value. It is a Zen saying: If you meet the Buddha on the Way, kill him! But Buddha is dead, has been dead for twenty-five centuries. Where can you meet him, on what way? And how can you... can you kill one who has been dead for twenty-five centuries?

It has a totally different meaning: it is a message to the disciple who LOVES Buddha, who loves Buddha so much that there is a possibility that Buddha may become his last

barrier -- because of his love, because he is a disciple, because he is a sannyasin, because he meditates, goes deeper and deeper into his being and will feel more and more grateful towards Buddha.

And at the last moment even the Master has to be left behind... at the last moment. At the very last you have to say goodbye to the Master too. This is something inner, remember; it has nothing to do with the outer. This is something inner. All thoughts disappear, then only one thought remains -- the thought of your Master.

And it is very difficult to say goodbye. You owe so much to the Master -- he has been your source, your transformation; he has been your nourishment, your life; he has brought you along the long way. And now to say goodbye to the person who has been your guide, your friend? And now to say goodbye to him who has been a constant companion in the dark night of the soul; when the dawn is coming to say goodbye to him? It seems impossible! And the disciple, at the last moment, starts clinging to the idea of the Master.

But that becomes a barrier. The Master will himself give him a push, and if you don't listen to the push then he will give you a kick in the pants! -- because you have to go, you have to go into the unknown.

The Master himself says -- I say to you -- "If you meet me on the Way, kill me." But what way is implied? You will not meet me on M.G. Road! What way? If you go inwards,

on the inner Way, on the inward journey, at the last check-post I am waiting for you.

And it will be difficult to say goodbye, it has always been difficult to say goodbye. Hence the statement to just KILL the Master, so there is no need even to say goodbye; kill the Master so there is no need to look back; kill the Master so you can now be left TOTALLY alone, with not even the shadow of the Master with you. And this is done in great gratefulness, in great gratitude.

But Barry Letts, this is not for you. First become a sannyasin, a disciple, start moving inwards; only then can you meet me. You have not yet even met me outwardly, how can you meet me inwardly? You have not yet come closer to me, how can you be in a state of clinging to me? You are far away, you are distant, you are avoiding. You have not even said good morning so what is the point of saying goodbye?

First become a disciple. Move on the inward Way, let me help you to the ultimate point, and then certainly if you meet me on the inner Way, kill me.

But it happens that people understand only according to THEIR idea. You have not understood this Zen koan. And remember again, it is not that the disciple kills the Master in anger. He kills him in gratitude. In fact he kills him because the Master orders him to kill him; he simply followed the commandment -- crying, weeping, with tears

in his eyes. And even when he has killed, the gratitude remains.

You know the story of the famous Zen Master, Ikkyu? He was staying in a temple on a very cold night. There were many wooden Buddhas in the temple, so he brought two, three Buddhas and made a good fire, and enjoyed.

In the middle of the night, with the fire and the crackling of the wood and the smoke, the priest awoke: "What is happening? What is going on?" He saw this monk who was a stranger, who had asked for shelter and was given shelter, and what had he done? Three Buddhas gone! Naturally he was in a rage. He said, "Are you mad or something? You have burnt three Buddhas!"

Ikkyu took his staff and started searching. Now there was nothing left, just ashes; he was searching for something in the ashes. And the priest asked, "What are you searching for?"

He said, "For Buddha's bones."

In India, in the East, the bones are called flowers, symbolically. So he said, "I am searching for the flowers, for the bones of Buddha."

Now it was the priest's turn to laugh. He said, "You are really mad! How can you find flowers, bones, in the wooden Buddhas?"

Ikkyu said, "Then you too are not as stupid as you look. Then bring a few more Buddhas, because the night is long and it is too cold. If you know that these are only wooden Buddhas, then what is the fear? We can enjoy! My Buddha inside is feeling cold. And what do you think -- should I care about the living Buddha or the wooden Buddha?"

It was too dangerous to keep this man inside the temple, and the priest had to go to sleep too, so he said, "You please get out, otherwise you may burn other Buddhas. You simply get out! I don't want anything of this nonsense!"

He threw him out into the cold night. When he was being thrown out Ikkyu again said, "What are you doing? Throwing a Buddha, a living Buddha, out on such a cold night to protect the wooden Buddhas?"

But the priest wouldn't listen, he closed the doors in his face. And in the morning when the priest went out of the temple he saw another miracle happening. Just by the side of the road there was a milestone. Ikkyu had gathered a few flowers from the roadside. He had offered the flowers to the milestone, was bowing down and was saying, "BUDDHAM SHARANAM GACHCHHAMI, SANGHAM SHARANAM GACHCHHAMI, DHAMMAM SHARANAM GACHCHHAMI :" I take shelter at the feet of the Buddha, I take shelter in your commune, my Lord, I take shelter in the DHAMMA, the Law that you have taught to us."

The priest said, "What are you doing? In the night you burnt a Buddha, and now you are worshipping the milestone as a Buddha?"

And Ikkyu said, "If you have gratitude you can show it anywhere. If you don't have it even thousands of wooden Buddhas cannot create it." If you have gratitude you can show it anywhere.... Now this is the man of Zen.

Barry Letts, if you understand Ikkyu then you will understand this statement. On the one hand he burned, on the other hand he worshipped.

The Masters who were telling their disciples, "If you meet the Buddha on the Way, kill him!" were worshipping the Buddha every day, morning, afternoon, evening. They were prostrating themselves before the Buddha. And many times it had been asked by the disciples, "Sir, you say 'If you meet the Buddha on the Way, kill him!' Then why do you worship?"

And he would say, "Because he is the only Master in the world... Buddha is the only Master in the world who helps you to get rid of him too; hence the gratitude."

You have not understood the statement. These statements have a very different meaning than is apparent. To understand these statements you will have to become a little grown-up. As far as these statements are concerned, you are like children.

A teacher explained to her class that the four basic elements of successful fiction were religion, royalty, sex and mystery. Then she assigned her class to write their first novel. After about five minutes little Peter walked up to the teacher's desk and said, "Teacher, I have finished."

"In five minutes?" asked the teacher. "Are you sure you included the four basic elements, religion, royalty, sex, and mystery?"

"Yes, I did," said the boy. "I will read it to you:'Holy Moses!' said the princess, 'Pregnant again? wonder who done it this time.... '"

The novel was finished, and all the four basic elements were there: "HOLY Moses!" said the PRINCESS. "PREGNANT again? I WONDER who done it this time.... "

To understand these great statements you will need a little more grown-up mind.

Yes certainly, Barry Letts, if you meet me on the Way, kill me. But first please, be on the Way -- where I am waiting for you, to be killed by you!

But you don't know another thing which is not really ever said. This statement is only half of it; the other half, the first half, is missing. Before you can ever kill me, I will kill you. That's how you will enter the Way!

The fourth question:

Question 4
OSHO, MY WISE SHIATSU TEACHER AT HOME TOLD US, "YOU CANNOT FIGHT AGAINST THE DEVIL, YOU CAN ONLY PLAY WITH HIM." I FEEL THAT THIS COULD HELP ME BUT I DO NOT UNDERSTAND IT COMPLETELY. WOULD YOU SPEAK ABOUT IT?

Christiane,

IT IS a beautiful statement and of great significance. You cannot fight against the devil, because if you fight with the devil you take the devil very seriously, and to take the devil very seriously is to believe in him. The devil is created by your seriousness about him, your seriousness is his nourishment. It is by your being serious about him that you pay respects, that you feed him. And the more serious you become about him, the more frightened you are; the more frightened you are the more he will scare you. The devil has not to be taken seriously at all, and if you fight you cannot avoid taking him seriously.

And how are you going to fight with the devil? Where will you find him? You will find him within yourself -- you will condemn some part of your being as the devil and you will fight with it. And that is like your right hand fighting with your left hand, condemning, condemning the left as the devil. And that's how people think: right is right and left is wrong.

The left hand is as much you as your right hand. You will divide yourself: your head will start fighting with your heart, your mind will start fighting with your body. You will become fragmentary, you will become divided, and there will be a great civil war within you. You will condemn sex, you will condemn anger, greed, and you will condemn a thousand and one things, but they are part of you. The more you condemn them the more power you give to them, because whenever you condemn something you become focused on it -- and to be attentive to something is to give power to it. Whenever you become too attentive towards something you become hypnotized by it.

The person who is against sex becomes obsessed with it. He CONTINUOUSLY thinks about it because he has to be alert, on guard; otherwise the enemy will defeat him. And for twenty-four hours on guard against whom? -- against your own energy! So you are split; and to be split is to be in misery, and to be split is to be poor because the energy dissipates. And to be in inner conflict is to be in anguish, agony. Bliss means to be integrated.

Where is the devil? It is some condemned part of you. And you cannot cut it out because it is so deeply a part of you that there is no possibility of separating it from your self. So you can go on fighting, but you will never win.

The statement is beautiful: you cannot fight against the devil, you can only play with him.

And that's what I am teaching you here: be playful, non-serious. Yes, even with sex, anger, greed, everything that has been condemned down the ages, be playful with it. And then the miracle happens: if you are playful the devil starts evaporating, because it is seriousness that gives him shape and form and solidity. When you become playful about him, when you are not on guard, when you are not fighting, he is being starved; and when you are playful you take the very earth from underneath his feet.

Try to be playful with anything and you will see the miracle happening. Be playful with sex and soon you will be beyond sex. That's the whole secret of Tantra: just be playful about it, don't take it so seriously, it is nothing to be worried about. It is not a problem to be solved, it is your energy to be understood -- and not only understood but re-absorbed.

If you can absorb your own sexual energy you will be far richer than you are, stronger than you are. If you can absorb your anger into yourself, your greed into yourself, you will no longer be a schizophrenic; your whole pathology will disappear. You will be whole and healthy, and you will have a totally different feeling of well-being. You will be surrounded by sunlight. You will be sunlit! And wherever you go you will carry peace -- very tangible, very substantial -- around you, because there will be no conflict in you.

Being playful is one of the great secrets of inner transformation.

Christiane, learn to be playful. If all seriousness disappears from your life, you are religious.

But this is not what is ordinarily understood by a religious person. A religious person becomes very, very serious. He looks at you as if you are sinners condemned to go to hell, doomed. He walks erect, with great pride. You can see in his eyes that he knows that he is 'holier than thou', higher than thou, that he is saved and you are condemned. And of course he becomes very serious; his going to the church, to the temple, his prayer, his ritual, all are very serious affairs. He does not take it non-seriously, playfully. And you cannot know what prayer is if you don't know what playfulness is.

Real religion teaches you playfulness -- sincerity of course, but seriousness no, authenticity of course, but seriousness no.

You have come to the right place, Christiane, that's what we are doing here. This whole space that is being created here is that of playfulness. People are working, but the work has no seriousness about it, no tension about it. They are enjoying it; that is prayer, that is worship. They are continuously working -- nowhere else can you find so much work going on, and with such non-seriousness, with such playfulness.

Just a few days ago I told you that there are three hundred people working. It was wrong -- about information I am not

very reliable, even about my own ashram, because I never go out I am afraid... somebody may kill me, because fools are everywhere!

It is perfectly okay with Buddha if you kill him, because he is already dead!

Laxmi told me that there are not three hundred, but seven hundred people working, and one hundred are waiting because there is no space for them to work. How can there be space in such a small, six-acre piece of land? Seven hundred people working -- per acre there are more than a hundred! But you don't feel crowded... because there are no serious people around. Otherwise one serious person is enough to make the place crowded. A hundred playful persons don't make a crowd; they remain individuals, they don't create a crowd. And you can see the joy and the celebrating mood.

This I call true religion -- playfulness, lovingness, cheerfulness.

The fifth question:

Question 5
OSHO, HOW LONG DOES THIS STUPID SEX CONTINUE TO HAUNT ONE? I AM GETTING ON SIXTY AND IT IS STILL THERE.

Sukh Deva,

SEX has nothing to do with age; you can be six hundred and it will still be there. It has something to do with awareness, not with age. Remember, just by growing old you don't grow up. You may be sixty physiologically, and you may be just nearabout twelve, thirteen, or at the most fourteen psychologically, hence this hang-up. A person who is psychologically fourteen is bound to be haunted by sex, and people are stuck at somewhere near thirteen, fourteen.

The average mental age of humanity is twelve. It is unbelievable that people get stuck so early. What happens, and why at just nearabout twelve, thirteen, fourteen? -- because that is the time when sex ripens in you, and no society wants you to go beyond that point. Every society wants you to remain sexually starved, because a sexually starved person is very useful for the society -- for this ill society. A sexually starved person can be channelized in any direction very easily because he is boiling within. You can make him go after money: then money will be his sex, then his whole sexual energy which is starved will move towards money. Then money will be his beloved, his God, and for his whole life he will run after money. And naturally, sex will haunt him because money cannot satisfy it. You can gather as much money as you want, but how can it satisfy your basic urge? The society has diverted your urge, has given you a diversion; it has given you a toy.

And that's how we start from the very beginning: the child is crying, he wants milk, and he is given a pacifier! And the poor child starts sucking the pacifier and thinks that it is the

mother's breast. How mean can we be? This is sheer meanness! You are being very political with the poor child, diplomatic, cunning. The poor child has no understanding yet to make a distinction between the pacifier and the breast; he has been deceived. Now if later on this child one day disrespects his mother, hates his mother, there is no wonder in it.

You can go to any psychoanalyst and ask him, "What is the fundamental problem of every person?" and you will be surprised to know that he will not give you some name: neurosis, psychosis, schizophrenia, hysteria, et cetera, et cetera. If you ask him, "What is the fundamental problem of every psychologically disturbed person?" he will say, "the mother." But why the mother? -- because she was the first one who started deceiving the child. She was the first acquaintance of the child with the world, and he cannot trust anybody now. He cannot even trust his own mother, how can he trust anybody else? And when the child was crying and he wanted to be hugged... because a child needs warmth as much as milk, it is a very deep physiological need of the child.

Now it is a proven scientific fact that if a child is given all nourishment but no warmth of the body, he will shrink and die. Or even if he survives he will remain retarded, unhealthy for his whole life; something will be missing in him. He not only needs mother's milk, he needs the warmth of the mother's bosom, the warmth of the mother's body. That warmth is now understood to be absolutely fundamental, absolutely necessary.

But when the child is crying he cannot say, "Mum, I want to be hugged," because he has no language yet. But by crying he is saying, "Hug me, kiss me, caress me, let me come close to you." And he is given a teddy bear, or he is given some toy to be engaged with. He is being deceived from the very beginning: he wants something, he gets something else. That's how we go on distorting.

By the time a child is coming to sexual maturity we start giving him ambitions. We start telling him, "Come first in the university, come first in school -- come first! Wherever you are, whatsoever you are doing, you have to be the first." We start a great desire in his mind to be first anywhere he is; this is giving a new direction to his sexual energy.

The society is trying to divert his natural energies. We start telling him, "Unless you have a big car, a big house, much money in the bank, you are a failure." He starts running after big things. He may not need a big house. In fact a smaller house may be far more beautiful because it can be kept more clean, and his needs are not that much that he should have a big house of many, many rooms. But the idea has been implanted in his mind that "Unless you have a big house, very imposing, you are a failure." Now the big house becomes his symbol of fulfillment, money in the bank becomes his symbol of fulfillment -- but only symbols, empty. Deep down he is unfulfilled, deep down he is hankering. The deep consciousness is continuously

telling him, "Be natural, let your natural energies flow in a natural, spontaneous way."

You ask me, Sukh Deva, "HOW LONG DOES THIS STUPID SEX CONTINUE TO HAUNT ONE?"

Why do you call it stupid? You are angry at it. Sex is not stupid -- you may be stupid! Sex is simply sex. You can be stupid with it, you can be intelligent with it; that is something about you, not about sex. And if you call it names, if you condemn, it will persist. You will be sixty, you will be seventy, you will be eighty -- it won't make any difference. In fact, the more weak your body will become, the more the repressed sex will explode on your conscious-

The big burly rapist broke into a Texas homestead when all the men were out on a cattle drive and raped all ten women living there -- all except an eighty-five-year-old great granma.

The victims lay around groaning in a state of chaos. The rapist lay in the corner exhausted and naked.

Old granny took her spectacles off her nose, put them on the nose of the rapist and cried, "Look around, big fella, and see if you missed anybody!"

Sukh Deva, it will persist; don't call it stupid. You are being stupid with it.

Accept it. It is a natural desire, a natural energy, the very fountain-source of all life. Yes, there are things beyond it, beautiful spaces beyond it. Sex brings joy and sex brings misery too. They are mixed with sex because sex is a mixture of the sky and the earth, body and soul; hence it brings both -- it gives you wings one moment, it cuts your wings another moment. One moment it is a great ecstasy, another moment you have fallen into a deep agony. One moment you are on the peak, the sunlit peak, another moment you are groaning in a dark valley. Sex is both.

But one has to learn the valleys and the peaks. And one has to learn by one's own experience, not by what others say, not by what I say. Your own experience of sex will make you free of it. I am not saying be free of it; and don't try to be free of it, otherwise you will never be free of it.

What I am saying is simply: freedom from sex is a consequence, a by-product. You cannot achieve it directly, it comes indirectly. You live it with deep playfulness, meditativeness, as a gift of God, and slowly slowly, seeing the peaks and the valleys again and again, a third point will arise in your being: the witness who witnesses the peak, who witnesses the valley. Slowly, slowly neither peaks are important nor valleys are important. Your consciousness has gone through a revolution, you have become more centered in the witnessing soul. That witnessing is BRAHMACHARYA, that witnessing brings real celibacy. It is not against sex, it is beyond sex.

Otherwise, it will go on haunting you to the very last moment. You will be dying and you will not be thinking of God, you will be thinking of sex. That's why the moment you die, immediately you are born -- not even minutes are lost, because you die with the idea of sex in your head. Here you immediately leave this body, and the desire to' enter into another body arises, because sex can be fulfilled r only through the body.

Down in sunny Mexico there lived an old aunt with four very pretty nieces.

One day Pancho Villa and his gang of revolutionary bandits broke into their house. Accosting them on the patio the brigand said, "This place is in our possession and you are in our power."

"We are helpless!" one of the girls exclaimed, "and we must submit, but please spare poor old aunt."

"Shut up!" snapped the aunt, "War is war!"

It has nothing to do with age, it-has something to do with gaining a higher awareness, a deeper awareness.

Become a witness, Sukh Deva, and don't call it stupid. Become intelligent, see, watch, observe. Whatsoever is given to you must have a reason, a rhyme in it. Whatsoever you have got must have something of the beyond in it. You are only able to see the lower part of the ladder because your eyes are not open and your being is not conscious;

hence you see only the lower part of the ladder, sex. The higher part of the ladder is SAMADHI. If you can see the whole ladder, all the rungs of it, you will be surprised: that sex is the door to SAMADHI.

The very idea of SAMADHI was born because of those few rare people who were able to attain to total orgasmic joy through sex. They became aware that there is something in sex which is not sexual at all. In a deep orgasmic state time disappears, mind disappears, ego disappears. Now these things have nothing to do with sex. And because these three things disappear, great joy arises. That arising of joy has nothing to do with sex either: it is because sex helped, became a context for the disappearance of the ego, mind and time.

The first experimenters -- their names are lost, it must have been thousands of years before -- the first tantrikas, the first people who attained to SAMADHI through sex, they watched, meditated, and they saw one thing: sex is only a physiological triggering of a certain process which can be triggered without sex too, which can be triggered only by meditation. There is no need to go into sex. Once they had known that the process could be triggered by other means also -- by Yoga methods, by Tao methods, by Tantra methods, by Sufi methods -- once they knew that the same state could be attained, of no ego, no mind, no time, without going into sex, they had found the key. But the key was found only through groping in sex.

Sex has been the very source of religion, and the sexual experience has been the first experience of SAMADHI. Don't call it stupid, please. Go into it lovingly, playfully, meditatively. Try to understand, because liberation comes through understanding and in no other way.

The sixth question:

Question 6
OSHO, SHOULD ONE NOT LISTEN TO AND FOLLOW THE WISE ADVICE OF ONE'S PARENTS, TEACHERS AND WELL-WISHERS?

Prem Deva,

LISTEN, but don't follow. Listen well, but follow your own insight, don't follow others' advice. Listen certainly, very meditatively, try to understand what they are wanting to convey to you. They may REALLY be well-wishers, but if you start following blindly you will never attain to your own intelligence. You will remain dependent on crutches, you will always look up to others to tell you what to do, what not to do. You will always need leaders -- which is a very unhealthy state, to need leaders.

Listen, because people have great experiences, and if they are sharing, willing to share, it will be foolish on your part not to listen. Sharing their experience may give you great insight -- it will help you to become more aware -- but don't follow.

People follow literally and then they become just blind. When others are giving you all that you need, what is the need to have your own eyes? And when others are chewing for you, what is the need to chew on your own? Slowly, slowly you become more and more weak, more and more impoverished, more and more starved.

A man who had recently opened a shop had a large notice overhead which read FRESH FISH SOLD HERE. Along came a friend and said, "Why have you got 'HERE' on the board?" So he cut out the word 'HERE'. Then another friend came along and said, "'SOLD'? Of course it is sold. You are not giving it away, are you?" So out came the word 'SOLD'.

A third came along and said, "'FRESH FISH'? It has to be fresh. Who will buy stale fish from you? Cut out the word FRESH.

The shopkeeper obliged. Now only the word 'FISH' remained on the board when a fourth man arrived and said, "'FISH'? Fancy having that up! You can smell it a mile away." The shopkeeper erased this last word on the board.

A fifth man arrived and said, "What's the idea of hanging a blank board over the shop?" The shopkeeper removed the board.

A sixth man came on the scene and said, "You have opened such a big shop. Can't you hang a board on it with a notice saying, 'FRESH FISH SOLD HERE?'"

Now if you go on listening to people you will become more and more confused; that's how you have become confused. Your confusion is this: that you have been listening to many kinds of people and they are all giving different advice. And I am not saying that they are not well-wishers; they are well-wishers, but not very conscious well-wishers, otherwise they would not give you advice. They would give you an insight, not advice. They would not tell you what to do and what not to do. They would help you to become more aware so that you can see yourself what has to be done and what has not to be done.

The real friend is one who does not advise you, but helps you to become more alert, more aware, more conscious of life -- its problems, its challenges, its mysteries, and helps you to go on your own voyage, gives you courage to experiment, gives you courage to seek and search, gives you courage to commit many mistakes... because one who is not ready to commit mistakes will never learn anything at all.

Commit as many mistakes as you can, but don't commit the same mistake twice because that makes you stupid. Commit new mistakes, invent new mistakes, and you will be learning all the time, and your intelligence will be growing all the time. Your intelligence needs sharpening.

The real friends help you to sharpen your intelligence. They don't give you fixed advice, because fixed advice is of no use. What is true today may not be true tomorrow, and

what is right in one situation may be wrong in another. And situations are changing all the time, so what you need is not a fixed pattern of living but a way of seeing, so wherever you are, in whatsoever situation you find yourself, you know how to behave spontaneously, how to depend on your own being.

The seventh question:

Question 7
OSHO, I SIMPLY CAN'T BELIEVE IN GOD. WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Krishna Kant,

I HAVE not been telling you to believe in God. Why should you be worried about it? If you can't believe, you can't believe -- forget all about it! Now it is God's problem that Krishna Kant does not believe in Him; if He is anxious, worried, He will take care. But why are you worried? Deep down somewhere you must be wanting to believe, otherwise why the question at all? I am not telling you to believe in God; there is no need.

Buddha attained to the ultimate without believing in God, why can't you? Mahavir attained to truth, to enlightenment, without believing in any God, why can't you?

In that sense Eastern religions are far more rich than the Western religions. Judaism, Christianity, Islam, all the three religions that were born outside of India, are in that

way a little poor, unsophisticated, crude. Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, the three religions that were born in India, have a tremendous sophistication about them. They don't make such unnecessary demands on you.

Buddhism is the ultimate in sophistication. Buddha says there is no need to believe in God, there is no need even to believe in the soul. There is no need to believe at all. Belief is not a necessity in being religious. Then what is necessary? Meditation is necessary, not belief. And one can meditate without belief because meditation is a scientific method.

It happens many times: an atheist comes to me and he asks, "Can I also meditate?" -- because the idea has become prevalent that unless you believe in God you cannot meditate. Now that is a very foolish notion. Meditation has nothing to do with God. In fact the truth is that if you believe in God, it will be difficult to meditate. Your very belief will become a disturbance.

The person who does not believe in anything can simply move beyond thoughts; the person who believes clings to thinking, because his belief is a thought. Belief is part of the mind! If you believe too much in God you cannot leave the mind, because leaving the mind will mean, obviously, leaving your belief The man who cannot believe is in a better situation.

Krishna Kant, you should be happy that you cannot believe in God. So far, so good! Now meditate.

And remember, the English word 'meditate' gives a wrong connotation. In English there is no word really which can translate the word DHYANA. From DHYANA the word arose in China, CH'AN, and that CH'AN moved to Japan and became Zen, but the root is DHYANA.

When we use the word 'meditation' it gives a feeling that you are meditating UPON something. To meditate means... on what? You have to have some object. And that is the problem. DHYANA simply means it is not a question of focusing, concentrating on something; rather, it is dropping all contents of the mind and just being. Meditation in the sense of DHYANA needs no object; it is an objectless, contentless state of consciousness. You go on dropping -- NETI, NETI, neither this nor that -- you go on rejecting all thoughts, good and bad. When all thoughts are eliminated what is left? -- that is you, and that is God.

But what you call it does not matter. You can call it God if the word appeals to you; if it doesn't appeal to you you can call it NIRVANA, YOU can call it Tao, or whatever. But don't be worried about it, that you can't believe in God. It is good. This is my approach: if somebody says, "I believe in God," I say, "It is good. Now let us start from there, that will do." If somebody says, "I don't believe in God," I say, "It is good. Now let us start from there."

You have to start from the point where you are. And all points are good, because all points are on the circumference and from every point on the circumference the center is

available. So move towards the center, don't be worried about where you are.

One afternoon Mulla Nasrudin was getting a haircut in a barber's shop. He noticed a price list on the wall of the shop and on the list was, "SINGE -- Rs 5". He asked the barber why it cost so much.

"Every hair on your head," said the barber, "is a little hollow tube, open at the ends, so the body's energy sort of bleeds out of it. After you get a haircut it is a good idea to get a singe because it closes up the hole at the end of each hair and seals in the energy. Otherwise the hair and your whole body just keep getting weaker and weaker every time you get it cut."

"Now, wait a minute," said the Mulla, "what about the hair on my chin? I shave it every day and cut off the ends and it just keeps getting thicker and stronger. How do you explain that?"

"Easy!" said the barber. "You just ain't the kind of a fella this story was made up to tell to!"

These are all just stories. If it appeals, good, if it doesn't appeal, very good!

Krishna Kant, forget about God. There is no need to believe; you need not do anything about it. Don't waste your time with God. Just because of this word so many people go on wasting time. Somebody is trying to prove,

somebody is trying to disprove, great treatises are being written. As many books are written about God as about anything else -- millions of books, libraries are full. Don't be wasting your time. If you can't believe then that story is not for you. But we have other stories too, so why be worried? For Godless people too there is a way.

And my way is for all. Whosoever comes is accepted. The Hindu, the Mohammedan, the Christian, the Jain, the Sikh, the Buddhist, the Parsee -- whosoever comes is accepted. I love all kinds of stories!

Any kind of beginning is good, but begin. Don't remain stuck where you are, move towards the center. Meditate, and that will bring you home. And then you can call it whatsoever you like; that is none of my business what you call it. You can give it any name of your own fancy.

The last question:

Question 8
OSHO, SHOULD CHILDREN BE TOLD ALL THE FACTS OF LIFE, IRRESPECTIVE OF THEIR AGE?

Govinddas,

IT HAS always been a problem down the ages -- what to tell children and what not to tell. Parents have been very much concerned. In the past the strategy was not to tell about the facts of life, to avoid it as far as possible, because people were very much afraid about the facts of life.

The very phrase 'facts of life' is a euphemism; it simply hides a simple thing. Not to say anything about sex, even to avoid the word 'sex' they have made this metaphor, 'facts of life'. What facts of life? -- it is just not to say anything about sex.

The whole past of humanity has lived with that deception, but the children discover sooner or later. And in fact they discover sooner than later, and they discover in a very wrong way. Because no right person is ready to tell them, they have to do their work on their own. They collect, they become peeping Toms -- and you are responsible for reducing them to peeping Toms. They collect from all wrong sources, from ugly people. They will carry those wrong notions their whole lives, and you are the cause of it. Their whole sex life may be affected by that wrong information that they have gathered.

Now there is as much wrong information prevalent in the world about sex as is possible. Even in this twentieth century people are living with immense ignorance about sex, even people who you would think should know better. Even your doctor does not really know what sex is, does not know its complexity. He should know, but even doctors live very superstitiously; they also know things from the marketplace. In no medical college is sex taught as a separate subject -- such an immense, powerful subject and yet nothing is taught about it. Yes, the physiology of sex is known by the physician, but the physiology is not all; there are deeper layers: there is psychology, there is spirituality.

There is a psychology to sex and there is a spirituality to sex; the physiology is only the surface. Much research has been done there, and in this century we know more than ever before, but the knowledge is not becoming prevalent.

People are afraid, because their parents were afraid and that fear has become infectious. And you are afraid, Govinddas, and you don't want to tell your children about it.

You have to tell your children about it, you owe it to them. And you have to be truthful. Don't shirk from truth -- in the long run truth always pays -- and don't lie.

"Mom, do we get our food from God?"

"Yes, we do, Barbara."

"And at Christmas time does Santa bring all our presents?"

"That's right."

"And on my birthday the good fairy brings presents?"

"Hmm... "

"And did the stork bring little brother?"

"True."

"Then what the heck does Pop hang around here for?"

It is better to be truthful! But I am not saying to jump upon your children and start being truthful whether they want it or not. Now that is happening -- the other extreme -- particularly in the West, because the psychologists go on saying that the truth has to be told. People go on telling the truth whether the children are enquiring about it or not. That too is wrong. Wait! If the child enquires, be truthful; if he does not enquire there is no need, he is not interested yet.

At the dinner table the old man almost choked when his little eight-year-old boy asked, "Daddy, where do I come from?"

Reddening, Pop said, "Well, I guess the time has come for you and I to have a man-to-man talk. After dinner I will tell you about the birds and the bees."

The kid said, "What birds and bees? Little Frankie down the block told me he came from Chicago. All I want to know is where I come from!"

So wait a little. They themselves will ask, you are not to be in such a hurry. And remember, whatsoever is the case, be truthful, howsoever hard it seems to you. It will be hard for you because truth was not told to you by your parents; for centuries it has not been told. Everybody gathers it from rumors, nobody ever tells it to his own children. People feel embarrassed, afraid that the children may discover.

Drop all these fears, and don't try in any way to deceive the children. It can be dangerous.

The six-year-old Luigino comes back from school where he has learned three new words without knowing their meaning, so he asks his mother, "Mom, what do prick, puss and balls mean?"

The mother, extremely embarrassed, answers, "Well, dear, prick means cheese, puss means chair, and balls mean boots."

After a few days the grandmother, a pious, prudish country lady, visits her daughter and nephew. She rings the bell and Luigino opens the door. The old woman hugs the child and Luigino, proud of his new vocabulary, says, "Granny, you must be tired. Sit down on this puss." The woman almost faints, but Luigino goes on without hesitating. "And if you are hungry eat this piece of prick."

Shocked and horrified the grandmother finally asks, "Luigino, where is your mum?"

"Ah, she is in the room polishing daddy's balls!"

The Guest

Chapter #6

Chapter title: I am a living light

1 May 1979 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
OSHO, WHAT IS FEAR MADE OF? IT IS ALWAYS THERE BEHIND A CORNER, BUT WHEN I TURN TO FACE IT, IT IS ONLY A SHADOW. IF IT IS NON-SUBSTANTIAL, HOW DOES IT MANAGE TO HAVE SUCH A POWER OVER ME?

Anand Hamid,

FEAR is as non-substantial as your shadow, but it is. The shadow also exists -- non-substantial, negative, but not non-existential -- and sometimes the shadow can have a great impact on you. In a jungle when the night is approaching you can be frightened of your own shadow. In a lonely place, on a lonely path, you can start running because of your own shadow. Your running will be real, your escaping will be real, but the cause will be non-substantial.

You can run away from a rope thinking that it is a snake; if you come back and you look closely and you observe, you will laugh at the whole stupidity of it.

But people are afraid to come to places where fear exists. People are more afraid of fear than of anything else, because the very existence of fear shakes your foundations. The shaking of the foundations is very real, remember. The fear is like a dream, a nightmare, but after a nightmare when you are awake the after-effects still persist, the

hangover persists. Your breathing has changed, you are perspiring, your body is still trembling, you are hot. Now you know that it was just a nightmare, a dream, non-substantial, but even this knowing will take time to penetrate to the very core of your being. Meanwhile the effect of the non-substantial dream will continue. Fear is a nightmare.

You ask me, "WHAT IS FEAR MADE OF?" Fear is made of ignorance of one's own self. There is only one fear; it manifests in many ways, a thousand and one can be the manifestations, but basically fear is one, and that is that "Deep inside, I may not be." And in a way it is true that you are not.

God is, you are not. The host is not, ***The Guest*** is. And because you are suspicious -- and your suspicion is very valid -- you don't look in. You go on pretending that you are; you know that if you look in you are not. This is a deep, tacit understanding. It is not intellectual, it is existential, it is in your very guts, the feel that "I may not be. It is better not to look in. Go on looking out." At least it keeps you befooled, it keeps the illusion intact that "I am". But because this feeling of 'I amness' is false, it creates fear; anything can destroy it, any deep encounter can shatter it. It can be shattered by love, it can be shattered by meeting a Master, it can be shattered by a great disease, it can be shattered by seeing someone die. It can be shattered in many ways, it is very fragile. You are managing it somehow by not looking in.

Mulla Nasrudin was traveling on a train. The ticket collector came; he asked for the ticket. He looked in all his pockets, in all his suitcases, and the ticket was not found. And he was perspiring, and he was becoming more and more frightened. And then the ticket collector said, "Sir, but you have not looked in one of your pockets. Why don't you look in it?"

Mulla Nasrudin said, "Please don't talk about that pocket. I am not going to look in it. That is my only hope! If I look in that pocket and it is not found, then it is not, then it is ABSOLUTELY not. I cannot look in that pocket. Mind you, I will look in everything else; that pocket is my safety, I can still hope that it may be in that pocket. I have left it deliberately and I am not going to touch it. Whether I find the ticket or not, I am not going to look in THAT particular pocket."

This is the situation about the ego too. You don't look in, that is your only hope: "Who knows? Maybe it is." But if you look, your tacit feeling says it is not.

This false ego which you have created by not looking in, by continuously looking out, is the root cause of fear. You will be afraid of all those spaces in which you have to look. You will be afraid of beauty because beauty simply throws you in. A beautiful sunset, and all those luminous colors in the clouds, and you will be afraid to look at it because such great beauty is bound to throw you in. Such great beauty stops thinking: for a moment the mind is in such awe, it forgets how to think, how to go on spinning and weaving.

The inner talk comes to a stop, a halt, and you are suddenly in.

People are afraid of great music, people are afraid of great poetry, people are afraid of deep intimacy. People's love affairs are just hit-and-run affairs. They don't go deep into each other's being because going deep into each other's being, the fear is there -- because the other's pool of being will reflect you. In that pool, in that mirror of the other's being, if you are not found, if the mirror remains empty, if it reflects nothing, then what?

People are afraid of love. They only pretend, they only go on playing games in the name of love. They are afraid of meditation; even in the name of meditation, at the most, they go on doing new ways of thinking. That's what Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's Transcendental Meditation is -- it is neither meditation nor transcendental. It is simply chanting a mantra, and chanting a mantra is nothing but a process of thought, concentrated thought. It is again a new device, a device not to meditate. People are repeating Christian prayers, Mohammedan prayers, Hindu prayers, all ways to avoid meditation. These are not meditations, remember. Mind is so cunning that in-the name of meditation it has created many pseudo-phenomena.

Meditation is when you are not doing anything at all, when the mind is not functioning at all. That non-functioning of the mind is meditation -- no chanting, no mantra, no image, no concentration. One just simply is. In that isness the ego

disappears, and with the ego the shadow of the ego disappears. That shadow is fear.

Fear is one of the most important problems, Hamid. Each human being has to go through it and has to come to a certain understanding about it. The ego gives you the fear that one day you may have to die. You go on deceiving yourself that death happens only to others, and in a way you are right: some neighbor dies, some acquaintance dies, some friend dies, your wife dies, your mother dies -- it always happens to somebody else, never to you. You can hide behind this fact: maybe you are an exception, you are not going to die. The ego is trying to protect you.

But each time somebody dies, something in you becomes shaky. Each death is a small death to you. Never send somebody to ask for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee. Each death is your death. Even when a dry leaf falls from the tree, it is your death. Hence we go on protecting ourselves.

Somebody is dying and we talk about the immortality of the soul, and the leaf is falling from the tree and we say "Nothing to be worried about. Soon the spring will come and the tree will have another foliage. This is only a change, only the garments are being changed."

People believe in the immortality of the soul not because they know but because they are afraid. The more cowardly a person is, the more is the possibility that he will believe in the immortality of the soul -- not that he is religious, he

is simply cowardly. The belief in the immortality of the soul has nothing to do with religion. The religious person knows that "I am not", and then whatsoever is left is immortal -- but it has nothing to do with 'me'. This 'me' is not immortal, this 'I' is not immortal. This 'I' is very temporary; it is manufactured by us.

Fear is the shadow of 'I', and because the 'I' is always alert somewhere deep down that "I will have to disappear in death".... The basic fear is of death; all other fears only reflect the basic one. And the beauty is that death is as nonexistential as ego, and between these two non-existentials -- the ego and death -- the bridge is fear.

Fear is very impotent, it has no power. You say, "If IT IS NON-SUBSTANTIAL, THEN HOW DOES IT MANAGE TO HAVE SUCH A POWER OVER ME?" YOU want to believe in it -- that's its power. You are not ready to take a plunge into your inner depth and to face your inner emptiness -- that is its power. Otherwise it is impotent, utterly impotent. Nothing is ever born out of fear. Love gives birth, love is creative; fear is impotent.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith were brought before the bar of justice.
"I would like to divorce this character," said the wife.
"I would like to get rid of this battle axe," screamed the husband.
Judge: "How many children do you have?"
Wife: "Three children."

Judge: "Why don't you stay married one more year and have another child, then you will have four. You can each take two and you will both be satisfied."
Husband: "Yeah, but supposing we have twins?"
Wife: "Ha! Look at my little twin-maker. If I depended on him, I wouldn't have these three either!"

Fear is utterly impotent. It has never created anything. It cannot create; it is not. But it can destroy your whole life, it can surround you like a dark, dark cloud, it can exploit all your energies. It will not allow you to move into any deep experience of beauty, poetry, love, joy, celebration, meditation. No, it will keep you just on the surface because it can exist only on the surface. It is a ripple on the surface.

Hamid, go in, look in, and if it is empty, so what?then that's our nature, then that's what we are. Why should one be worried about emptiness? Emptiness is as beautiful as the sky. Your inner being is nothing but the inner sky. The sky is empty, but it is the empty sky that holds all, the whole existence, the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, the planets. It is the empty sky that gives space to all that is. It is the empty sky that is the background of all that exists. Things come and go and the sky remains the same.

In exactly the same way, you have an inner sky; it is also empty. Clouds come and go, planets are born and disappear, stars arise and die, and the inner sky remains the same, untouched, untarnished, unscarred. We call that inner sky SAKSHIN, the witness -- and that is the whole goal of meditation.

Go in, enjoy the inner sky. Remember, whatsoever you can see, you are not it. You can see thoughts, then you are not thoughts; you can see your feelings, then you are not your feelings; you can see your dreams, desires, memories, imaginations, projections, then you are not them. Go on eliminating all that you can see. Then one day the tremendous moment arrives, the most significant moment of one's life, when there is nothing left to be rejected. All the seen has disappeared and only the seer is there. That seer is the empty sky.

To know it is to be fearless, and to know it is to be full of love. To know it is to be God, is to be immortal.

The second question:

Question 2
BELOVED OSHO, WHAT IS LOVE?

Swami Anand Tallis,

LOVE is the radiance, the fragrance of knowing oneself, of being oneself.

Anand Tallis is very young -- he is only nine -- but he is far ahead of his age. His mental age must be almost double that, nearabout eighteen, hence the question.

Love is overflowing joy. Love is when you have seen who you are; then there is nothing left except to share your

being with others. Love is when you have seen that you are not separate from existence. Love is when you have felt an organic, orgasmic unity with all that is.

Love is not a relationship, Tallis. Love is a state of being; it has nothing to do with anybody else. One is not in love, one is love. And of course when one is love, one is in love -- but that is an outcome, a by-product, that is not the source. The source is that one is love.

And who can be love? Certainly, if you are not aware of who you are, you cannot be love. You will be fear. Fear is just the opposite of love. Remember, hate is not the opposite of love, as people think; hate is love standing upside down, it is not the opposite of love. The real opposite of love is fear. In love one expands, in fear one shrinks. In fear one becomes closed, in love one opens. In fear one doubts, in love one trusts. In fear one is left lonely, in love one disappears; hence there is no question of loneliness at all. When one is not, how can one be lonely? Then these trees and the birds and the clouds and the sun and the stars are still within you. Love is when you have known your inner sky.

And Tallis, this is the right moment, the right age, to enter into the world of love. This is the time when parents, the society, the state and the church go on poisoning children and making them afraid. This is the time when fear is created by the exploiters. This is the time when society reduces small children to slaves; and one can be reduced to a slave only if great fear is created.

This is the time also -- if the society is sane and is not dominated by stupid politicians and priests, if the society is not pathological -- when the society will help the children to become more and more loving, will help the children to know more about beauty, about music, about poetry, about dance, about meditation. This is the time when the child can simply take a plunge without any difficulties. Later on it will become more and more difficult, because as you grow old, fears also grow older and stronger. As you grow old the ego becomes more strengthened. As you grow old your capacity to learn decreases. As you grow old you become more and more cowardly, afraid of the unknown.

The young child is free of fear; children are born without any fear. If the society can help and support them to remain without fear, can help them to climb the trees and the mountains, and swim the oceans and the rivers, if the society can help them in every possible way to become adventurers, adventurers of the unknown, and if the society can create a great enquiry instead of giving them dead beliefs, then the children will turn into great lovers, lovers of life -- and that is true religion. There is no higher religion than love.

Tallis, meditate, dance, sing, and go deeper and deeper into yourself. Listen to the birds more attentively. Look at the flowers with awe, wonder. Don't become knowledgeable, don't go on labelling things. That's what knowledgeability is -- the great art of labelling everything, categorizing everything. From this age, start playing guitar or learn to

play the flute. Meet people, mix with people, with as many people as possible, because each person expresses a different facet of God. Learn from people. Don't be afraid, this existence is not your enemy. This existence mothers you, this existence is ready to support you in every possible way. Trust, and you will start feeling a new upsurge of energy in you; that energy is love. That energy wants to bless the whole existence, because in that energy one feels blessed. And when you feel blessed what else can you do except bless the whole existence?

Love is a deep desire to bless the whole existence.

The third question:

Question 3
OSHO, WHY ARE SO MANY PEOPLE ATTRACTED TOWARDS YOU FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD?

Niranjan,

DON'T know! I am also surprised; it should not be so. The government is against me, the society is against me, all the religions are against me, and still people go on coming. All kinds of barriers are created, still people go on coming.

Something mysterious is happening, something which cannot be explained. Something is transpiring which is elusive. That's why those who come as observers or spectators or journalists cannot catch hold of it. So they

collect rumors in the town from people who never come here, and they go on reporting. Almost all over the world, in almost all the languages, there are rumors and rumors. This is very strange! The people have not experienced what is happening here, they have not been participants, and yet they think they have understood.

There are things which can be understood only when you participate. You cannot know what love is if you see two lovers hugging each other. If you watch from the outside, scientifically, you will know that two persons are hugging. But where is love? What is love? The meeting of the bones and the meeting of the flesh is not love. Two persons kissing... you cannot explain it through chemistry, that would be destroying the whole truth of it. Chemistry cannot explain it.

People come here: unless they are participants -- and not only participants in order to report, because then they are not participants at all.... Then deep down they are outside. They are taking notes, invisible notes about what they are going to report. They are not drunk with the wine that is available here.

This is a place for drunkards. This is a place for people who are crazy for God. This is a place of love. You can see people dancing and you will shrug your shoulders: "So what? How can dance be meditation?" -- because you see only the gestures, you don't see the dancer disappearing within. And you CANNOT see. When the dancer disappears and only the dance remains, it is meditation. If

the dancer is there then it is only dance, not meditation. When the singer disappears and only the song remains, it is meditation. When the musician is not found and only music remains, then it is meditation. But how are you going to find it from the outside? It is impossible.

Niranjan, you will have to become a participant. The only way to know what wine can do to you is to drink it.

Many years ago in a rural district a farmer was helping at his wife's delivery by holding the kerosene lamp. When the doctor had produced not one, but three fine babies, the farmer ran away.
"Come back with that lamp," said the doctor. "I think there is another."
"I will not!" answered the farmer. "I think it is the light that is attracting them!"

So I don't know what is happening! Maybe it is because of the light that people go on coming from every corner of the world. And the lamp that I am holding is not such that I can hide it; I cannot even escape. It cannot be put out -- it is something that is beyond me, it is something that surpasses me. I am as much surprised by it as you are. I am as much intrigued by it as you are, so I cannot give you an exact answer as to why people are attracted. You will have to feel it yourself.

You have also come here. Now get deeper, deeper into me and into the space that is being created here. That is the only way to know, there is no other.

The fourth question:

Question 4
THANK YOU, OSHO. I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DROP, BUT THANK YOU.

Chaitanya Kabir,

THIS is beautiful. This is how it should be. In fact there is nothing to drop. Just the understanding that the ego is not something to be dropped, just the seeing that it is not, is the dropping. The seeing is the dropping. The understanding is the liberation.

Jesus says, "Truth liberates," but I would like to tell you, truth liberates only when it is your own. Jesus' truth cannot liberate you. My truth cannot liberate you, only your own truth. Liberation cannot come from the outside, liberation has to arise within you.

And this is good, Kabir, that you say, "I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DROP, BUT THANK YOU," because you have started seeing. And the moment you start seeing you will not find anything to drop. The deeper you go into the ego the more non-substantial you find it. And once you have looked through and through, you simply laugh at the whole thing. It is so ridiculous, because it is not there! And how long it has tortured you; and for how many lives it has been a hell to you; how many miseries it has created for

you! Incalculable has been the harm -- by something which is not in the first place.

The ego is a misunderstanding, so when you understand, the misunderstanding disappears. It is as if you have been calculating and you have put two plus two is five, and the whole calculation goes wrong. Then suddenly you look, you find the error, you see where you had gone wrong -- two plus two is not five, two plus two is four.

You need not drop anything, there is nothing to drop. Simply seeing the error, the error disappears.

Ego is a misunderstanding.

Two young lovers were strolling along a garden path. The boy felt exceptionally romantic. "Some moon in the sky, eh, honey?" he remarked.

"Yes, dear," she agreed, "some moon in the sky."

He steered her towards a part of the path where roses were blooming. "Some roses out there, eh, honey?" he nudged.

"Yes, dear," she admitted, "some roses out there."

By this time the dew was already shining on the grass and in his exuberance, the boy could not help remark, "Some dew on the grass, eh, honey?"

"Yeah, some do on the grass," she snapped. "But I don't, so be on your way."

The ego is a very simple misunderstanding. It is just a fault in calculation, just a linguistic fallacy -- just as your name is only part of the utilitarian world. A name has to be given; without a name it will be difficult to manage in ordinary life, but you know perfectly well that a name is not a reality. Still, if somebody insults you by insulting your name you will be offended, although when you came into the world you had no name. Your parents called you Rama so you became Rama; they called you Chris, you became Chris. They could have called you something else, but now if somebody says something against Rama or Chris you are offended, you go mad. You are ready to kill or be killed -- for a name which is only a utility, not a reality.

So is the case with the 'I': it is also a utility. One has to call oneself something, otherwise things become very difficult. If you all start using the third person, if you all start calling yourselves he or she, it will become very difficult. Things will become more complicated, it won't help anybody. It is only to be understood. Even when people become enlightened they go on using the word 'I', but then it is only a word. Still they go on using their names, but now they are only labels.

You cannot insult Buddha by insulting his name, because he knows he is not it. You cannot insult Buddha by insulting his personality, because he knows he is not it either. In fact you cannot insult him because he knows he is

always the witness, and the witness cannot be insulted. That is the miracle, because when you are insulting, the witness is witnessing the insult. You cannot insult the witness: he will always be the witness, you cannot reduce him into anything else. It always escapes any traps you put upon it, it is never found in those traps, it simply disappears. It is always standing out, always standing out; you cannot put it into a prison.

Chaitanya Kabir, there is nothing to drop. One just has to see it, that there is nothing to drop. And there is nothing to gain either. All is as it should be. And I am happy that that understanding is arising in you -- hence your thankfulness.

The fifth question:

Question 5
OSHO, WHY CAN'T I UNDERSTAND YOU?

Maria,

THERE is no need to understand ME at all. What is needed is to understand yourself.

How is it going to help you if you understand me? And what will you understand in understanding me? You will understand what I say, you will collect it, you will become more knowledgeable, and that is not going to help. In fact it can even become a great hindrance. All knowledge becomes a hindrance to wisdom.

I am here not to make you understand ME, I am here to help you to understand yourself. You have to watch your own actions, your relationships, your moods more closely: how you are when you are alone, how you are when you are with people, how you behave, how you react, whether your reactions are past-oriented, fixed patterns of thought or you are spontaneous, responsible. Watch all these things, go on watching your own mind, heart. That's what has to be understood, that is the book to be opened. You are the unopened book.

And millions of people die as unopened books, their pages uncut. Please don't die as an unopened book. Read: go deep into your being. You are carrying all the Vedas and all the Bibles and all the Korans in you. You are carrying all that has happened to humanity or can ever happen to humanity. You represent in a tiny drop, in a dewdrop, all the oceans, past, present, future. In your small flowering will be represented all the flowers.

You are not to be worried about what I say. How can you understand it in the first place? I speak from my heights using the same language that you use, because there is no other language, but I give those words different meanings, twists and turns. When you listen to those words you listen according to your own mind, according to your own conditioning. How can you understand me?

You can love me, but you cannot understand me. But if you love me, a great understanding will arise. And that will not arise through understanding my words, but by

understanding your own being. The deeper your understanding about yourself, the deeper will be your penetration into my words.

And then there are different kinds of people: a Buddha is one type, Jesus is a totally different type. A man who can easily understand Jesus may not be able to understand Buddha easily, may find it almost impossible.

You are here; you may not find it easy to understand me. That is one of the reasons why I am speaking on so many enlightened Masters -- so that I can use different languages, so that I can become helpful to different types of people. One who can understand Tilopa may not be able to understand Kabir, and one who can understand Kabir may not be able to understand Saraha. I will speak on different Masters; different Masters are just different excuses to approach different types of people. And all types of people have gathered around me.

This is happening for the first time, remember; this has not happened before. This is utterly unique. Thousands had gathered around Buddha, but they were of a single type, the type for which Buddha had appeal. Thousands had gathered around Mahavir, the type for which Mahavir had appeal. And Mahavir and Buddha were both contemporaries -- and the people who had gathered with Mahavir remained with Mahavir and the people who had gathered with Buddha remained with Buddha, and they could never understand each other's Master. The followers of Mahavir could not understand what Buddha was talking about, it all looked

like nonsense to them: There is no self? What more nonsensical statement could there be?

Self, supreme self, is the center of Mahavir's thinking. And when Mahavir uses the words 'Supreme self' with a capital S, he means exactly the same thing as when Buddha uses the words 'no-self'. The supreme self is not the ego. In the supreme self there is no idea of 'I', that's why Buddha calls it no-self When there is no 'I' why call it self? Supreme self will make the 'I' look even bigger.

These are different people; different is their language, although they are expressing the same truth. Around Jesus there was a certain kind of people, but only one type. With me it is a totally different phenomenon. Here there are Christians, and Mohammedans, and Buddhists, and Jains, and Hindus, and Parsees, and Sikhs, and Jews, and all kinds of people. This is a world gathering.

Buddha lived in a small place, just in a small province, Bihar. The province was named because of Buddha. 'Bihar' means 'wandering of the Enlightened One', the place of his wanderings. He wandered in a small place.

Jesus was never heard of beyond his small country. His country was of almost no importance. It became important only because of him, and only later on. Otherwise it was just an unimportant country, a desert.

I have heard...

Two Jews were talking, and they said, "Our whole misery, this whole hell that we have suffered down the ages, can be put on the shoulders of Moses. He was responsible."

The other said, "I cannot understand. Why, why was Moses responsible for all our misery? He did all he could to help us."

But the other was adamant. He said, "No! While leading us from Egypt, if he had moved to the left rather than to the right, all the oil would have been ours! But he led us into a desert land."

Jesus was born in a very, very unimportant country. His name was not heard of beyond the small province where he moved. While he was alive not much was known about him, only a few Jews had gathered around him. So was the case with Mohammed.

With me it is a totally different phenomenon. Almost all kinds of people have arrived here. This is a world gathering, this is a universal brotherhood -- for the first time. Hence I am speaking on all the enlightened Masters. These are just excuses so that I can be available to all kinds and all types.

Maria, if you cannot understand me right now while I am speaking on Kabir, wait, soon I will be speaking on Buddha, maybe at that time you will find it more close to your heart. And then I will be speaking on somebody else. Maybe it is Zen that rings bells in your heart, or Sufism, or

Hassidism, but I am going to speak on all possible Ways. If you can wait, sooner or later you will find that something is fitting with you.

You cannot change your type, the type is unchangeable. The type changes only when you go beyond it; but then you disappear. Then a pure consciousness remains neither introvert nor extrovert, neither male nor female, neither of the head nor of the heart.

The bus was crowded and a lanky mountaineer was sitting in a seat next to a pretty girl whose short skirt kept creeping up over her knees. She fought a constant, though losing battle with it. She kept pulling it down, but as soon as she let go, it began to slide up again. In desperation she gave it one hard yank, then looked up to meet the eyes of her traveling companion.

"Don't rip your calico, sister," he advised her. "My weakness is liquor."

There are types; people have different characteristics.

If these talks are not getting to your heart, if you are feeling a little at a loss, don't be worried. Try to make the best that you can, and be silently patient. I go on speaking every day; one never knows when is the right moment for a certain person. It is a question of type, and also of mood. In a certain positive mood you simply understand, with no effort. In a negative mood you make all the efforts and still you fail. A certain morning you are feeling in such

harmony, such deep well-being, that your eyes are clear; the mind is not noisy, you are in a state of melody, and then something strikes home, suddenly goes in like an arrow and penetrates the being. And one never knows when that moment will come. So I go on talking to you every morning, I go on shooting arrows in the dark. I know you are there -- somebody is bound to be hit. Your time, your moment, will also come. Be a little more patient.

The sixth question:

Question 6
OSHO, I HAVE BEEN LISTENING TO YOU FOR YEARS TO FIND OUT THE RIGHT WAY TO GOD, BUT THE MORE I LISTEN, THE MORE CONFUSED I BECOME. WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME?

Satya Prakash,

THERE is no right way to God. There are ways and ways, but there is no RIGHT way to God. There are ways, but don't seek THE way. The search for THE way creates fanatics. And all ways are His, so don't be too worried about the RIGHT way.

And how can you decide what is right? You don't know anything about what is right and what is wrong. If you already knew what was right there would be no need to search.

You must be carrying a certain idea in your head. You must be carrying an a priori criterion, a conclusion given by others to you, and you must be judging according to that criterion. That's why you go on missing me. And rather than a clarity happening to you, you are becoming more and more confused.

My own observation is that people who come with a conclusion already with them always become confused when they listen to me, because there is a constant struggle between what I am saying and their conclusion. Between these two they are crushed.

People who come here without any conclusion immediately start attaining to clarity.

So that is what is wrong with you: you must be carrying a hidden conclusion -- Hindu, Christian, Buddhist, Jain. In a way you have already arrived, deep down in your heart you think you know. Now the only question is to find somebody who can support your conclusion. You are not in search of a Master, you are in search of somebody who can strengthen your ego, who can strengthen your knowledge, who can supply you with more information supportive to what you already believe.

And because I don't support any knowledge -- I destroy all kinds of knowledge, I go on pulling away brick by brick all that you know slowly, slowly, until one day you find the whole earth beneath your feet has disappeared -- hence the confusion. Listening to me, you have become attached to

me too, and you are not yet detached from your old conclusions. Hence you are pulled apart in two directions, opposite directions, and because of those opposite directions you are in a confusion.

Either you have to drop listening to me or you have to drop your conclusions. If you drop listening to me you will have a kind of certainty, not clarity but certainty; a kind of certainty -- the stupid kind. Because you don't know much, you can think that you know enough. A little knowledge is dangerous because it can give you the feeling that you have arrived.

An intelligent person knows that one is always arriving but never arrives, that life remains a pilgrimage, an eternal pilgrimage. One is approaching closer and closer to God every day, but this is an eternal process. One cannot say one day that "I have arrived." When somebody says "I have arrived", he is simply saying that all his resources are finished, that he is no more interested in the pilgrimage, that he is no more interested in the journey, that he is tired, that he is weary, that he wants to settle.

The real seeker goes on and on. And the joy of the journey is so infinite, who bothers to arrive? And the most stupid person is one who has not even taken a single step on the way and still has the idea that he knows what is right and what is wrong.

If you drop listening to me you will have a kind of certainty: the certainty that ignorance gives, the certainty

that false knowledge, borrowed knowledge gives, the certainty that will make you more and more stupid, more and more unintelligent.

Or you can drop your conclusions and come along with me. All the certainty that you have will disappear. I cannot promise you any certainty. I can promise you only infinite uncertainty, but clarity will arise, your mind will be unclouded. And in that clarity is truth, in that clarity you are able to see what life is. You may not be able to come to any conclusion -- because life is vast and cannot be reduced to any conclusion -- but you will be able to enjoy the bliss of existence. You may not be able to make a theory out of it, a system of thought out of it, but great poetry will arise in you, and great dance and great love and great compassion. Your life will become a rejoicing.

I don't promise any philosophy of life, I only promise a new way, a new style of life.

You say, "I HAVE BEEN LISTENING TO YOU FOR YEARS TO FIND OUT THE RIGHT WAY TO GOD." You seem to have arrived at right and wrong about almost everything, even about God. How do you know that God is? What certainty have you got about God? You have already decided that God is; now you are searching for the way?

God is not a hypothesis. You cannot start with God, you can start only with an open heart, an enquiry into what is. You cannot call it God, you can simply call it an enquiry

into whatsoever is: "I don't know what it is, God or no God, but I want to enquire." Then you don't seek a way to God, then you seek a totally different thing. You sc ck methods of enquiry, not ways to God. And I can teach you methods of enquiry.

Meditation, all kinds of meditations, are methods of enquiry, not ways to God. Yes, if you go on enquiring, one day God is revealed, but that is not for you to decide in the beginning. It happens one day when your heart is really clear, with no clouds in your inner sky. That which is revealed is called by a few people, God; by a few others, no-God; by a few, truth; by a few others, beauty; by a few, paradise; by a few others, NIRVANA. And there have been many who have not called it anything at all, they have remained completely silent about it.

One of the greatest philosophers of this age, Ludwig Wittgenstein, says -- one of his most important aphorisms "That which cannot be said should not be said." Many have followed this dictum down the ages. Buddha has not said anything for or against God. He must have been asked thousands of times, but he would never say anything about it.

Whenever I come across somebody asking Buddha about God in the Buddhist scriptures I always remember a small anecdote....

A husband came home very late in the night. The night was almost gone, it was three o'clock in the morning. He

entered his wife's room, and was very much shocked, because his wife was in the bed with some stranger. Before he could say anything -- because he was so shocked that for a moment he could not find the right words -- the wife asked, "Where have you been? Why are you so late?"

And the husband asked, "First tell me, who is this man in the bed? "

And the wife said, "Don't change the subject!"

Buddha always changes the subject -- whenever you ask about God he talks about something else, immediately. He simply by-passes the subject. Why? -- because he does not want to say yes or no. His respect of the ultimate is so deep that to say yes would be wrong, to say no would be wrong, because yes gives a limitation as much as no gives a limitation. No word can be unlimited, each word becomes a limitation. He never defines, because all definitions limit. He is so respectful of the ultimate, towards the ultimate, that he simply does not talk about it. He will not even say this much, that "Nothing can be said about it."

Once he was asked, "If you don't want to say anything about God, why don't you say at least that nothing can be said about it? -- because that's what the seers of the Upanishads have been saying: 'Nothing can be said about it. God is ANIRVACHANIYA, unspeakable, indefinable, ineffable.' Why can't you say this much, that nothing can be said about Him?"

And Buddha said, "Even to say that would be saying something about Him."

You see the delicate point? Even to say that would be saying something about Him. If nothing can be said about Him you have said something already, you have given a definition already. If you say He is indefinable, then this is your definition. If you say He is unspeakable, you have spoken. There has been a long tradition of many mystics who have simply kept quiet, who have not uttered a single word.

But you have come here, Satya Prakash, with a certain idea, conclusion. You already believe in God, now you are searching for the way. Your name makes me suspect that you may belong to one of the most fanatical religious sects that has developed in this country in the last century, Arya Samaj, because this name, Satya Prakash, is usually used by she Arya Samajis, the followers of Dayananda. It is one of the most fanatical sects that has evolved in this liberal country. It is almost as fanatical as the Mohammedans.

Now in the Indian parliament a bill is going to come named 'Freedom for Religion' or 'Freedom of Religion'. It is supported by Arya Samajis all over the country; they are the only supporters of it. The name is just the opposite of what it really means to do: if it becomes a law then it will become impossible for anybody in India to change his religion.

It is called 'Freedom of Religion', and it will destroy all freedom of choice. It is basically against the Christians who convert Hindus; no conversion should be allowed. Christians are against it; they are demonstrating all over the country, making resolutions that it should not be made a law. Only Christians are against it, and only Arya Samajis are for it, and nobody else is saying anything else -- and both are in the same boat. Arya Samajis are interested that no Hindu should ever go out of the Hindu fold, and the Christians are interested that as many Hindus as they can convert into Christians, they should convert, by fair or foul means.

Satya Prakash, you may be an Arya Samaji. And my experience of different religious people is that the Arya Samajis seem to be the most closed;Jains, Buddhists, Hindus, Sikhs are not so closed. Arya Samaj is a reaction against the Mohammedans and the Christians. In fact Arya Samaj should not be counted as an Indian religion at all; it is a reaction against Christianity and Mohammedanism, and reactions always reflect the original source. It is like the Christians and like the Mohammedans: very closed, adamant, stubborn.

If you are not an Arya Samaji, very good. If you are, please drop that. Then only can you understand what I am saying to you, and only then will it not be confusing. Otherwise, you will become crazy.

You say, "WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME?"

This is wrong with you: that you are listening with all kinds of prejudices. Listen with no mind, listen neither for nor against. I am not saying to believe whatsoever I say, no, not at all. There is no need to believe, there is no need to disbelieve either; simply listen. Why can't you simply listen?

And there is a beauty in truth. If you listen silently without a for or against, if truth is uttered, it immediately stirs your heart. A dance arises in your being, you start feeling in deep sympathy. And finally you become so deeply attuned with it that there comes no time to think about whether to believe in it or not. If it is not truth then no bell rings in your heart, you remain unaffected by it, but no decision is needed on the part of the mind.

And one thing more: my whole effort here IS to confuse you, because unless I confuse you I cannot create clarity. You are settled, you are certain. I have to shake you, shock you, I have to confuse you; only then will you start seeking and searching for new planes of clarity.

So in a way this is good, this is not wrong. It is good that you are confused. Something IS happening -- your foundations are being shaken.

They were seated on adjoining stools in a dimly-lighted cocktail lounge. "Honey," he said, "what about forgetting your inhibitions and spending a quiet week-end with me in Atlantic City?"

"See here," she answered, "after an exhaustive perusal of the corpus of documented evidence garnered by research on heterosexuality as applied to contemporary sociological mores, and in view of the innate predisposition to the more exotic manifestations of concupiscence evident in your demeanor, a categorical negative is my answer."

"But honey," he said, "I just don't get it."

"That's what I mean," she answered.

That's what I mean! If you are confused, it is a good sign, it shows intelligence. Only an intelligent person can be confused. A stupid person cannot be confused; you cannot shake him, you cannot shock him. He is ABSOLUTELY certain. Remember, only fools are absolutely certain.

Mulla Nasrudin was saying to one of his disciples, "Never be absolutely certain because only fools are absolutely certain."

And the disciple asked, "Mulla, are you absolutely certain about it?"

And he said, "Yes!"

An intelligent person is always available to hesitation. The more intelligent you are, the more easily you become available to hesitations, because each hesitation is a new beginning, a new search, a new enquiry.

But if you have come here not to be confused, if you have come here to gain more certainty -- not clarity but certainty -- if you have come here to attain to more knowledge so that you can become more wise, so that you can attain to God more easily, more certainly, so that not only in this life but in the afterlife also you have a guarantee, an insurance, if you have come to find a certain catechism, certain principles, fixed theories, dogmas, then you have come to a wrong place.

I am not a scripture, I am a living light. You can learn how to see by being with me, but I will not give you commandments. And commandments never help anyway, because life goes on changing and principles are always out-of-date.

A devoted husband commissioned a Frenchman to paint his wife's portrait. She was quite nervous during the first sitting and said to the painter, "I realize I am not young any more. I would like a good likeness, but please paint me with sympathy."

When the portrait was completed, the husband gave a party and invited a hundred friends to the unveiling. As the cover was removed, there was a beautiful likeness of his wife, but a gasp of horror shook the audience, for the picture showed a man's hand reaching into the lady's bosom.

"How dare you insult my wife like this?" shouted the irate husband.

"Insult your wife!" exclaimed the painter. "How can you accuse me of that when I did everything I could to please her? She requested me to paint her with sympathy and when I looked up the word 'sympathy' in your dictionary. it said. 'A fellow feeling in your bosom'."

The Guest

Chapter #7

Chapter title: The god whom I love is inside
2 May 1979 am in Buddha Hall

INSIDE THIS CLAY JUG THERE ARE CANYONS AND PINE MOUNTAINS,
AND THE MAKER OF CANYONS AND PINE MOUNTAINS!
ALL SEVEN OCEANS ARE INSIDE AND HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF STARS.
THE ACID THAT TESTS GOLD IS THERE, AND THE ONE WHO JUDGES JEWELS.
AND THE MUSIC FROM THE STRINGS THAT NO ONE TOUCHES,
AND THE SOURCE OF ALL WATER.

IF YOU WANT THE TRUTH, I WILL TELL YOU THE TRUTH:
FRIEND, LISTEN: THE GOD WHOM I LOVE IS INSIDE.
WHY SHOULD WE TWO EVER WANT TO PART?

JUST AS THE LEAF OF THE WATER RHUBARB
LIVES FLOATING ON THE WATER,
WE LIVE AS THE GREAT ONE AND THE LITTLE ONE.

AS THE OWL OPENS HIS EYES ALL NIGHT TO THE MOON,
WE LIVE AS THE GREAT ONE AND THE LITTLE ONE.

THIS LOVE BETWEEN US GOES BACK TO THE FIRST HUMANS:
IT CANNOT HE ANNIHILATED.

HERE IS KABIR'S IDEA: AS THE RIVER GIVES ITSELF INTO THE OCEAN, WHAT IS INSIDE ME MOVES INSIDE YOU.

T.S. Elliot says in Choruses from 'The Rock':

But it seems that something has happened that has
never happened before: though we know not just
when, or why, or how, or where.
Men have left G O D not for other gods, they say,
but for no god; and this has never happened before
that men both deny gods and worship gods,
professing first Reason,
And then Money, and Power, and what they call
Life, or Race, or Dialectic,
The Church disowned, the tower overthrown, the
bells upturned, and what have we to do

but stand with empty hands and palms turned
upwards
In an age which advances progressively backwards?

Yes, something has happened that has never happened before: for the first time in the evolution of human consciousness man stands alienated from God. Man stands separated from existence. Man stands lonely, with no companion, in great darkness, with no light to lead him, guide him. Man has never been in such despair, man has never been in such a state of homelessness.

T.S. Eliot is right: "Something has happened that has never happened before." And why has it happened? How has it happened? It is difficult to pinpoint it but not difficult to understand it in a vague way. These things are not very tangible and they don't happen in a certain moment. they happen so gradually, so slowly, that one never becomes really aware of when, where, how; but a few things can be understood.

Man had always lived with nature. To live with nature is to live with God in an indirect way, because nature reflects God in a thousand and one ways. The growing trees and the faraway call of the cuckoo and the winds in the pine trees and the rivers moving towards the ocean and the proud mountains standing in the sun and the starry night, and it is impossible not to be reminded of some invisible hands. It is impossible not to see that existence is not dead but alive. The ocean heaves, breathes; the whole existence is a

growing phenomenon. It is not dead, it cannot be dead. Everything is growing.

Because of this growing experience man has remained constantly aware of some invisible, mysterious force behind it all. That force is called God. God is not a person, let me repeat, but just a presence. Still when you go deep into the Himalayas, you again start feeling a kind of reverence, awe, wonder. Again you start feeling something that was very easily available to the primitive man.

The civilized man has lost something because now we we live in the man-made world where it is almost impossible to find any signature of God. How can you find God on asphalt roads? They don't grow, they don't breathe. How can you find God in cement structures? They are not alive! How can you find God in machines, in technology?although it is great, even the greatest machine cannot give you the sense of the mysterious, of the miraculous. Even facing the greatest machine you cannot feel awe, you cannot feel reverence, you cannot feel like falling on your knees and praying. And if you cannot feel like falling on your knees and praying once in a while, how can God remain a part of your being? How can you remain alert, aware of the divine?

Yes, "... something has happened that has never happened before: though we know not just when, or why, or how, or where." It is difficult to pinpoint the exact date and time when God died -- at least in our consciousness -- when God disappeared from our world. And with Him disappeared all

poetry, and with Him disappeared all dance. With Him disappeared all that is beautiful and sacred. With Him disappeared all for which one can live and die; now we don't have anything worth living or worth dying for. We are simply dragging our existence, burdened, seeing no point in it all, just carrying on somehow because the other alternative is suicide -- that too seems pointless. To live seems pointless, to die seems pointless.

Man is facing a tremendous flood of meaninglessness for the first time. Everything seems to be utterly insignificant, and the reason is simple: without God there can be no significance, without God there can be no grandeur, without God there can be no splendor. Life can have meaning only in the context of something that surpasses life. The meaning always comes from the context; now man stands without a context. The meaning comes only when you can look upwards to something bigger than you, something greater than you. When you feel related with something greater, holier, your life has meaning. When you feel unrelated, uprooted, how can you feel meaning?

The first thing is that man has left nature and has created an artificial world of his own. That has been the most shattering phenomenon which has disrupted man, unbridged man from God and all that is implied in God: meaning, significance, majesty, love, prayer, meditation, all that is valuable, precious. Man has never been such a beggar as he is today.

And the irony is, man has never been so rich, so affluent as he is today. Both things have happened together: the inner has become poorer and poorer and the outer has become richer and richer. We have more money than any other society before, we have more medical facilities than any other society before, we have in every way more power than any other society ever had before, and still no society has ever felt such meaninglessness, no society has ever felt such a great suicidal desire, longing.

Secondly, we have cultivated reason too much and we have become lopsided. God is a fee]ing, God is not a thinking. You cannot think about God because God is not an object to think about. Science thinks, religion feels. Science functions from the head, religion from the heart. And because we have become too much obsessed with the head -- our whole education, our whole civilization, is obsessed with the head because the head has made all kinds of technological advances -- we think that's all.

What can the heart give to us? Yes, it cannot give you great technology, it cannot give you great industry, it cannot give you money. It can give you joy, it can give you celebration. It can give you a tremendous feeling for beauty, for music, for poetry. It can guide you into the world of love, and ultimately into the world of prayer, but those things are not commodities. You cannot grow your bank balance through the heart; and you cannot fight great wars, and you cannot make atom bombs and hydrogen bombs, and you cannot destroy people through the heart. The heart knows only how to create and the head knows only how to destroy. The

head is destructive, and our whole education has become trapped in the head.

Our universities, our colleges, our schools, are all destroying humanity. They think they are serving but they are simply befooling themselves. Unless man becomes balanced, unless the heart and the head both grow, man will remain in misery and the misery will go on growing. As we become more and more hung up in the head, as we become more and more oblivious to the existence of the heart, we will become more and more miserable. We ARE creating hell on the earth and we will create more and more of it. Paradise belongs to the heart.

That is the second thing that has happened: the heart is completely forgotten, nobody understands that language any more. We understand logic, we don't understand love. We understand mathematics, we don't understand music. We become more and more accustomed to the ways of the world and nobody seems to have the guts to move into the unknown paths, the unknown labyrinths of love, of the heart. We have become very much attuned to the world of prose, and poetry has simply become non-existential.

The poet has died, and the poet is the bridge between the scientist and the mystic. The bridge has disappeared. On one hand stands the scientist -- very powerful, tremendously powerful, ready to destroy the whole earth, the whole of life -- and on the other hand, far and few between stand a few mystics -- a Buddha, a Jesus, a Zarathustra, a Kabir. They are utterly powerless in the

sense that we understand power, and immensely powerful in a totally different sense -- but we don't know that language at all. And the poet has died; that has been the greatest calamity. The poet is disappearing.

And by poet I mean the painter, the sculptor. All that is creative in man is becoming reduced to producing more and more commodities. The creative is losing its grip and the productive is becoming the goal of life.

God can be approached only through the creative. Why? -- because He is the creator. If you want to know God you will have to have something similar, because only the same can meet the same. You will have to learn a little rhythm of creativity. When the musician is really in a creative mood, in a creative space, he disappears; God starts playing on his flute. Suddenly his flute is no longer in his own hands, it is in Krishna's hands. And then the flute brings something from the beyond, something virgin, something utterly new. When the painter disappears then his hands are just instruments for God.

God is the creativity, so if you really want to enter into the world of God you will have to learn the ways of creativity -- and that has disappeared. Instead of creativity we value productivity: we talk about how to produce more. Production can give you things but cannot give you values. Production can make you rich outwardly but it will impoverish you inwardly. Production is not creation. Production is very mediocre; any stupid person can do it, one simply needs to learn the knack of it.

Creativity is intelligence. The deeper you go in creativity the more meditative you become.

And the poet has died, the poet exists no more. And what exists in the name of poetry is almost prose. What exists in the name of painting is more or less insane. You can see Picasso, Dali and others -- it is pathological! Picasso is a genius, but ill, pathological. His painting is nothing but a catharsis; it helps him, it is a kind of vomiting. When you have something wrong with your stomach the vomiting relieves you. It helped Picasso; if he had been prevented from painting he would have gone mad. Painting was good for him, it saved him from becoming insane, it released his insanity onto the canvas. But what about others who will be purchasing those paintings, hanging them in their bedrooms and looking at them? They will start becoming ill at ease.

It is a totally different creativity I am talking about. A Taj Mahal... just watching it on a full moon night, and great meditation is bound to arise in you. Or the temples of Khajuraho, Konarak, Puri -- just meditating on them and you will be surprised that all your sexuality is transformed into love. They are miracles of creativity. They were not created by pathological people, they were created by those who had attained.

The great cathedrals of Europe -- they are the longings of the earth to reach to the sky. Just seeing those great creations, a great song is bound to arise in your heart, or a great silence is bound to descend on you. Man has lost the

poetic, the creative urge, or it has been killed. We are too interested in commodities, in gadgets, in making more and more things. Production is concerned with quantity, and creation is concerned with quality. The quality has disappeared and with the quality, God has disappeared -- because God is the ultimate quality of creation.

You will have to bring the heart back. You will have to be aware again of nature. You will have to learn to watch roses, lotuses again. You will have to make a few contacts with the trees and the rocks and the rivers. You will have to start a dialogue with the stars again. Otherwise God cannot be brought back to humanity, and without God humanity is doomed, is lost.

Yes, T. S. Eliot is right: "... something has happened that has never happened before: though we know not just when, or why, or how, or where. Men have left G O D not for other gods..."

That was very usual in the past; people used to move from one god to another. That was really very significant, it was an evolution. The God of Moses is less sophisticated than the God of Jesus, naturally; there are thousands of years between these two enlightened persons. Moses was as enlightened as Jesus, but Moses had to talk the language which could be understood by HIS people, and those people were very primitive. Hence Moses spoke in the language of law, commandments: do this, don't do that. Law was his central emphasis.

By the time Jesus arrived man had evolved. Jesus talked about love, not about law. Love was his law. Now love is a higher value than law, certainly holier than law. Law is mundane. The God of the Jews was a jealous God... because we make our God in our own image. The God of the Jews was a very angry God; for small reasons he would destroy cities. A person just commits a sin -- and what is sin in the ancient concept? He just disobeys a certain commandment -- and God can destroy the whole town! It was a very angry, violent God.

It was not really the God that was violent and angry, it was the people. Their eyes were full of violence and anger, they could not see the real God.

Remember this: God is always the same. It was exactly the same when Moses was alive, it was exactly the same when Jesus was alive, it is exactly the same when we are alive; it will remain the same. God is always the same, but our eyes change.

Jesus could see God as love, as compassion. God was growing because man was growing. And man was changing one god for another, for a higher conception of God. Man has always been changing gods, and that's perfectly right. When we change, how can our rudimentary ideas of God remain the same? When our eyes change everything changes.

There is a very beautiful story....

There was a great saint, Ramdas. Thousands of years after Rama walked on the earth, Ramdas was reciting his story again -- after thousands of years. The way he used to tell the story of Rama was so enchanting, so magnetic, so charismatic, that it is said that Hanuman, the absolute devotee of Rama, who had seen everything with his own eyes, used to come to listen to Ramdas, of course, in disguise. He would sit in the crowd and listen, and he enjoyed it very much.

Sometimes it happens that when you are involved in the action itself you can't see the whole thing, the perspective cannot be that big. You are involved in the thing, you are doing your thing, and there are a thousand and one things going on; you cannot be watchful of all.

Now the story was finished, completed. Ramdas was telling his disciples the story of Rama, and Hanuman was very happy, utterly glad to come, to listen. Many things that he had only heard through rumors he was listening to again from an authentic source.

But one day a problem arose. Ramdas was describing when Rama's wife, Sita, was stolen by Ramana. He kept her on Sri Lanka in a beautiful garden; the garden was full of white flowers. Ramdas was telling that part of the story -- that Ramana kept Sita in a beautiful garden which was full of white flowers.

Now this was too much, because Hanuman had visited Sita in the garden and he had not seen a single white flower; he

had seen red flowers. So he stood up. He forgot that he should not interfere, that he was not expected to be there at all. He stood up and he said, "Please, everything is okay, but this information you got wrong. You change it! There was not a single white flower, all the flowers were red, BLOODY RED."

Ramdas said, "You sit silently! Who are you to correct me?"

In anger, Hanuman threw his blanket. He was a monkey god, so with his tail and everything he appeared out of the blanket, and he said, "You ask me who I am? I am the Hanuman about whom you are talking! And I was the man who went to the garden, and you never went, you were never there. And after thousands of years you are telling the story, and you have got some nerve! You are telling me to keep quiet! I cannot keep quiet! Change the story! The flowers were red, absolutely red!"

But Ramdas said, "Don't be stupid! In the first place you are not expected here. In the second place, you may have gone, but I cannot change the story. I know for sure that the flowers were white."

Now this was too much. Hanuman was an eye-witness, and this man, after five thousand years, was writing a story, and he seemed to be much too stubborn. Not only that, he called Hanuman stupid!

He said, "You be silent! Don't be monkeyish! I know who you are -- you just keep quiet!"

Hanuman said, "I cannot allow this. You will have to come with me. I will take you to Rama. Only Rama can decide now -- and this has to be decided."

So Hanuman took Ramdas on his shoulders, flew back to heaven, reached Rama, really angry, and said, "Look at this man! After five thousand years he is writing a story. About everything else I have not objected because I was not an eye-witness. And I love his story; he is a beautiful story-teller. But about things which I was involved in he is not ready even to listen to me. You tell him to change his story. The flowers were all red, and he goes on insisting that they were white. Not only that, he calls me stupid, and he tells me 'Be quiet, and don't disturb and don't interfere!' And I say again, the flowers were red! What do you say?"

Rama said, "Hanuman, Ramdas is right, the flowers were white. But you were so angry because my wife was stolen, your eyes were full of blood; hence you saw the flowers as red. You should not interfere. When persons like Ramdas say something, it cannot be changed. It is not a question of time -- five thousand or fifty thousand years, it doesn't make any difference. For a man like Ramdas there is no time. He has entered into eternity, all time has disappeared. When he is telling the story he is not only telling the story, he is SEEING it too. For him there is no question of time. It is not something of the past."

This was too much! Hanuman said, "You also were not present there! And this is being partial, unjust. It is unfair! I was present there! You had not gone into the garden, so who are you? Ask Sita; she was there, and I hope that she will not be unfair."

And Sita started laughing and said, "Hanuman, you simply apologize. The flowers were white; you were just so angry that you could not see the white flowers. You imposed your anger, you were so blood-thirsty! You just apologize to Ramdas. And make it a point that in the first place you need not go, and if you go then keep hiding and don't interfere. Nothing can be changed. Whatsoever Ramdas is saying is right, because he has a more aloof, distant witnessing than you can ever have. You were too much involved in it."

That's how it has been. When Moses talked about God, he talked about the God which the Jews of HIS time could have understood. When Jesus talked about God, of course, three thousand years had passed, man had grown, had come of age; it was possible to talk about love. At least a few people could understand him -- not many, but a few. Hence he was crucified; because the many could not understand yet.

In the past people have been changing their god.

One of the Indian incarnations of God is Parashuram. He killed millions of people, his whole life was that of a killer. Another incarnation of God is Buddha. He was absolutely

non-violent; he would not kill even an ant. Between the time of Parashuram and Buddha much water had flowed down the Ganges. Buddha brings a new concept of God, a new vision. It is the same God, but he gives you new eyes.

In the past people had been changing gods: "Men have left God not for other gods..." But in the present day something else has happened: "Man has not left God for other gods" -- that would have been okay -- "they say, but for no god." Man has dropped the whole idea of God, the whole idea of a divine presence in existence, the whole idea of any meaning, the whole idea that existence is alive, conscious: And now we are standing empty and we are feeling empty.

But man cannot remain empty; it is difficult to remain empty. Just as nature abhors a vacuum, so is it the case with the inner nature too. So a new phenomenon is happening: "Men both deny gods and worship gods." They have created their own gods. They don't worship God the Father and the Holy Ghost and Jesus Christ any more; they have changed that old trinity. They worship Karl Marx, Frederich Engels, V.I. Lenin -- a new trinity. Now this is very ordinary; to worship Karl Marx or Engels or Lenin is to worship something very ordinary. And remember, whatsoever you worship you will become, because your worship is your longing deep down.

"Professing first Reason..." -- and because man cannot remain empty for long, he replaced it first with reason; reason became God, the head became God. Anything that is proved by reason is truth, anything that is not proved by

reason is untruth. Now this is nonsense! Reason is limited, it cannot prove many things.

For example, it cannot prove the beauty of a rose, but the beauty exists; reason is impotent to prove it. Reason cannot prove the existence of love, but love exists; reason is inadequate to prove it. If you ask reason about music it will say it is only noise. It may be arranged in such a way that it gives you an illusion of melody, but there is no melody, only noise; it cannot see the melody. Reason is blind. Yes, it has certain qualities, but only certain qualities. The whole of existence is not available to it.

And then money became God; millions of people worship money as God. And you will be surprised to know that this country, India, which goes on bragging about its spirituality, which goes on bragging that it is destined to lead the whole of humanity towards spirituality, worships money more than any other country. It actually worships! There is a festival, the Festival of Lights, Diwali, when people worship money-notes, coins; they actually worship! -- money is God. In other countries they may not actually be worshipping, but the worship is there unconsciously.

And power has become a god. The politician has become the MOST important person in the world. The dirtiest politician is thought to be something superhuman. We have denied God, but how can we deny our emptiness? We have rejected God, and we had to stuff -- something in the empty space, so we stuff it with political power, with money, with reason, with race, with dialectics -- if you cannot find

anything else, then dialectical materialism, the philosophy of communism, fascism, nazism.

Man cannot live without religion. Man cannot live without God. If the true God is not available man is bound to create home-made gods.

"The Church disowned, the tower overthrown, the bells upturned, and what have we to do but stand with empty hands and palms turned upwards in an age which advances progressively backwards?"

Yes, T.S. Eliot is right.

With this background try to understand Kabir's sutras. They are of tremendous beauty.

INSIDE THIS CLAY JUG THERE ARE CANYONS AND PINE MOUNTAINS, AND THE MAKER OF CANYONS AND PINE MOUNTAINS!

The original is:

IS GHAT ANTAR BAG-BAGICHE, ISEE MEN SIRJANHARA
IS GHAT ANTAR SAT SAMUNDAR, ISEE MEN NAU LAKH TARA.

Kabir says: If you drop the mind, even for a single moment if you become pure consciousness, the difference between the inside and the outside will disappear. Then the inside

will be the outside and the outside will be the inside, because the only thing that separates you from the outer is the glass wall of your thoughts. Once this is not there a miracle happens: you find the whole existence inside you. You become so vast!

IS GHAT ANTAR BAG-BAGICHE --

Then all the gardens and all the roses and all the lotuses are within you.

... ISEE MEN SIRJANHARA...

And not only that -- that roses are in you and stars are in you -- but the One who has created them is also within you.

... IS GHAT ANTAR SAT SAMUNDAR...

The seven seas are within you.

... ISEE MEN NAU LAKH TARA...

... and millions of stars are within you. Once the mind is dropped the inner and outer meet and merge into each other and become one. This small body is not so small as you think, it is a temple of God.

INSIDE THIS CLAY JUG...

If you look at it from the outside it is nothing but clay, it is nothing but dust. Says Omar Khayyam, "..; Dust unto dust"

-- but man is not only dust. The idea has been a very persistent idea. Do you know that the word 'human' comes from HUMUS? HUMUS means dust, the earth, clay. The word 'Adam' also comes from the same root; Adam means the earth. Man is made of clay if you look from the outside; if you watch him scientifically he is clay.

It is like watching poetry scientifically: then you will find words but not poetry. Poetry is something between the words, in the gaps, and between the lines, in the intervals. You need a totally different kind of sensitivity to understand poetry. Just the words are not poetry; the words are language, grammar. And what are words? -- just different combinations of the alphabet. Where is the poetry? If you dissect the poetry, even the greatest poetry -- of a Kalidas, Milton or Rabindranath -- if you dissect it, what will you find? Only words! And if you dissect words, then just the alphabet.

It happened, a great spiritual preacher invited Mark Twain to one of his sermons. They were friends, but Mark Twain had never gone to listen to him. And the preacher wanted him to listen; he wanted him to know his art of preaching. He wanted to be appreciated by Mark Twain. When he insisted again and again, one day Mark Twain went with him. He had prepared his best sermon. He talked beautifully, he made people drunk. But he was very much puzzled and embarrassed too, because Mark Twain was just sitting in front of him absolutely uninfluenced, unimpressed.

The sermon finished. When they were returning, driving back home, for a few moments the preacher could not even gather courage to ask Mark Twain, "What do you think?" And Mark Twain didn't say a single word. Finally, when Mark Twain was getting down from the carriage, the preacher gathered courage and he said, "At least you owe me a few words. How did you like my sermon? Even you did not like it, you can say so. But don't keep so silent -- it hurts!"

Mark Twain said, "There was no question of liking or disliking it. You are a thief! Just last night I was reading something in which each single word that you uttered this morning is written. You are a thief and nothing else!"

The priest was shocked. He said, "This is impossible, because I have not stolen from anywhere. You give me the book!"

And Mark Twain said, "Tomorrow morning I will send the book to you."

And do you know what happened? -- the following morning Mark Twain sent him a big dictionary, and he said, "You can see: each single word that you have spoken in this book."

Poetry is not only words, poetry is something totally different. The words only create the space for the poetry to become visible. The words only create a context for the poetry to descend from the beyond.

Man's body is not just clay, it is clay plus God. If you Look from the outside it is clay, if you start looking from he inside it is the whole universe.

ALL SEVEN OCEANS ARE INSIDE,
AND HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF STARS.
THE ACID THAT TESTS GOLD IS THERE,
AND THE ONE WHO JUDGES JEWELS.
AND THE MUSIC FROM THE STRINGS NO ONE TOUCHES,
AND THE SOURCE OF ALL WATER.

The original is far more beautiful, and the reason is the same as I have been talking about. The original is poetry, and it is very difficult to translate poetry from one language to another. Prose can be translated easily. Poetry cannot be translated, never adequately; something goes on missing because each language has its own nuances, its own flavor. You cannot bring that flavor and nuance to another language.

The original is:

IS GHAT ANTAR PARAS MOTI, ISEE MEN PARKHANHARA
IS GHAT ANTAR ANAHAD GARJE, ISEE MEN UTHAT FUHARA
KAHAT KABIR SUNO BHAI SADHO, ISEE MEN SAI HAMARA.

PARAS is a specific symbol in Eastern alchemy. Just as in the West alchemists have been searching down the ages for the secret of transforming the base metals into higher metals, into gold; they have been searching for ways and means, chemical ways, to transform the lower into the higher, the non-precious into the precious. In the East also the same search has been there, but they have a different metaphor for it. They call it PARAS. PARAS is a stone, a miracle stone. If any base metal is touched by PARAS it immediately becomes gold. No other chemistry, no other chemical processes are needed, just the touch of the PARAS. It is a metaphor; it in fact stands for the Master. Just the touch of the Master, just the touch of his energy, immediately transforms the ignorant into the wise one, immediately transforms the darkness into light, death into immortality. PARAS IS a metaphor for the Master.

IS GHAT ANTAR PARAS MOTI...

Within you exists the miracle stone. If you know how to use it everything will become gold, everything will be transformed into diamonds.

... ISEE MEN PARKHANHARA...

And the one who can recognize this miracle stone is also resent in you. You are not to ask somebody else. Your own witnessing self, your own pure consciousness, is the one who knows already where the precious stone is hidden in you. You just have to discard the garbage of the mind, the garbage that has been given to you by the society. You

have to be just alone in yourself. When the mind drops all contents given by the society, the witness arises in you.

... ISGHAT ANTAR ANAKAD GARJE..

And deep within you there is a music which is not created by anybody, which is not created by hands, which is not produced on any instrument. There is a special name for it; it is called ANAHAD. When you play on a guitar it is called AHAD, because you strike on the strings with your fingers.

AHAD means striking. It is created out of conflict, there is a little aggression in it, there is struggle. The musician is struggling to create music on the instrument, there is a kind of fight. But in the innermost recess of your being there is neither instrument nor musician, but music is there, without the musician and without the instrument.

Zen people call it 'the sound of one hand clapping'. The Christian mystics call it 'the soundless sound'. It is a silence and yet it is musical silence.

Again, these words of T.S. Eliot will be significant:

At the still point of the turning world. Neither flesh
nor fleshless;
Neither from nor towards; at the still point where the
dance is.
But neither arrest nor movement. And do not call
it fixity,

Where past and future are gathered.... Except for
the still point,
There would be no dance, and there is only the dance.

The still point... There is a point within you where nothing ever moves -- no movement from or to, no stirring, no sound created by any instrument. Nobody is there, just stillness, but that stillness is the dance and that stillness is the music. It is called ANAHAD.

... IS GHAT ANTAR ANAHAD GARJE, ISEE MEN UTHAT FUHARA...

And the moment you have heard that music, a great fountain bursts forth, of joy, of bliss. You become a rejoicing, you become a dance yourself, you become a song yourself. Then your life is religious -- not like the so-called saints, sad, pious and ugly. The really religious person is one whose mer wells have started flowing, who has become a fountain of joy, of song and dance and celebration.

AND THE MUSIC FROM THE STRINGS NO ONE TOUCHES,
AND THE SOURCE OF ALL WATER.
IF YOU WANT THE TRUTH, I WILL TELL YOU THE TRUTH:
FRIEND, LISTEN: THE GOD WHOM I LOVE IS INSIDE.

Kabir says: If you WANT the truth...

Truth cannot be imposed upon you, it cannot be forced upon you. Unless you desire and long for it, unless you spread your hands, unless you are.ready to receive it with great longing, intensity, unless longing becomes a fire in you, it cannot be given to you. No Master can give it to you, but you can take it. If your fire is enough it will be transferred to you. It is a transmission beyond scriptures.

"If you want the truth," Kabir says, "I will tell you the truth. I am ready to tell you, I am ready to share my truth, my experience with you. But friend, you will have to listen. Just hearing won't do, you will have to listen."

Listening is totally different from hearing. Hearing, anybody who is not deaf can do. Listening is a rare art, one of the last arts. Listening means not only hearing with the ears but hearing from the heart, in utter silence, in absolute peace, with no resistance. One has to be vulnerable to listen, and one has to be in deep love to listen. One has to be in utter surrender to listen.

FRIEND, LISTEN: THE GOD WHOM I LOVE IS INSIDE.

Kabir says: I have found Him within myself. I searched for Him everywhere, and all search was nothing but frustration. Then I looked within and He was there, laughing, smiling at all my stupid search. It was so ridiculous that I was searching for the one who is already present within me.

... KAHAT KABIR SUNO BHAI SADHO, ISEE MEN SAI HAMARA.

In this ordinary body of clay, God resides. Hence don't be against the body; notwithstanding what your foolish saints go on saying to you, don't be against the body. Love it, respect it, it is the temple of God. It may be clay in the eyes of the scientist, but in the eyes of the mystic God has chosen it to be His abode.

WHY SHOULD WE TWO EVER WANT TO PART?

MOHI-TOHI LAGI KAISE CHUTE..

The original says: We have fallen in such love that now it cannot be broken. We have fallen into each other so deeply that we cannot be separated. No sword can cut us apart, it is impossible.

MOHI-TOHI LAGI KAISE CHUTE..

Now even if somebody wants and tries to separate us, it is impossible. Even YOU cannot separate us. I am no more, only you are. Whom can you separate from whom?

WHY SHOULD WE TWO EVER WANT TO PART?

The translation misses, it misses the point. It is not a question of "Why should we two ever want to part?" No, even if we want, there is no possibility of parting. The mystic, once he knows that God is within, has gone beyond

the point of parting. There is no possibility of any divorce any more. He is REALLY married. And the marriage is not formal, the marriage is like a welding. He is welded with God -- not only wedded but welded. He has become one, just like the river disappears into the ocean -- how can you separate it?Just as the milk becomes one with the water -- how can you separate it?

JUST AS THE LEAF OF THE WATER RHUBARB
LIVES FLOATING
ON THE WATER,
WE LIVE AS THE GREAT ONE AND LITTLE ONE.

JAISE KAMALPATRA JAL BASA, AISE TUM SAHIB HAM DASA...

The lotus leaf has been a symbol of great importance. Down the ages it is impossible to find a mystic who has never talked about it. All the Buddhas have talked about it; they had to talk about it because it represents something so significant that it cannot be ignored. It represents the very essence of sannyas.

The lotus leaf has one thing of great importance about it: it lives in water, it floats on water, but the water cannot touch it. In the night dewdrops gather on the lotus leaf, but they remain separate; just like pearls, separate. They cannot touch the lotus leaf. The lotus leaf remains untouched in the water, remains in the water and yet aloof, distant, faraway.

That's how the mystic lives, the sannyasin has to live: in the world and yet not of the world.

JAISE KAMALPATRA JAL BASA, AISE TUM SAHIB HAM DASA...

Kabir says: I am living in this world, but this world is not my Master. YOU are my Master. I am living in this world because this is what you want me to do; I am simply following your orders. I am living in this world because I am just a slave of your love, I am just a shadow to you. I have no interest in the world: I am not after money, I am not after power, I am not after prestige. But if you want me to be in the marketplace then it is perfectly okay. If you want me anywhere, I am ready to go there.

There is a story in Buddha's life:

One day one of Buddha's sannyasins was passing through a street where he had gone to beg. The most beautiful woman of that town, the prostitute of the town, fell in love with the monk. She came down out of her house and requested the monk to come and reside with her. And soon the rainy season was coming so the prostitute said, "Why don't you stay with me during the rainy season? -- because monks have to stay somewhere. For four months, during the rainy season, monks don't move, so you will have to stay somewhere, you will have to find some shelter -- why not with me?"

He said, "Perfectly okay. I will just have to ask my Master, ask his permission. If he says yes, tomorrow morning I will be present at your door."

The prostitute could not believe the way the monk said it so simply, as if there was no problem! He said, "Perfectly okay. I have to stay somewhere. I was going to ask somebody to give me shelter for four months, and this is a gift from you! I just have to ask my Master; it is just a formal request because that is the way. I have to tell him that a certain woman has requested that I stay with her. Can I stay with her?"

Other monks heard about this, and of course they were jealous. It was impossible to tolerate. This was too much! But they waited -- they waited because they thought Buddha would absolutely say no, categorically would say no. A sannyasin, and staying with a prostitute?!

And when the monk asked Buddha, Buddha looked at the monk and said, "Perfectly right! You can stay with her."

Now others stood up and they said, "This is not fair! And do you see the risk? This is a young man, and that woman is almost a magician. Even great kings are trapped by her, and this young man is almost innocent. She is not interested in giving him shelter, she has become lustful towards his beautiful body. And you say yes?"

Buddha said, "You wait! We will decide who is right after four months. Let him go and let him stay with the woman."

Those four months looked very long for the other monks. It was really difficult to wait, and they knew that Buddha was going to be proved wrong -- for four months living with that woman? She could not leave this monk, she would seduce him; it was absolutely certain.

And after four months the monk came back and touched Budha's feet. The others said, "Now tell the truth -- what happened?"

And the monk said, "Just wait a few minutes, because the woman is coming and it will be better to hear it from the horse's mouth herself."

And the woman went and she touched Buddha's feet, and she asked to be initiated into sannyas.

Buddha said, "Why?"

She said, "I tried to seduce him, but I failed. He seduced me! He seduced me into sannyas! For four months I tried every possible way, but he remained like a lotus leaf. I would dance naked around him and he would meditate! I have never failed in my life, this is the first time. For the first time I am impressed by a man, for the first time I have encountered a man! Up to now I had seen only slaves. They may have been great kings but they all touched the dust of my feet. This is the only man I have seen who remained like a lotus leaf I tried every possible way -- good food, beautiful room, beautiful clothes, beautiful bed, every

possible comfort for him -- and he would never say no! -- but I failed. I could not distract him. And he used to laugh at me. I would dance my most cherished dances and I would start throwing my clothes away, waiting, now some lust might arise in his eyes -- but never! He would laugh and giggle, and he would say,'What are you doing? And it is too cold, you may catch cold!' He has transformed me. Now I would like to become the same, a lotus leaf."

JAISE KAMALPATRA JAL BASA, AISE TUM SAHIB HAM DASA...

You are my Master, I am your shadow; wherever you go I go. If you take me into the world, perfectly okay. If you take me out of the world, perfectly okay. I can only say yes. Every dance is your dance. Who am I to say no?

This is the ultimate meaning of sannyas: not renunciation but rejoicing.

John says in the ACTS -- it is the last night before Jesus is to depart from his disciples -- "He gathered us all together, and said: Before I am delivered up unto them let us sing a hymn to the Father, and so go forth to that which lieth before us. He bade us therefore make as it were a ring, holding one another's hands, and himself standing in the midst said: Answer Amen unto me....

Glory be to thee, Father.
And we, going about in a ring, answered him: Amen.
Glory be to thee, Word: Glory be to thee, Grace. Amen.

Glory be to thee, Spirit: Glory be to thee,
Holy One. Amen.
We praise thee, O Father; we give thanks to thee,
O Light, wherein darkness dwelleth not. Amen.

The word 'amen' means, "Yes God, yes! If you want us to die, yes! If crucifixion is your will, yes! Thy kingdom come, thy will be done."

That's what Kabir is saying. He is saying: I am just a shadow to you. Wherever you go I will go. I have no desire of my own. How can I have any desire of my own? I am not, you are.

AS THE OWL OPENS HIS EYES ALL NIGHT TO THE MOON,
WE LIVE AS THE GREAT ONE AND LITTLE ONE.

JAISE CHAKOR TAKAT NIS CHANDA, AISE TUM SAHIB HAM BANDA...

CHAKOR is a poetic metaphor. CHAKOR is a water bird, not exactly an owl; you can call him a water-owl. It is not found in the West, hence there is no word for it in the English language. CHAKOR is a bird which is very fascinated by the moon. When the full moon is in the sky he cannot sleep the whole night. He goes on looking at the moon, the whole night he is focused on the moan. It may not be exactly true, it may be just poetically true. Maybe CHAKOR has some other reason -- maybe his neck is made in such a way that he cannot look anywhere else! But

he has become a poetic metaphor of significance: that is the way the lover looks at the beloved, the devotee looks at the deity, the disciple looks at the Master.

JAISE CHAKOR TAKAT NIS CHANDA...

Just like the CHAKOR who goes on looking at the moon the whole night...

... AISE TUM SAHIB HAM BANDA...

... just like that I go on looking at you.

In fact, when you have recognized Him within you, wherever you look you look at Him, because He is everywhere.

THIS LOVE BETWEEN US GOES BACK TO THE FIRST HUMANS:
IT CANNOT BE ANNIHILATED.

... MOHI-TOHI ADI-ANT BAN AYI, AB KAISE LAGAN DURAI...

Kabir says this love has been going on from the very beginning, and it is going to go to the very end. There is no possibility of its being annihilated; it is the eternal love.

God is the eternal goal. Consciously or unconsciously, we are searching for Him. And the day we stop searching for Him we become miserable, our life becomes darkened, we

lose the star that was keeping us moving. Our life becomes stagnant, it is no more a flow. And when there is no God there is no glow either.

HERE IS KABIR'S IDEA: AS THE RIVER GIVES ITSELF
INTO THE OCEAN,
WHAT IS INSIDE ME MOVES INSIDE YOU.

KAHE KABIR HAMARA MAN LAGA, JAISE SARITA SINDH SAMAI.

Just as the river moves into the ocean and becomes the ocean, exactly like that something has happened within me.

KAHE KABIR HAMARA MAN LAGA, JAISE SARITA SINDH SAMAI.

My own being has disappeared, my own private existence is no more there. I have become just a part of you, a part of the total. I have become an organic unity with you.

And the moment you become an organic unity with God your life becomes an orgasmic joy, joy and joy and joy! Your whole life becomes a sheer blissfulness from this end to the other end.

Sydney Carter says:

They cut me down and I leap up high;
I am the life that'll never, never die.

I'll live in you if you'll live in me;
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.

I danced in the morning when the world was begun,
And I danced in the stars and the moon and the sun,
And I came down from heaven and I danced
on the earth;
At Bethlehem I had my birth. Dance then wherever you may be;
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be.
I'll lead you all in the dance, said he....

The invitation from God is constantly there:

"And I'll lead you all wherever you may be,
I'll lead you all in the dance, said he."

Those who are ready to accept the invitation, those who are ready to open the door when God knocks on the door, those who are ready to let Him in, their lives become a dance, a dance of utter beauty. You can also rejoice. You can miss if you are stubborn, if you are closed, if you are not available.

You are free to be miserable, remember. Misery is your own choice. You have chosen it that way, hence you are miserable. You can drop it INSTANTLY, right now, THIS very moment, herenow... just a shift of gestalt.

Don't be a separate entity. In fact you are not; it is only an illusion that you think that you are separate. You are not to

lose anything but your illusion of separation, and the dance begins.

And unless the dance begins, life remains futile. And He is always ready, inviting, calling you forth, "Come! Come follow me! Come, be in dance with me! Come, let me dance in you! Come, like a river comes to the ocean!"

KAHE KABIR HAMARA MAN LA8A, JAISE SARITA SINDH SAMAI.

I have disappeared just like the river disappears in the ocean. And the day I disappeared was the greatest day. The day I died was the beginning of real life.

One has to be ready to die, only then does eternal life become available. It is yours, and just for the asking. Gather courage, and don't go on missing the dance of life.

The Guest

Chapter #8

Chapter title: You are my golden cornfield
3 May 1979 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1

OSHO, FIVE YEARS AGO I HAD A DREAM IN WHICH YOU LOOKED AT ME AND SAID VERY STERNLY, "WHY DON'T YOU GO AWAY?

NOW WHENEVER I AM IN FRONT OF YOU, AND AT OTHER TIMES ALSO, I FEEL ME SO STRONGLY... I WISH I WOULD GO AWAY.

Yoga Pratima,

YOU are just holding on to something which is no more there. You are clinging to a shadow. You are. just clinging to a memory. And that is the case with many of my sannyasins -- their egos are gone, just the traces, footprints, past memories are there. And they go on clinging to those past memories, thinking these are their egos.

It takes time to recognize the fact that "I am no more." Sometimes it can take years to understand that the ego has been left somewhere on the path long before.

And Pratima, about you I can say it absolutely: that it is only a shadow that is torturing you. The ego HAS disappeared, but you have not yet been able... alert... The ego has disappeared in deep love with me.

The ego disappears in two ways. When it disappears because of meditation one immediately becomes aware that it is gone, because meditation means awareness and nothing else, so there is no gap. On the path of awareness

the disappearance of the ego and the recognition is instantaneous, simultaneous.

But on the path of love ego disappears and the recognition comes only later on. The path of love is the path of the drunkard. He is utterly drunk, so how can he recognize what has happened or what is happening? And when you are in love so much goes on happening that even to take note of it all becomes more and more difficult. And when deeper things happen, it really takes time for them to reach to your recognition.

Meditation is the way of the head. Recognition also is part of the head-function, so meditation happens, immediately recognition happens. Love happens in the heart, and there is a great distance between love and logic, the heart and the head.

Pratima, in the heart you are no more; the head is still clinging to an old idea. The bird has left the cage long before.... You are drowning in me more and more every day.

Dad was pretending to be asleep. "Maybe the kids will go away" he thought, "if I play possum." But they persisted in their efforts to try and rouse him from his delicious sleep. Finally his little daughter tried to open one of his eyelids, looked intently in, and reported to her brothers, "He is still in there!"

I have looked into you, Pratima, and I say you are not there. It will be difficult to believe what I am saying, because how can you believe it unless it becomes your own recognition? But my saying it will help; it will help the recognition to happen sooner than otherwise. The news has started travelling from the heart.

Physiologically the heart and the head are very close -- maybe the distance is not more than eighteen inches -- but spiritually the head and the heart, these two points, are FARTHEST apart. Even stars are closer to you than your own heart. This is the greatest distance that exists in existence, between the heart and the head, between love and logic, between intuition and intellect. Recognition happens in the intellect and love happens in the world of intuition.

And Pratima, you are in love. Your path is that of love. Don't be worried at all -- you are gone and gone forever. You cannot return even if you want to return. And this is so with many of my sannyasins who are in deep love with me, who are following on the path with tremendous drunkenness, who have abandoned themselves, whose trust is total -- but they will also need time. But who cares about the recognition? The real thing is the realization, not the recognition!

On the path of love it is always the Master who makes the disciple aware that "It has happened! Now don't worry about it. It is already dawn and the night is gone." It is

always the Master who reminds, who helps the disciple to recognize.

But not on the path of awareness; there is no need. The disciple himself becomes alert; alertness is. his whole work.

The second question:

Question 2
OSHO, LISTENING TO YOU THIS MORNING SPEAK ON THE DIFFERENT PATHS FOR DIFFERENT PEOPLE, IT STRUCK ME AS STRANGE THAT OTHER THE YEARS THE ENTIRE PERSONAL COLLECTION OF MY TAPES HAS BEEN OF YOUR TALKS ON MEDITATION, SUCH AS DHAMMAPADA, THE HEART SUTRA, YOGA SUTRAS, SHIVA SUTRAS, HAKIM SANAI, AND THE LATEST ON ATISHA. EVEN DURING THE THREE GREAT CELEBRATIONS AT THE ASHRAM I HAVE PREFERRED TO SIT SILENTLY RATHER THAN TO SING AND DANCE. THOUGH NEITHER OF THESE IS DELIBERATELY DONE, IT HAS JUST HAPPENED THIS WAY. I SOMETIMES WONDER IF I AM CAUGHT IN THE ATTRACTION OF THE OPPOSITE. WOULD YOU PLEASE COMMENT?

Ajit Saraswati,

YOU are not caught in the opposite: meditation is your path, awareness is going to be your key, the master key. Go totally with it, and don't be worried about the lovers. Many

times many things will make you jealous too, because those who follow the path of love, they will dance, they will sing, they will laugh, they will celebrate. A thousand and one flowers will bloom on their path -- their eyes will sparkle, will become candles; their lives will become more and more juicy.

On the path of awareness these things don't happen at all. Yes, a totally different kind of beauty happens -- the beauty of the desert, the silence of the desert. And remember, the desert also has its own beauty; all that is needed is one who can understand that beauty. There are no trees, no greenery, just infinite expanses of sands and sands, and the patterns that the wind makes on the sands, and the starry night in the desert, and the silence, UTTER silence.

You cannot find that silence in a garden. The birds will go on chirping and the wind will go on blowing through the pine trees, and the fountains and the streams; and much goes on because it is a dance. In the desert it is all stillness. Those who can appreciate the beauty of the garden may not be able to appreciate the beauty of the desert; those who can feel the beauty of the desert may sometimes feel jealous of those who are living in the gardens.

It is an ancient phenomenon: the follower on the path of awareness has always felt suspicious; many times doubts arise in him. That's what is happening to Ajit. The doubt is natural because the lover shows so many things that prove that something is happening, and the meditator simply starts disappearing into his own being, into his own

interiority. No flower manifests, no song bursts forth; he becomes more and more aloof, distant. Others may even start thinking that he has become sad or serious.

Vivek always reminds me, "What is happening to Ajit Saraswati? Why does he look serious? He does not even laugh at the jokes, very rarely, and that too with effort, as if just not to feel out of company." Vivek reminds me because her path is of love; she cannot understand. It is impossible for the lover to understand that there can be any beauty in the desert, in being simply, utterly alone. But both have their own beauties.

Ajit Saraswati, you need not worry, you are not attracted by the opposite. Meditation is your path. On the path of the lover you would feel strange, that wouldn't suit with you. And this is not only in this life that you are following the path of meditation; for many lives you have been following it, on and off. But this time I think it is going to remain on! There is every possibility that this may be your last life. Enjoy it deeply! Enjoy this stillness, silence -- which MAY appear to others as seriousness, even as sadness. Don't be confused by it, don't be shaken by it.

The third question:

Question 3
OSHO, WHY AM I STILL SO SCARED OF EXPOSING MYSELF?

Deva Gita,

WHO is not? To expose oneself creates great fear. It is natural, because to expose oneself means to expose all the rubbish that you carry in your mind, the garbage which has been piling up for centuries, for many, many lives. To expose oneself means to expose all one's weaknesses, limitations, faults. To expose oneself ultimately means to expose one's vulnerability. Death.... To expose oneself means to expose one's emptiness.

Behind all this garbage of the mind and the noise of the mind there is a dimension of utter emptiness. One is hollow without God, one is just emptiness and nothing without God. One wants to hide this nakedness, this emptiness, this ugliness. One covers it with beautiful flowers, one decorates those covers. One at least pretends that one is something, somebody. And this is not something that is personal to you; this is universal, this is the case with everybody.

Nobody can open himself like a book. Fear grips: "What will people think about me?" From your very childhood you have been taught to wear masks, beautiful masks. There is no need to have a beautiful face, just a beautiful mask will do; and the mask is cheap. To transform your face is arduous, to paint your face is very simple.

Now suddenly to expose your real face gives you a shivering in the deepest core of your being. A trembling arises: will people like it? will people accept you? will people still love you, respect you? Who knows? -- because

they have loved your mask, they have respected your character, they have glorified your garments. Now the fear arises: "If I suddenly become naked are they still going to love me, respect me, appreciate me, or will they all escape away from me? They may turn their backs, I may be left alone."

Hence people go on pretending. Out of fear is the pretension, out of fear arises all pseudoness. One needs to be fearless to be authentic.

And one of the fundamental laws of life is this: whatsoever you hide goes on growing, and whatsoever you expose, if it is wrong it disappears, evaporates in the sun, and if it is right it is nourished. Just the opposite happens when you hide something: the right starts dying because it is not nourished. It needs the wind and the rain and the sun. It needs the whole of nature available to it. It can grow only with truth, it feeds on truth. Stop giving it its nourishment and it starts getting thinner and thinner.

And people are starving their reality and fattening their unreality. Your unreal faces feed upon lies, so you have to go on inventing more and more lies. To support one lie you will have to lie one hundred times more, because a lie can be supported only by bigger lies. So when you hide behind facades the real starts dying and the unreal thrives, becomes fatter and fatter. If you expose yourself the unreal will die, is bound to die, because the unreal cannot remain in the open. It can remain only in secrecy, it can remain only in darkness, it can only remain in the tunnels of your

unconscious. If you bring it to consciousness it starts evaporating.

That's the whole secret of the success of psychoanalysis. It is a simple secret, but the WHOLE secret of psychoanalysis: the psychoanalyst helps to bring up all that is inside your unconscious, in the darker realms of your being, to the level of the conscious. He brings it to the surface where you can see it, others can see it, and a miracle happens: even your seeing it is the beginning of its death. And if you can relate it to somebody else -- that's what you do in psychoanalysis, you expose yourself to your psychoanalyst -- even exposing to a single person is enough to bring great changes in your being. But to expose to a psychoanalyst is limited: you have exposed only to one person, in deep privacy, with the condition that he is not going to make it public. That is part of the profession of the physician, psychoanalyst, therapist, that is part of his oath: that he will not tell it to anybody, it will be kept secret. So it is a very limited exposure, but still it helps. And it is a professional exposure; still it helps. It takes years, that's why; that which can be done within days takes years in psychoanalysis -- four years, five years -- and even then psychoanalysis is never complete. The world has not yet known a single case of total psychoanalysis, of the process completed, terminated, finished, no, not yet. Not even your psychoanalysts are completely psychoanalyzed -- because the exposure itself is very limited and with conditions. The psychoanalyst listens to you as if he is not listening, because he is not to tell it to anybody. But even then it helps, it helps tremendously to unburden.

If you can expose yourself religiously -- not in privacy, not to the professional, but simply in all your relationships -- that's what sannyas is all about. It is self-psychoanalysis. It is twenty-four hour psychoanalysis, day in, day out. It is psychoanalysis in all kinds of situations: with the wife, with the friend, with the relative, with the enemy, with the stranger, with the boss, with the servant. For twenty-four hours you are relating.

If you go on exposing yourself... In the beginning it is going to be really very scary, but soon you will start gaining strength because once the truth is exposed it becomes stronger and the untruth dies. And with the truth becoming stronger you become rooted, YOU become centered. You start becoming an individual; the personality disappears and individuality appears.

Personality is bogus, individuality is substantial. Personality is just a facade, individuality is your truth. Personality is imposed from the outside; it is a persona, a mask. Individuality is your reality -- it is as God has made you. Personality is social sophistication, social polishing. Individuality is raw, wild, strong, with tremendous power.

Only in the beginning, Gita, will the fear be there. Hence the need for a Master, so that in the beginning he can hold your hand, so that in the beginning he can support you, so that in the beginning he can take you a few steps with him. The Master is not a psychoanalyst; he is that and far more. The psychoanalyst is a professional, the Master is not a

professional. It is not his profession to help people, it is his vocation. It is his love, it is his compassion. And because it is his compassion he takes you only as far as you need him. The moment he starts feeling that you can go on your own he starts slipping his hand out of your hands. Although you would like to go on clinging, he cannot allow that.

Once you are ready, courageous, daring, once you have tasted the freedom of truth, the freedom of exposing your reality, you can go on your own. You can be a light unto yourself.

But the fear is natural because from the very childhood you have been taught falsities, and you have become so much identified with the false that to drop it almost looks like committing suicide. And the fear arises because a great identity crisis arises.

For fifty years, sixty years, you have been a certain kind of person. Now Gita must be reaching sixty. For sixty years you have been a certain kind of person. Now at this last phase of your life, dropping that identity and starting to learn about yourself from ABC is frightening. Death is coming closer and closer every day -- is this the time to start a new lesson? Who knows if you will be able to complete it or not? Who knows? You may lose your old identity and you may not have time enough, energy enough, courage enough to attain to a new identity. So are you going to die without an identity? Are you going to live in the last phase of your life without an identity? That will

be a kind of madness, to live without an identity; the heart sinks, the heart shrinks. One thinks, "Now it is okay to go on for a few days more. It is better to live with the old, the familiar, the secure, the convenient." You have become skillful about it. And it has been a great investment: you have put sixty years of your life into it. Somehow you have managed, somehow you have created an idea of who you are, and now I tell you to drop that idea because you are not THAT! No idea is needed to know yourself. In fact, all ideas have to be dropped, only then can you know who you are.

Fear is natural. Don't condemn it, and don't feel that it is something wrong. It is just part of this whole social upbringing. We have to accept it and go beyond it; without condemning it we have to go beyond it.

Expose, slowly, slowly -- there is no need to take jumps that you cannot manage; go by steps, gradually. But soon you will learn the taste of the truth, and you will be surprised that all those sixty years have been a sheer wastage. Your old identity will be lost, you will have a totally new conception. It will not really be an identity but a new vision, a new way of seeing things, a new perspective. You will not be able to say 'I' again with something behind it; you will use the word because it is useful, but you will know all the time that the word carries no meaning, no substance, no existential substance at all; that behind this 'I' is hidden an ocean, infinite, vast, divine.

You will never attain to another identity; your old identity will be gone, and for the first time you will start feeling yourself as a wave in the ocean of God. That is not an identity because you are not in it. You have disappeared, God has overwhelmed you.

If you can risk the false, the truth can be yours. And it is worth it, because you risk only the false and you gain the truth. You risk nothing and you gain all.

My work here is to somehow persuade you, seduce you this way or that, to drop the old identity. Many, many fears will come: many things that you have done in the past, and you have been able to hide them, and you have succeeded. Now again opening the closed chapters for no reason at all, the closed chambers, and releasing the ghosts of the past...

You may not have been faithful to your husband once in a while, but you have been able to manage a certain face of sincerity, faithfulness. Now unnecessarily exposing yourself is bound to create fear. You may not have been faithful, now what is the point of exposing it? Or you may have been faithful in action but not in thought, but what is the point in exposing it? The mind will say, "There is no need! There are so many problems already, why create new problems?"

You may have succeeded in telling many lies and circulating those lies as true. You may have succeeded, and those lies are almost truths for others now, and even for you. Now going back and looking again -- it is very, very

natural to be afraid, not to look back, not to go into all those nightmares.

Harry constantly irritated his friends with his eternal optimism. No matter how bad the situation was he would always say, "It could have been worse!"

To cure him of this annoying habit his friends decided to invent a situation so completely black, so dreadful, that even Harry would find no hope in it.

Approaching him at the club bar one day one of them said, "Harry, did you hear what happened to George? He came home last night, found his wife in bed with another man, shot them both, then turned the gun on himself."

"Terrible!" said Harry, "but it could have been worse."

"How in hell," asked the dumbfounded friend, "could it possibly have been worse?"

"Well," said Harry, "if it had happened the night before, I would be dead now!"

It is better to keep quiet, the mind says; it is better not to bring all the old ghosts, not to release them. It is better to go on sitting on them. For sixty years you have been able to manage a certain demeanor, a certain gracefulness, a certain personality -- polished, civilized, respectable -- now to suddenly expose it for no reason at all? Have you gone

mad? The mind will say you have waited so long, you can wait a little more.

Little Siddhartha writes me again and again, "Osho, now I want to become part of the ashram." I have been telling him to just wait a little more, a little more, a little more, but he is persistent. After one month or two he asks for a darshan, and the only question he asks is, "When am I going to come into the ashram?"

Three or four days ago, again he wrote a letter asking, "Now it is time! When am I going to be in the ashram?" So I said to Laxmi, "Now tell him within four or five days. Make any arrangement and let him come in."

Laxmi told him, "Just wait four or five days." He said, "Why four or five days? Osho always says 'Do it now!' Why four or five days? Why wait? Why can't I come right now? Osho's insistence is always on the right now, here!"

Laxmi told him that the room had to be prepared, the room had to be painted -- "You will find it very difficult right now." So he said, "Okay. If I can wait for so long, I can wait for four or five days more. Okay, I will wait. It is only a question of four or five days more, so I CAN wait. And I have waited so long."

After sixty years of life the idea simply arises in the mind, "You have waited so long, why can't you wait for a few days more? Why create any disturbance? Why create any ripples unnecessarily?" Things have settled, everybody

respects you -- your children respect you, your husband respects you, your society respects you. It has been a hard struggle -- it has been a struggle with the outside, it has been a struggle with the inside. Somehow you have repressed all that is wild in you: you have repressed sex, anger, greed, jealousy; you have repressed all that the society condemns. You have somehow managed a beautiful character. Now why, in the last phase of your life, expose it? For what? What are you going to gain out of it?

Mind will give all these cunning reasonings; these are rationalizations.

If you have lived for sixty years in a false way, enough is enough! It is time now to drop that whole falsity. What can people take away from you now? Sooner or later you will be dead, and all respect and all character and everything will be gone; soon you will be forgotten. A few people will remember you for a few days, then they will die; then even your memory will be gone from the earth.

How many millions of people have lived on the earth? Nobody even knows their names now. In their own time they must have bragged about their character, personality, strength, truth, courage, religiousness, saintliness, this and that. Now nobody even knows their names.

When a person dies, almost ninety-nine percent of his life disappears; one percent lingers a little bit as memory in the few people who had known him. Yes, they will remember him once in a while; that is all that is left. Then THESE

people will die and even that memory will disappear. Within a few years a person disappears so totally, as if he had never been there in the first place.

Now what have you to lose, Gita? You have nothing to lose and you have everything to gain. You are fortunate that in the last phase of your life you have come in contact with this energy-field. You are fortunate that in the evening of your life a door is opening, and the person who comes back home even in the evening should not be thought lost.

That is a proverb in India: Even in the evening when the sun is setting, if somebody comes back home he is not thought to be lost. He has arrived, finally he has arrived.

Life has gone down the drain; now don't miss this last phase. And the last is the most important phase, because it will bring death. And if you can die as truth you will not be born again. If you can die with all the falsities dropped, with all false identities disconnected from you, renounced, if you can die utterly naked before God, absolutely naked before God like a small child before his parents, your death will be the most beautiful experience that you have ever experienced.

Those who have known death, they say that life is nothing compared to death. Life has extension -- seventy years, eighty years -- it is spread out over eighty years. Hence it cannot have that intensity which death can have, and ONLY death can have, because death happens in a split second. Over eighty years you live and in a split second

you die. Death has intensity, not extension but intensity. It has depth.

Life is a long way to live -- you can postpone for tomorrow and you can live in a lukewarm way -- but death is so total. If you can die consciously... And you can die consciously only if you expose yourself totally, so all that the unconscious is carrying is poured out, all that the unconscious is repressing is released, so the unconscious becomes empty and there is nothing to hide; you can expose yourself in the moment of death totally and you can die consciously.

Remember, a person who has ANY repression cannot die consciously; repression creates the unconscious. The more repressed you are the bigger unconscious you have. What actually is the unconscious? It is that part of your mind that you don't want to see, it is that part of your mind that you bypass, it is that part of your house where you never go, the basement. You go on throwing all kinds of things in it and you never go into it.

The unconscious is not a natural phenomenon. The more man becomes civilized the more the unconscious becomes bigger. The uncivilized people have very small unconscious minds. You will be surprised to know that the aboriginals, the very primitive people who still exist in some parts of the world... In India, in some deep forests, in the hills, there are still people who are as primitive as you can find anywhere else; they are at least five thousand years behind.

One of the most important things about these people -- I have' lived with them -- is they don't dream. It is tremendously important. It is very rare that a primitive dreams, because he has no unconscious. He lives his life so naturally, so truthfully. He represses nothing. When you don't repress anything you cannot create dreams.

A dream is the boiling unconscious. The whole day you go on repressing, and in the night, when you fall asleep -- when the repressor falls asleep -- all that is repressed starts surfacing. That's what your dreaming is. And if your dreams are nightmares that simply means you are REALLY repressing. Your repression is dangerous. You are repressing neurotic things inside your unconscious, and the deeper they go the more damage they do.

I have lived with the primitives; I have noted many things in them, but the most important is that they don't dream. If you ask them, "What was your dream last night?" they say, "What dream? We slept well." Yes, once in a while somebody dreams, only once in a while, and the person who dreams has a totally different kind of dream than you. His dream is not the dream that Freud, Jung and Adler study. His dream is intuitive, his dream is a prediction of the future, his dream is a foreshadowing of something that is going to happen.

So in a primitive society the dreamer becomes the seer. He becomes the SHAMAN; he becomes a tremendously important person because he can dream. In a civilized society the psychoanalyst becomes very important because

he can analyze dreams, he can interpret dreams. In a primitive society the dreamer becomes the most important person -- he becomes the religious head of the commune, because his dreams become predictions, his dreams always prove true. He does not dream about the past because he never represses it. If he dreams at all he dreams about the future, that which has not happened yet and is going to happen. And his dreams are almost always true.

Now his dreams have to be understood in a totally different way. Modern psychoanalysis will not be able to understand his dreams; it is too obsessed with the civilized man, his unconscious. The primitive man has no unconscious.

And the same happens to a Buddha: his unconscious disappears because he goes on exposing, pouring out whatsoever is in his being. He never represses it, he never creates the unconscious.

The unconscious is a creation of civilization: the more civilized you are the more unconscious you are. If you become absolutely civilized you will be robots, you will be absolutely unconscious. That's what is happening. That calamity is happening all over the world; it has to be stopped. And the only way to stop it is to help people to pour out their unconscious in meditations.

Gita, expose yourself That will be unburdening. And I am here -- don't be worried and don't be afraid. I am coming with you. I will keep company with you to the point where you don't need me. I will only leave you in the unknown

when I see that now you can walk on your own. And then there will be no fear.

But don't miss this opportunity. This time, die consciously. But you have to start right now to live consciously; only then can you die consciously: Even if you can live consciously for a few years, that will be enough. Even a few months or even a few days and if intensity is great even a few minutes are enough to live consciously; then one becomes capable of dying consciously. And to die consciously is to be resurrected into a totally different dimension, the dimension of the divine.

I would like all of my sannyasins to die so deeply that they are never born again, so that they can disappear into the cosmos, become part of the whole.

The fourth question:

Question 4
OSHO, EACH MORNING AT DISCOURSE I FEEL YOU ARE BECKONING ME WITH YOUR EYES TO WALK ACROSS THE WATER TO YOU. COURAGE ARISES AND I STEP FROM MY BOAT. EXHILARATED, I TAKE A FEW STEPS, BUT I BECOME AFRAID AND BEGIN TO SINK. WHAT IS THIS?

Anand Pragyan.

I AM certainly beckoning you continuously to come

across, but who has told you to walk on the water? Why should you step out of your boat? Use the boat and just come across!

Once a man went to Ramakrishna. Ramakrishna was sitting on the bank of the Ganges. The man was a very famous yogi of those days. He had gone there to brag about himself -- and that's what these so-called yogis go on doing. He said, "Ramakrishna, what are you doing sitting here? Let us go for a walk on the Ganges."

Ramakrishna asked him, "How many years did it take for you to walk on water?"

He said, "Eighteen years practising in the Himalayas, hard work, fasting, yoga postures. It has been difficult, very difficult. It was almost impossible, and many times I wanted to drop the whole project, but somehow I persisted. Now I have the SIDDHI, the power -- I can walk on the water. Can't you walk on the water?"

Ramakrishna said, "I am not so foolish. When I want to go to the other bank I give the ferryman only two paise, and that's enough! Your eighteen years are worth just two paise. Get lost! I am not interested in it."

Only fools are interested in miracles.

Another story...

One day Hassan, a Sufi mystic, went to Rabiya, the great Sufi woman. He had just learned how to walk on water, so he told Rabiya, "Let us go and walk on water and have a little spiritual discourse, discussion." That spiritual discussion was just an excuse; he wanted to show Rabiya that he could walk on the water.

Rabiya said, "On the water? That does not appeal to me. Let us go to the clouds! We will sit on the clouds and have spiritual discourse."

Hassan said, "But I don't know how to go to the clouds and sit on the clouds."

Rabiya said, "Neither do I! But what is the point? Why can't we have a religious discourse here? Why go to the water or to the clouds?"

All great mystics have been against miracles, and all fools are interested in miracles.

Pragyan, use your boat! Certainly you have to come to the other shore, but there is no need to get out of your boat. You have misunderstood my calling you.

A group of tourists were standing at a vantage point overlooking an awesome panorama of the Grand Canyon, when one of them could be heard saying, "You know, there is a tremendous updraught that happens here every afternoon caused by the warm air rushing up the canyon. A person can actually float upon it."

"You don't say!" replied his friend.

"Why yes, watch this!" as he stepped from the edge of the cliff and floated away and back easily.

"Wow!" said a person standing by, "I will try that!" And he stepped off and went plummetting to the bottom of the Canyon out of sight.

Said one person to the first, "You can be really mean sometimes, Superman."

And I cannot be mean to you!

Please Pragyan, don't get out of your boat. If you sink it is natural, it is not your fault. That's how it should be. Use the boat! What is the boat made for?

I am not for any stupid miracles, I am totally for the natural. Use the boat, use all natural means. God is available only through nature, not through the cunning devices of man.

You say, "OSHO, EACH MORNING AT DISCOURSE I FEEL YOU ARE BECKONING ME WITH YOUR EYES TO WALK ACROSS THE WATER TO YOU. COURAGE ARISES AND I STEP FROM MY BOAT. EXHILARATED, I TAKE A FEW STEPS, BUT I BECOME AFRAID AND BEGIN TO SINK. WHAT IS THIS?"

Stupidity, just pure stupidity! Next time courage arises, don't do it! Don't you have oars? Use them, use the boat.

There are two kinds of foolish people in the world: one, who would not like to use the boat, who would like to walk on the water; and the other, who will use the boat and when they have reached to the other shore they will not leave the boat. Just out of gratitude, they will carry the boat on their heads for their whole lives.

I go on beckoning you, but you have to understand rightly. Just a little misunderstanding, just a little misinterpretation, and you will be moving astray. That's where I am totally different, and you can see the difference.

The same story is there in Jesus: Jesus calls; he is walking on water. I don't know that these stories are true; these stories must have been invented by the priests. Priests are the greatest cunning, inventive people in the world. I cannot think that a man like Jesus can be so mean as to walk on water. Why should he?

These stories have been invented to convert the foolish people, because they are interested only in such things. But the story is that Jesus walked on the water. Thomas saw him coming; he was sitting in the boat. Great enthusiasm arose in him -- just like you, Pragyan, great courage -- and he said, "If the Master can do it. why can't I?" So he asked Jesus, "Can I come and follow you?" He said, "Certainly, come and follow me." And Thomas walked just two, three

steps, then great doubt arose in him and he started sinking. Jesus somehow had to save him, and told him, "Don't be a doubting Thomas." Since then there has been the phrase 'doubting Thomas'.

If I had been in Jesus' place, in the first place I would not have walked on water. In the second place, if by chance I had walked, I would have stopped Thomas: "Be in the boat, don't be too courageous."

Intelligent people are always courageous, but not vice versa; courageous people are not necessarily intelligent. I would have told him, "Wait! There is no need to walk on the water. Follow ME into the dimension of the unknown, but there is no need to walk on the water; that is not a prerequisite for it." I would have stopped him then and there rather than allowing him to walk a few steps and sink, and then saving him. I would not have liked all this trouble at all.

So Pragyan, next time this courage hits you, wait, close your eyes, take your oars, use the boat.

Don't misunderstand me. I would like you to trust, but very intelligently. Trust is the ultimate essence of intelligence; it is not blind faith. I am not against your doubt. You have to use your doubt in purifying your intelligence. You have to use your doubt in sharpening your intelligence. That is the function of doubt -- to sharpen intelligence. Once intelligence is sharpened doubt disappears, trust arises.

Doubt is not against trust; in fact doubt is a servant, it serves trust.

So I am not here to tell you to faithfully believe in me. Trust intelligently.

But people have their own understanding. I say one thing -- they understand something else.

Charlie was taking his out-of-town pal for a stroll through the city. The friend observed a good-looking girl and asked Charlie if he knew her.

"Yes, that is Betty -- twenty dollars."

"How about that one?"

"That is Dolores -- forty dollars."

"Here comes one that is really first class. Do you know her?"

"That is Gloria -- eighty dollars."

"My God! Aren't there any nice, respectable girls in this town?"

"Of course there are, but you couldn't afford their price!"

People have their own understanding. It is not much of an understanding, but that's what they have got, and they go

on interpreting through it. He says, "Of course there are, but you could not afford their rates."

A man was discussing his problems with his next door neighbor. "That selfish wife of mine," he was saying, "you know what she did? She has rationed me, cut me down to a miserable once-a-week!"

"Don't feel too sorry for yourself," said the next door neighbor. "I know at least ten fellows living in our block she has completely cut off."

I am saying things which have to be meditated upon. Don't come to conclusions in a hasty, hurried way, because I am saying things which are really paradoxical. This is a paradox.

You have been told down the ages, "Believe, don't doubt." I am saying something totally different: doubt, and doubt totally, so that your intelligence arises. And then trust arises of its own accord.

Nobody has ever said this to you, hence the world has remained blind, hence the people have remained just sheep. It has been good -- good business for the priests, good business for the politicians, good business for the so-called leaders -- because people are at a loss, they need leaders. In worldly matters, in other-worldly matters, they need leaders. In worldly matters the politician becomes their leader, and in other-worldly matters, the priest.

And the priests and the politicians have been in a conspiracy: don't allow people to become intelligent. Once they become intelligent they will not need any leader and they will not need any priest. They will learn how to walk on their own.

My approach is totally new: use doubt as a sharpener. I am not against doubt, I am all for it. Doubt very scientifically. And why am I not against doubt? -- because I know if you really doubt it is bound to make your intelligence more and more clear. It is bound to give you more and more clarity. Belief confuses, doubt clarifies.

And there comes a point when doubt cannot doubt anymore. My trust in truth is so much that I can tell you to doubt, because I know that if you go on doubting a moment is bound to come when doubt dies of its own accord. When you see the truth, how can doubt exist? Then trust arises.

Trust is through knowing, not through believing. Don't believe me. Trust me certainly, but don't believe me. And if you want to trust me you will have to go on a long pilgrimage of doubt, of sharpening your intelligence. That's why I go on talking to you, creating a thousand and one doubts in you. I don't allow you to settle anywhere. You would like to settle very soon, because who wants to travel for ever and ever? One wants to make a house and settle. I say one thing one day, and just the opposite another day. I create doubt continuously, because my trust in truth is so tremendous that I know no doubt can disturb it. If you go on doubting, even doubt will bring you to truth.

All doors bring you to God, even the door of doubt. Sincerity is needed and intensity is needed and totality is needed.

The fifth question:

Question 5
BELOVED OSHO, IN THE OLD DAYS YOU USED TO HAMMER US FIERCELY. I REMEMBER CLUTCHING AT THE TILES OF THE FLOOR IN DESPAIR AFTER LECTURE WHEN YOU HAD ONCE AGAIN SHOUTED AT US, "YOU STUPID DISCIPLES!" NOW YOU COME INTO LECTURE LOOKING AROUND HAPPILY, LIKE A FARMER LOOKING ON HIS GOLDEN CORNFIELDS. ARE YOU HAPPY WITH US?

Hari Chetana,

I absolutely happy with you. I am one of the most fortunate Masters in the world, because a great many intelligent, alive, loving people have gathered around me. The VERY CREAM of the modern mind has gathered around me. I am tremendously happy, yes, just like a farmer when he looks on his golden cornfields.

You are my golden cornfield. The crop is becoming more and more ripe every day. Many are blossoming, many are coming to fruit. Many are growing -- in love, in awareness, in trust, in EVERY possible way. I am tremendously happy that you are here with me.

It very rarely happens. Jesus was not so fortunate: he had only a few disciples, and those too were not very intelligent people either. They were asking REALLY stupid questions, even to the very end.

The night Jesus invited them to say goodbye, to dine and drink with him and dance with him -- because this was the last night, he would be caught that night and the next day he might be killed -- do you know what the disciples were asking? One disciple asked, "Lord, now that you are leaving us, please tell us one thing. We know perfectly well that in the kingdom of God you will be by the right side of God, you will be his right hand. And who amongst us will be by your side? And what will be our number and position?"

The Master is going to die and the disciples are talking politics! -- "Who will be the first after you, and the second, and the third?" The Master is going to die and the disciples are feeling jealous of each other, competitive. They are thinking of the other world also in terms of this world. Jesus must have cried deep down in his heart.... These are the people on whom he had wasted his life, for whom he was ready to die.

And then he was caught, and then one disciple started following him. Others fled! Out of the twelve, one deceived him, Judas; he sold him for thirty silver coins.

When I read that the man who hanged Z. A. Bhutto of Pakistan got twenty-five rupees for hanging him, suddenly I remembered Jesus: he was sold for thirty rupees. The price has fallen down; now you get five rupees less! In fact, the price has fallen too much, because thirty rupees of pure silver in those days and twenty-five paper notes of this day... the difference is not only of five rupees, the difference is much more. Thirty rupees of those days must be equivalent to almost one thousand rupees of today.

But what kind of humanity is this? What kind of civilization and what progress do we go on talking about? Jesus was killed by Jews. The man who hanged Bhutto was a Christian; in a Mohammedan country, they could not find anybody else to hang Bhutto. A Christian! How can a Christian do such a thing? And how can he still remain a Christian? He is a professional. This is what they have been doing for many generations.

One of the great Indian martyrs, Sardar Bhagat Singh, was hanged by the father of this man. And a very strange coincidence: Bhagat Singh, a revolutionary, one of the greatest revolutionaries that India has produced in these hundred years, was hanged by this man's father in the same place where Z. A. Bhutto killed one of his enemies. Now there is no more jail, the jail has disappeared, has been demolished. Instead of the jail, a highway passes through the place.

Z. A. Bhutto killed one of his political opponents in the exact same place where Bhagat Singh was once hanged.

And this opponent was the man who was the witness against Sardar Bhagat Singh, and instrumental in his being hanged. And now Bhutto is hanged by the son of the man who hanged Bhagat Singh.

History goes on spinning in a very mysterious way, weaving strange patterns. Life certainly is more strange than fiction.

The night Jesus was being taken away one disciple betrayed him for only thirty rupees. For just thirty rupees, one can sell a man like Jesus? And seeing the danger, the remaining ten fled immediately. What kind of disciples were they? Only one remained, and that one also was not following Jesus but was hiding in the crowd. Just out of curiosity he had remained. And Jesus said, "Escape, because before the sunrise, before the cock crows, you will have betrayed me thrice!"

But the man thought in his heart, "No! Judas can betray you, others can flee, but I am not made of that stuff. I cannot deny you, I cannot renounce you. I will be true to you to the very last."

And it happened exactly the way Jesus had said: before the sunrise, the man had denied him thrice, because the crowd that was taking Jesus, making him a prisoner, became suspicious of this man many times. They were carrying torches, and this man looked a little like a stranger. They asked, "Who are you? Are you a follower of Jesus?" And

he said, "No." And when he had said no thrice, Jesus looked back and he said, "Remember, now."

At the time of crucifixion not a single disciple was there, they had all escaped.

Jesus was not very fortunate. Buddha was far more fortunate. But I am even more fortunate than Buddha, because Buddha had only one kind of people around him. My disciples are multi-dimensional; they come from every nook and comer of the world. This is a universal brotherhood. This is for the first time that religion is taking off -- from local limitations, becoming airborne. This is for the first time that religion is losing racial associations, national associations -- Indian, Chinese, Japanese, German, Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, Buddhist. We are creating a kind of religiousness without any name; a nameless religion can only be true to a nameless God.

Yes, Hari Chetana, I am tremendously happy. The moment I look at you my heart dances with immense joy. And this is only the beginning. Many, many more are going to come, they are on the way. You are just heralding the coming of millions more. Hence your responsibility is great, because you will be preparing the way; the others who will come will learn from you. The others will learn love, awareness, discipline, spontaneity, individuality, freedom, all of these dimensions, from you.

The new commune will have at least ten thousand sannyasins resident, and thousands and thousands will

come and go. You are also fortunate because you will be the first bricks: out of you this great temple is going to be created, you will be in the foundation. Remember that responsibility, and remember that such a responsibility comes only as a benediction. The last question:

Question 6
OSHO, I AM SUSPICIOUS ABOUT MY FATHER. I DON'T THINK THAT HE IS MY FATHER. CAN YOU HELP ME GET RID OF THIS DOUBT?

Christopher,

THIS is a really difficult question! In the first place, it matters not. It is irrelevant whether A is your father or B is your father. How does it matter? Christopher is Christopher, you are that which you are. From where your first cell came, from where, from what source, makes no difference now.

Sooner or later it will be impossible to decide who is whose father, because there are going to be just semen banks, like there are blood banks. People will donate their semen to the banks, and the doctors will decide the right type for a particular woman.

Why are you so worried about it? But such things sometimes become obsessions. Even if you come to know, even if I say that "This man is your father" -- for example, if I say Paritosh, old Paritosh is your father, then what? Are you going to believe me? Then you will start doubting me,

so it is better that you doubt your father! Or you may start doubting poor Paritosh, who has nothing to do with it!

Only your mother can answer. Even your father cannot answer, because even your father may not be right. Ask your mother.

A youngster went to his father and said, "Dad, I would like to marry Susy." "Don't marry her, son," said the old man. "When I was a kid I sowed my wild oats, and well, you know how it is."
About a week later the boy came to his father again and said, "Dad, I am in love with Mildred and I want to marry her."
The old salesman said, "She is your half-sister, son. You can't marry her."
"How about Mabel?" the kid asked a couple of weeks later.
"She is your half-sister too," said dad.
The youngster, who was anxious to get married, went to his mom and complained, "Pop says I should not marry Susy, Mildred or Mabel because they are my half-sisters. What do I do?"
Mom put her arms around her boy and consoled, "You can marry any one of them you like -- he is not your father!"

So it is a very difficult thing unless your mother is truthful about it; nobody can give you a guarantee.

But I have heard about one machine that IBM has produced. I don't know whether it is true or not, but you can enquire.

A woman, having heard how fantastic the IBM machines are, enters the IBM saleas room to look around.
"You can ask the machine any question you like and it will give you the correct answer," explains the salesman.
The woman writes the question, "Where is my father?" and puts it into the machine. The answer comes back, "Your father is fishing off the west coast of Florida."
"Ridiculous!" exclaims the woman. "My father has been dead twenty years."
"The machine never makes a mistake," the salesman proclaims. "There is simply a misunderstanding. Rephrase your question and ask it again."
The woman writes down for the machine, "Where is my mother's husband?"
The IBM machine answers, "He has been dead twenty years, but your father is fishing off the west coast of Florida."

But please don't ask such questions of me, I am not an IBM machine -- neither am I your mother!

The Guest

Chapter #9

Chapter title: God is born again
4 May 1979 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
OSHO, CAN YOU TELL ME, IF YOU KNOW, WHAT IS BEST FOR ME? IF YOU CAN, WHAT IS?

Miguel Terc,

THE best thing is never to be born, but that you have already missed. The second best thing is to die as soon as possible; that's a little bit difficult. I don't mean the physical death; that is not difficult. To commit suicide is the easiest thing in the world, the most cowardly. It needs no guts. But to commit psychological suicide needs great courage -- to be and yet not to be, to drop the ego.

Yes, there are a few people who even manage to do the first. Lao Tzu must have been one of those few people who were born and yet not born, who came into the world utterly egoless. Hence the story that Lao Tzu lived in his mother's womb for eighty-two years. Until he became ripe, until he became capable of existing in the world without the ego, he resisted the temptation to come out of the womb. He allowed himself, permitted himself, to be born only when there was no possibility of any ego arising. What Buddha attained under the Bodhi tree, Lao Tzu must have attained in the mother's womb.

Yes, there is a way to be aware even in the mother's womb. Then a person is born, but is born without the ego; Jesus must have come that way. A few have managed the second too: the second means to go on dying to all the yesterdays.

The ego is nothing but the cumulative effect of all the yesterdays. If you can die to all the yesterdays, even to the moment that has passed and is no more, you remain without the ego. You are there in utter radiance, in great splendor, but there is no idea of 'I'. A pure amness, just fragrance of being, but no center... then one exists in God and God exists in one.

The second is also very difficult. One needs to be so utterly alert that the moment the moment passes by, one has slipped out of it. One does not go on lingering with the past, one does not go on clinging to the memories. There is no nostalgia, no looking back. It does not mean looking ahead, because looking ahead is another way of looking back. It does not mean beginning a life in the future, projecting a life into the future, because the future is nothing but a reflection of the past. What you can desire in the future is bound to be nothing but a repetition of the past, modified, refined, more sophisticated, more polished but still the same. But there cannot be any qualitative difference; maybe some quantitative differences are there. The future is nothing but the projection of the past.

So I am not saying drop the past so that you can live in the future. That is the past coming back through the back door again. If you drop the yesterdays, you will have to drop the tomorrows too. When all yesterdays and all tomorrows have disappeared, then what is left? -- this moment, this purity, this silence, thisness! Buddha calls it TATHATA, suchness. There is nothing else to desire, there is no should, no ought, there is nowhere to go. One is utterly contented

in this moment; one is relaxed, calm and quiet. All desires have disappeared because they can exist only through the past and through the future. And when there is no desire, how can there be mind? Mind is desiring. And when there is no mind how can there be an ego? Ego is the center of the false mind. This is the second best.

The third best is to love, because love is a sweet way to die, to disappear. The SWEETEST way to die is love. It helps you to drop the ego, and with no effort. And it helps you to drop the ego with such grace, with such joy, that if you cannot drop the ego through love then it will be very difficult to drop it at all.

In love, the other is available; the other is an excuse to drop the ego. And the beauty of the other, and the caressing warmth of the other, the protection, the shelter! -- it is easy to die because love gives one courage, courage to do the impossible. And love gives one a kind of drunkenness. In that drunkenness it is easy to take the jump, the quantum leap.

Love makes one mad. That madness is higher than what you call sanity, because your sanity remains crawling in the dark holes of the earth, and love opens its wings towards the sun. Love dares, is adventurous. Love is ready to die, because in love one FEELS that even if one dies, one cannot die. Love gives the feel of immortality.

And the path of love is full of flowers -- the birds are singing, and the trees are green, and it is very sunny. The easiest is the third.

But for a few people it is very difficult: the very idea of drowning oneself in the other makes them very much scared. The very presence of the other makes them shrink in. The very presence of the other and they become closed. If you are of that type, Miguel, then the fourth way is for you: to meditate.

That too is a way of dying -- a little more dry than the third, a little more alone than the third, not so sweet, certainly, even a little bitter... but a few people like bitter tastes -- coffee, cocoa. Likes differ, so if you like something bitter, spicy, something hard... There are people who are intrigued only by the harder course; the easy is not a challenge to them, the easy has no appeal for them. The harder the task, the more they rise to it. They are challenged only by the arduous, the difficult, the impossible; the impossible is their passion. For them is the way of meditation. Be alone -- doing nothing, sitting silently, the spring comes and the grass grows by itself.

In love there is a song, a dialogue, a meeting, a merger. In meditation one simply evaporates. In one's aloneness slowly, slowly one evaporates, and one day nothing is found, the ego has died.

These are the four possibilities.

Miguel, you ask me, "CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IS BEST FOR ME?" These four things.

But the basic note is the same, and that is: learn to die, because that is the only way to learn to live. Let the ego die and your life starts taking the flavor of the divine. Death becomes the door to the divine -- death of the ego.

And the fifth -- which is not really the fifth but a combination of all these four, a symphony, an orchestra -- I call it sannyas. It combines all that is beautiful in all the four, it is multi-dimensional. All these four are one-dimensional, sannyas is multi-dimensional. It teaches you how to be born and yet never to be born. It teaches you how to die and yet to live immensely. It teaches you how to fall in love and yet go on rising up. It teaches you how to disappear in love and yet remain aloof, unpossessed, non-possessive. It teaches you how to be with the other and yet remain free and let the other be free. It teaches you how to meditate and be alone and yet not let your aloneness become an escape, to be alone and yet be in the world. It teaches you how to be a lotus leaf in the lake, in the water, and yet untouched by it.

Sannyas is the synthesis of all these four dimensions; it is the very crescendo, the cream of them all.

Many religions have concentrated on the first, particularly the Indian religions; their emphasis is on how not to be born. Hence in India all the religious people go on praying, "God, help us NOT to be born again. We don't want to get

back into this wheel of life and death." All Indian religions are basically rooted in one concept: how to be free from this vicious circle of birth and death, how to go beyond birth and death, how not to be born, how to enter into eternity and never come back into the turmoil of time.

The Christian, the Mohammedan, the Jew -- their emphasis is on the second: to die as soon as possible, to surrender to God. Prayer is their way. Prayer means dying, dying and disappearing as a person, becoming part of the universal, a surrender, a trust in God. The whole emphasis is on how to surrender your ego, sacrifice your ego, at the altar of the divine.

The third, to love as a method of dying, has been chosen by all the devotees of the world. The Vaishnavas in India and the Sufis of Islam and the Hassidic mystics of Judaism have all chosen the third: love, love intensely, love totally, love withholding nothing back and you will attain, because love kills the ego.

The fourth, to be aware, to be meditative, has been chosen by Buddhism, Jainism, Zen, Taoism.

My effort here, Miguel, is to create a symphony of all the religions. Here, Sufis and Hassids and the people of Zen and Taoism are meeting and merging. I am creating an ocean in which rivers from different mountains, bringing different flavors, bringing different fragrances, are meeting and merging and creating something absolutely new that

has never happened before -- a universal religiousness. I don't give it any name.

Miguel, if you listen to my suggestion, become a sannyasin. And the only way to know what it is is to be a participant.

Miguel is a journalist from South America. It will be very difficult for him to participate; the whole training of a journalist is to observe, to be a spectator, to watch with a critical eye, and to find out whatsoever he can find which is negative. If he cannot find the negative, then invent, project, because only the negative becomes news. The positive has no news value, only the negative, only something sensational. People are interested only in the wrong.

If you murder somebody it is news, but if you help somebody you can go on helping your whole life; it will never become news. If you love it is not news, but if you hate and you destroy, it becomes news. Buddhas are really not counted in your history books.

That's why it still remains a problem whether men like Jesus, Buddha, Krishna, Lao Tzu, ever existed, or whether they are only just mythology. Nobody is suspicious about Alexander the Great, and Napoleon, and Tamurlaine, and Genghis Khan, and Nadir Shah; nobody is suspicious about them. They have left so many destructive proofs, you cannot deny them. History is full of the fools; from Tamurlaine to Adolf Hitler they are the major part of history, because they create news. History is ancient news.

That which is in the newspaper today will become part of history tomorrow, and that which is history today had been in the news yesterday.

But somehow the Buddhas are left out of the account. Why? What must the reason be? The reason is that these people were not destructive: they never killed, they never conquered, they never possessed anybody. They lived so silently, they lived so blissfully, they never created a ripple.

Once I was talking to the Prime Minister of India; and I asked, "What are the qualifications? How do you choose your cabinet colleagues?"

And the Prime Minister said, "Whosoever has a nuisance value, whosoever can create more nuisance, has to be chosen." That is the qualification! If he is left out of the cabinet he will create trouble. He has to be taken into the cabinet, he has to be made a minister so he does not create trouble.

Troublemakers become powerful. Troublemakers become heads of state, troublemakers create news.

Miguel is a journalist. If his training has gone too deep it will be really difficult for him to participate here. But there are a few things you can know only by participation. If you don't dance you will not know what it is. You can see somebody else dancing, but it is one thing to see a dancer and it is totally another thing to BE a dancer. Seeing a dancer from the outside, you are simply seeing physical

gestures. Being a dancer from the inside, you will know the real feel of it.

Somebody can tell you that he has a headache and you can understand that he is in pain. But from the outside, if you have never known a headache, will you be able to understand what exactly his agony is? You will never be able to understand it. It is something interior; you have to participate.

Even suffering cannot be known from the outside -- suffering, which is gross. What to say about bliss? What to say about peace, serenity? They are the highest peaks, the Everests of human consciousness. Even dark valleys cannot be known from the outside; you have to go into them, you have to disappear into them.

So if you are really interested, if the question is not just for the question's sake, then be a participant. Fall en rapport with me. Put your mind aside -- that's what I mean by death -- put your ego aside. Enter into this buddhafield as a small child, innocent, knowing nothing. Function from the state of not-knowing -- that's what I mean by death -- function from the state of innocence, and tremendous are the possibilities: you can also bloom, as other flowers are blooming in my garden.

The second question:

Question 2
OSHO, IS GOD REALLY DEAD?

Shivananda,

FRIEDRICH Nietzsche killed God, and Sigmund Freud buried the corpse. God's death is no longer new and no longer news either. Now the new idea is that death is God.

And that's what I am teaching you here: forget about God; let us learn death, the art of dying. And if you know how to die you will know what God is.

The old God is certainly dead, and it is good that the old God is dead. The old God was getting heavier and heavier on the human heart. It was becoming like a rock. It was not helping growth, it was hindering. The old idea was very childish. It was created by the primitive people; it was their need, it was perfectly suitable for them.

Just go five thousand years back, in the days of the Vedas... and it is cloudy, and there is thunder and lightning, and you are sitting in your cave -- with no clothes on, of course -- shivering, trembling: you will create a kind of God, the God that is born out of fear. The cave man was constantly in fear: wild animals were roaming all around, no security, no medicine, no protection, no shelter, no light, no fire. Just think of the plight of that man -- danger all around, insecurity, darkness. It was natural for that man to create a God as a consolation; it was his illusion. Hence he created a God in the heavens. If you pray to Him He will help you, He will protect you. If you don't pray, if you don't obey Him, He will punish you. That was a childish concept,

perfectly suitable for the people who created it. But then it persisted. Times changed, caves disappeared, the whole life became totally different. Man was more secure, more sheltered, more safe. How could he go on carrying that old idea? Sooner or later a man was needed to declare that THAT God was dead.

That's what Nietzsche did. He has done a great service to humanity; he declared something which needed to be declared. He was a courageous man to declare it, and he risked much because he was the first man to declare that God is dead.

Remember, there were people before him who had said there was no God; that is totally different. There has been Charavaka in India and Epicurus in Greece, and many more all over the world, a few courageous, intelligent people, who have always denied the existence of God. But to deny the existence of God is one thing, and to declare that God is dead is totally different. Hence Charavaka never went mad, Epicurus never went mad.

Nietzsche went mad. To declare that God is dead... He was the first man to encounter this fact -- that the old God had become irrelevant and the new was not on the horizon. The old was gone and the new had not come -- and the gap! That gap was maddening, as if somebody had taken the earth from underneath your feet and you were falling into an abysmal darkness. You cannot find any bottom anywhere, you go on falling and falling.

That's what happened to Friedrich Nietzsche; he went mad. The day he declared "God is dead", the whole edifice that had been used as a protection up to then was shattered. To say God does not exist is one thing; then there is no question....

A few people had the idea that "God is" because they felt protected with God, and a few started feeling afraid of God because he could punish. Those who wanted to feel more natural, rather than feeling security in God started feeling fear -- because if you are natural then you will be in hell. Just to avoid that fear many declared that there was no God. See the point: the person who believes in God and the person who disbelieves in God may not be different people. Their psychologies may be exactly the same, they may be two sides of the same coin. One declares God is because he feels alone, afraid without him. The other declares there is no God because with the presence of God he feels afraid. He is there, constantly watching, and He is the judge; and he is afraid of being judged.

Remember, those who were ascetic people, who were ready to deny their nature, were very happy to believe in God. And the people who were more natural, more normal, were happy to believe that there was no God. The reason is the same: the natural person will feel afraid because the natural person will have sex, will have anger, will have jealousy. And God is going to punish him; if God is there then punishment is certain. It is better to say that there is no God; at least for the time being he can feel relieved. And the person who can repress his sex, his jealousies, his

anger, would like to declare that God is, because all his investment is in God's existence. God's existence is very necessary for his asceticsm.

The pathological people declare that God is and the natural people declare that there is no God. And because natural people have been very few -- the society does not allow natural people to exist -- hence the majority declare God is. But the majority also only declare God is on the surface; deep down they all become hypocrites, because to deny nature is not easy, it is a rare feat. Only a few people can deny it. Really mad, insane people are needed to deny nature.

Then what is the natural person supposed to do? -- he is supposed to become a hypocrite. He should go to the church and the temple and on the surface, formally, declare that God is, and go on living his natural way. He will become a dual personality.

Nietzsche's declaration is very original, he is a pioneer. He said, "God is dead" -- not that God is not; God has been up to now, but now God is no more. He took away all the shelter, security, safety. He left man alone. And naturally he suffered, he himself went mad; he could not tolerate the absence of God. He had declared something of immense importance, but-it was difficult even for him to absorb it. The truth of it was so much; he was not yet ready.

You ask me, Shivananda, "Is GOD REALLY DEAD?"

Yes, the old God is dead. The God that used to sit on a golden throne in the seventh heaven is dead. The God that you used to believe in in your childhood IS dead. The God of your conceptions is dead.

Recently a new jet plane was invented that goes nine hundred miles an hour. The test pilot was testing it on the maiden flight and noticed a button he hadn't used before. He pressed it and the plane zoomed miles upward at a fantastic rate.
He breathed in sharply and whispered, "Oh, my God!" and a voice answered, "Yes?"

That God that used to say "Yes!" from high above is no more there. But it is good that the old God is dead; man needs a new conception, a new perceptivity. God will not be back, godliness will be back. God will not come back as a person again -- man has passed that phase, man has come of age. Now we will have to think in terms of godliness, not of God; not of personality, but of presence.

That's what happened to Gautam Buddha. H. G. Wells has written a tremendously significant statement about Gautam Buddha that he was the most godless man, and yet the most godly. Godless in the sense that he never believed in any childish conception of God, he never believed in God as a person. But he was the most godly; he believed in the quality of godliness. Now in that way God will not be a father figure but an experience of love. Now God will be synonymous with love, now God will be synonymous with meditation, awareness. Now God need not be worshipped.

God will not be the deity in the temple any more, God will be your inner consciousness, your inner witnessing, your subjectivity. God will be synonymous with life itself.

Yes, a new God is being born. He has already arrived. It will take time for humanity to understand it.

Nietzsche declared, "God is dead." I declare: God is born again! -- but certainly with a new face. Nietzsche would not be able to recognize it. Only a man like Gautam Buddha will be able to recognize it, or a man like Kabir, or a man like Rinzai. Only those who have loved tremendously and meditated tremendously, only those who have died as egos, will be able to understand this new God -- not as a person but as a quality, not as something in particular which can be pinpointed, but as something diffused, permeating the whole of existence.

God is the green in the trees and the red and the gold. God is the song of the bird. God is the white cloud floating in the sky. God is the starry night. God is when two persons meet and hug each other. God is when two lovers melt and merge into each other. God is in all experiences of beauty, joy, celebration. God is in every orgasmic experience.

Now this is a totally different conception of God: you cannot worship it, you can experience it. You can BE it, but you cannot be the worshipper.

That's why my sannyasins are not worshippers. My sannyasins are experiencers. Their God is not something

outside, their God is something INSIDE. The inside of things is God. The inside of this whole universe is God.

And if you can experience your own interiority, Shivananda, you will know God is not dead. God cannot be dead! Yes, concepts change because man changes, but God is eternity, God is this totality -- how can God be dead? If God is really dead then Nietzsche cannot be alive, then trees cannot bloom any more, then the earth will not be there, then the sun will not shine, then the stars will simply disappear. Then there will be only darkness and emptiness.

But all is as it has always been; God as an old concept is gone. Prepare the way for the new God to arrive! And that's what sannyas is all about.

I am not initiating you into any traditional sannyas, I am not helping you enter into any traditional way. I don't represent the past, I represent the approaching dawn that is very close by. It only needs a little love in your hearts, a little awareness in your beings, and you will become aware.

This time God is going to be born in you. You have to be a little more innocent, more virgin. You have to become the womb.

And as man grows, again and again new concepts will be coming. They simply show the growth of man. God is always there, but we grow, our concepts grow, our vision becomes more clear. Naturally old concepts have to be discarded, thrown to the junkyard.

All the old Gods are dead -- the Hindu Gods and the Mohammedan Gods and the Christian Gods. All the old Gods are dead, and those who are still worshipping in the ancient temples and mosques are simply following a dead routine. God has disappeared from there. Now God needs new people, new mediums to become vehicles for Him. He needs a totally new human being, a new man.

Shivananda, become part of this great experiment! My whole experiment is to bring the new God into the world, to help the beyond penetrate into the earth. What Nietzsche has done has to be undone.

The third question:

Question 3
OSHO, I LAUGHED LIKE EVERYONE ELSE WHEN YOU HUMOROUSLY REPLIED TO THE QUESTION, "IF I SEE YOU WALKING ALONG THE ROAD, SHOULD I KILL YOU?" YET, MY HEART EXPERIENCED FLUTTERS OF FEAR BECAUSE I PERCEIVED FANATICS IN THIS TOWN AND ALL OVER THE WORLD WHO WOULD LIKE TO KILL YOU. I SEE SO MANY ANGRY PEOPLE WHO DRINK THE HEMLOCK OF HATE AND SCOFF AT THE NECTAR OF LOVE. ARE THESE FEELINGS OF FANTASY, REALITY OR PARANOIA?

Deva Curtis,

THE feelings that arose in your heart are not of fantasy, are not of paranoia; they are real. There are fanatics, the world is full of them. They would like to kill me. They killed Jesus, they killed Socrates, they killed Al Hillaj Mansoor. Those same fanatics are still there, but there is no need to be afraid of them because in a way, unknowingly, they help the work.

Just think, if Jesus had not been killed, there would have been no Christianity at all. It is the murderers who helped to create Christianity. In fact, George Gurdjieff used to say humorously that it was Jesus' own plan -- that he managed that they kill him, that he wanted to be killed so that his message could spread. George Gurdjieff used to say that Judas was not the enemy of Jesus; he did not betray, he simply followed his orders. He was the most close disciple, and the most intelligent of all Jesus' disciples, the most educated, the most sophisticated. Gurdjieff used to say that Jesus ORDERED Judas: "If you really love me, and if your surrender is total, then now go and hand me over to the enemies."

This is a beautiful story that Gurdjieff invented; it has some truth in it. The truth is that the people who murdered Jesus played into his hands. He may not have planned it, but it worked out perfectly well in his favor.

Just think: there have been many Sufi mystics of the same caliber as Mansoor, but the world knows only Mansoor's name, nobody else's. Bahauddin is not known so much, Junaid is not known so much, Hassan is not known so

much, Junon is not known so much. And they were of the same height and the same quality, the same enlightenment. But Mansoor has become the greatest name; without Mansoor there would be no Sufism at all. Mansoor has become the central focus for a simple reason: he was killed.

There were many great philosophers of the same calibre as Socrates, but because he was poisoned his name cannot be effaced. As long as humanity exists, as long as there will be any intelligence available anywhere, he will be remembered. Now to look back, retrospectively, it does not seem a bad thing that he was poisoned and killed. Anyway, he was going to die, he was an old man; he could have lived one year, two years, four years at the most.

The court had asked Socrates, "If you leave Athens you can save your life, we can leave you free. But then you will not be entitled to enter back into Athens."

Socrates said, "No, I will not compromise just for life's sake -- because sooner or later I am going to die, so why compromise for something which is going to happen anyway? So how does it make any difference? It is better to be killed than for it to be known later on that I compromised, that I was a coward."

The court proposed another thing; the court said, "Then one thing more -- we would like to help you in every possible way. The pressure is much, so we have to kill you, but we can give you one more option: you can live in Athens if

you insist on living in Athens, but then stop talking about truth."

He said, "That is impossible. That's my business! If I live, I will talk about truth. Life and spreading truth are synonymous to me. What is the point of living if I cannot even talk about truth? If I cannot commune, if I cannot initiate people into the world of truth, what is the point of living at all? You please kill me and be finished with the whole thing! I am not going to compromise."

And he did well. If he had compromised nobody would have ever heard about him. It would have been more calculating to compromise, he could have saved himself, but he was ready to die. He chose death. Why? -- because in a very mysterious way death becomes a seal.

So don't be worried, Curtis, about those fanatics. If they kill me they will be helping my work.

Death is bound to come one day, and the best way is not to die in the bed. Almost ninety-nine percent of people do that. And people like me have been known to find better ways of dying.

A Zen Master was dying. In the last moment he opened his eyes and asked his disciples who had gathered -- thousands of disciples; he was a great Master -- he asked, "Can somebody suggest how to die? Because people just go on dying on the bed. I would like to try something new!"

They were shocked! What kind of question was he asking? Who had ever heard of people enquiring about how to die? People don't even ask how to live! People go on living without asking how to live, and here is a man who cannot even die without asking how to die. He wants to make it a little celebration, something special.

Seeing that the disciples were silent, he himself suggested, "Have you ever heard about anybody dying in a sitting posture, Buddha -- like, in PADMASAN?"

One man said, "Yes, I know of a Zen Master who died sitting in the lotus posture."

Then the old man said, "That won't do! If somebody has already done it, it is not worth repeating. Have you heard of anybody dying standing, like Mahavira?" Mahavira used to stand while meditating. That is unique, very unique; people don't ordinarily meditate standing. That's why you will find thousands of Mahavira's statues in India standing. Of Buddha, you will never find a single statue standing; he is always sitting. The sitting posture has always been used as a meditation posture, but Mahavira was of his own type.

Somebody said, "Yes, we have heard -- we have not seen but we have heard: in ancient days one Zen Master had died standing."

The old man said, "Then that won't do. Find out something soon, because death is coming close by! Have you ever

heard," he asked, "of somebody dying standing on his head?"

Now nobody had ever heard, nobody had ever even dreamt of anybody dying standing on his head, in SHIRSHASAN, the headstand. They said, "No, we have not heard, we have not even thought of it!"

The old man said, "Then that's perfectly right!" He stood on his head.

Now it was a problem to decide whether he had died or not. And the disciples were afraid also to disturb him now that he was standing on his head. They tried..."breathing seems to have almost disappeared. But how can a man go on standing on his head if he is dead? He will fall! What to do now? And there is no precedent!" Otherwise you know what to do when a man dies, what has to be done. But nobody had ever heard of anybody dying standing on his head, so there was no precedent: "Now what has to be done?"

Somebody remembered that he had an old sister who was a nun; she lived in a monastery closeby; she was older than him. So they ran and they asked the old nun. She said. "I am coming. That old fool! Is this the way to die? I will teach him a lesson! And he has always been a nuisance, I tell you." The old woman said, "Even in his life he was doing eccentric things. Now is this a way to die?"

She was not worried about death! She came and shouted at the old man, "This is not right! And doing such a stupid thing, and creating trouble for your disciples! Is it right for you? Get up and be normal!"

So the old man laughed, got up, lay down on the bed and he said, "Okay, then I will die in a normal way" -- and died!

Don't take death too seriously! Nothing is serious, neither life nor death, because nothing matters in the ultimate sense. Life and death are just episodes in the eternity of time, just soap bubbles -- life and death both.

So Curtis, I can understand your apprehension, your love for me, but don't be worried. Neither life nor death have any significance.

The only thing that is significant is: while I am here if I can impart some truth to you, if I can impart something that I have seen, if I can impart my perspective to you, if I can help you to see a little bit of reality through my eyes. If I can help you just a few steps into the unknown, then you will be able to go on your own. Everything else is irrelevant.

And remember, even if I am gone and your love is immense for me, I will go on helping you. Connections are not disconnected by death. Death simply makes no difference for the lovers. Death does not exist for the lovers. If you have trust, if you have love for me, death doesn't mean anything at all; we will go on communing the

same way. Everything will go on being the same, nothing will change at all.

The fourth question:

Question 4
OSHO, ARE THE CHILDREN REALLY AS INTELLIGENT AS YOU SAY THEY ARE, BEFORE THE SOCIETY STARTS DESTROYING THEM?

Dheeren,

A CHILD is pure intelligence because a child is yet uncontaminated. A child is a clean slate, nothing is written on him. A child is absolute emptiness, TABULA RASA.

The society will start writing immediately that you are a Christian, Catholic, Hindu, Mohammedan, Communist. The society will immediately start writing the Bhagavad Gita, Koran, Bible. The society cannot wait. The society is very much afraid that if the child's intelligence is left intact, then he will never be a slave. He will never be a part of any slavery, of any structure of domination. He will neither dominate nor be dominated. He will neither possess nor be possessed. He will be pure rebellion.

His innocence has to be corrupted immediately. His wings have to be cut, he has to be given crutches to lean upon so he never learns how to walk on his own feet, so he remains always in a kind of dependence.

First they are dependent on the parents, and parents enjoy it very much. Whenever children are dependent parents feel very good. Their life starts having some meaning: they know that they are helping some new people to grow up, some beautiful people to grow up. They are not meaningless. They have a vicarious enjoyment of being creative. It is not true creativity, but at least they can say that they are doing something, they are occupied. They can forget their own problems in the anxiety of bringing up the children. And the more the children are dependent on them, the more happy they feel. Although on the surface they go on saying they would like their children to be independent, but that is only on the surface. A really independent child hurts the parents. They don't like the independent child, because the independent child has no need of them.

That is one of the big problems the older generation is facing today: the new children are not dependent on them. And because they are not dependent you cannot force things upon them, you cannot tell them what to do and what not to do. You cannot be their masters. The old generation is suffering very much. For the first time in human history the old generation is feeling utterly empty, meaningless, because their whole occupation is gone, and their joy in that they are bringing up children is shattered. In fact they are feeling guilty, afraid, that they may be destroying the children. Who knows? -- whatsoever they are doing may not be the right thing.

Parents destroy the intelligence of the children because that is the only way to enslave them; then the teachers, school,

college, university.... Nobody wants a rebel, and intelligence is rebellion. Nobody wants to be questioned, nobody wants his authority to be questioned, and intelligence is questioning. Intelligence is pure doubt. Yes, one day out of this pure doubt arises trust, but not AGAINST doubt; it arises only THROUGH doubt.

Trust comes out of doubt as a child comes out of the mother's womb. Doubt is the mother of trust. The real trust comes only through doubt, questioning, enquiring. And the false trust, which we know as belief, comes by killing the doubt, by destroying questioning, by destroying all quest, enquiry, search, by giving people ready-made truths.

The politician is not interested in children's intelligence, because leaders are leaders only because people are stupid. Just think: if this country were intelligent, can you believe a man like Morarji Desai would be the Prime Minister of the country? It would be impossible. It is ridiculous! But people are so stupid; they will find stupid leaders. People are so unintelligent that they will be ready to fall into the trap of anybody who can pretend to lead them.

Children are born with pure intelligence, and we have not yet been able to respect it. Children are the most exploited class in the world, even more than women. After women's lib sooner or later there is going to be children's lib; it is far more necessary. Man has enslaved woman, and man and woman both have enslaved the children. And because the child is very helpless, naturally he HAS to depend on you. It is very mean of you to exploit the child's helplessness.

But hitherto parents have been mean. And I am not saying that deliberately or consciously they have been so, but almost unconsciously, not knowing what they are doing. That's why the world is in such a misery, the world is in such a mess. Unconsciously, unknowingly, every generation goes on destroying the other generation.

This is the first generation which is trying to escape out of the trap and this is the beginning of a totally new history.

But children certainly are utterly intelligent. You just watch children, look into their eyes, look at the way they respond.

Little Papo seemed to be enjoying himself thoroughly at the zoo with his father. As they were looking at the lions, however, a troubled look came over the boy's face and his father asked him what the matter was.
"I was just wondering daddy... in case a lion breaks loose and eats you, what number bus do I take home?"

You just watch children, be more observant.

A teacher asked her class of small children to make a crayon picture of the Old Testament story which they like best.

One small boy depicted a man driving an old car. In the back seat were two passengers, both scantily dressed.
"It is a nice picture," said the teacher. "But what story does it tell?"

The young artist seemed surprised at the question. "Well," he exclaimed. "Doesn't it say in the Bible that God drove Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden?"

No proofs are needed! You just look around -- children are everywhere. Just watch!

Another story I have heard....

In another school the teacher had asked the children the same question: to make some pictures of any story that they like. And a child made an airplane instead of a car. The airplane had four windows. From one window God the Father was looking out, from the other, the Holy Ghost, from the third, Jesus Christ. But the teacher was puzzled, and the teacher asked, "These three I can understand, but who is this fourth?"
And the child said, "Pontius the Pilot!"

But nobody watches children. In fact, everybody thinks they are just a nuisance. They should not be heard, they should only be seen: that has been the dictum down the ages. Who cares what they ask? Who cares what they say? Who listens?

A child came running home panting and breathing hard, and told his mother, "Listen to what happened! A tiger chased me from the school up to the house! Somehow I managed; I had to run so hard!"

The mother said, "Listen, I have told you millions of times not to exaggerate -- MILLIONS OF TIMES not to exaggerate! And here you go again! You found a tiger in the street? Where is the tiger?"

He said, "You can look out of the window, he is standing there."

A small dog!

The mother looked and said, "This is a tiger? You know perfectly well that-this is a dog! You go up and pray to God, and ask for forgiveness!"

So the child went back. After a few minutes he came back. And the mother said, "You prayed? You asked God?"

He said, "Yes! I said,'God forgive me! It was totally wrong of me to think of that little dog as a tiger.' And God said,'Don't be worried! When I first saw him, I also thought that he was a tiger!'"

Children have IMMENSE intelligence but down the ages they have not been allowed.

We have to create a new kind of education in which nothing is imposed on the children, but where they are helped to strengthen their natural, God-given intelligence. They are not to be stuffed with information which is in fact almost useless. Ninety-eight percent of the information that we go on throwing into children's minds is just stupid,

foolish. But because of that load, that baggage, the child will never be free of the burden.

I have been a professor in the university, and I have been a student from primary school to university. My own observation is that ninety-eight percent of the information that we go on throwing on children is utterly futile; it is not needed at all. And not only is it futile, it is harmful, positively harmful.

Children are to be helped to be more inventive, not repetitive which is what our education is based on right now. Our whole educational system is geared to repetition. If a child can repeat better than others, then he is thought to be more intelligent. In fact he only has a better memory, not better intelligence. It almost always happens that the man of a very good memory may not have very good intelligence, and vice versa.

Albert Einstein didn't have a very good memory. Newton, Edison, and so many more great inventors, were really very forgetful of things.

Once it happened that Edison even forgot his own name. Now that should be the last thing; can you imagine forgetting your own name? Even in sleep people don't forget it. If all three thousand of you go to sleep and I suddenly come and call "Rama!" nobody else will listen, but Rama will say, "Don't disturb me, let me sleep! Somehow I have managed a little bit, fighting with the mosquitoes, and now you are here, calling me." Nobody

else will listen, but Rama, even in his sleep, knows that this IS HIS name.

Edison once forgot his own name. He was standing in a queue during the First World War days. He had gone to take his ration, and when his number came and the man on the counter asked, "Who is Thomas Alva Edison?" he looked here and there.

Somebody in the queue said, "If I am not wrong, I think YOU are Thomas Alva Edison."

He said, "You must be right! I was also a little suspicious. The name appears to be familiar, but I was thinking that maybe it is someone's name that I am familiar with, maybe some friend's name."

But our whole education system is geared around memory, not intelligence. Stuff more and more information in the memory, make the man a machine! Our universities are factories where men are reduced to machines. Twenty-five years are wasted -- one third of your life -- in making you a machine! And then it becomes really difficult to unwind you again, to make you a man again.

That is my trouble, my work here. You come as machines, very uptight, full of memories, information, knowledgeability, absolutely in the head, hung-up there. You have lost all contact with your heart and your being. To pull you down towards the heart and then towards the being is really a difficult task.

But in a better world this will not be needed. Education should help people to become more and more intelligent, not more and more repetitive. Right now it is repetition: you cram whatsoever nonsense is told to you, and then you vomit it in the examination papers -- and the better you vomit the more marks you get. There is only one thing that you have to remember: to be exactly repetitive. Don't add anything, don't delete anything, don't be inventive, don't be original.

Originality is killed, repetitiveness praised. And intelligence can grow only in the atmosphere where originality is praised. Efficiency should not be the goal, but originality.

It was a school in the farming district and one morning Johnny came late.
"Johnny, why are you late today?" teacher asked.
"This morning I had to bring the bull out to the cow, teacher."
"That's no excuse," said the lady. "Couldn't your father do that?"
"No teacher," said Johnny. "You got to have the bull."

Meditate over it -- you missed it!

And the last question...

Right, you got it!

The last question:

Question 5
OSHO, WHY SHOULD THERE BE A PRESS OFFICE IN THE ASHRAM?

Puna Deva,

WHY NOT?

You know I am an ancient Jew -- I answer a question with another question; that is an ancient Jewish habit.

Once Adolf Hitler asked a rabbi, "I don't understand. Whenever anything is asked of you Jews, why do you always answer with another question?"

And the rabbi said, "Why not?"

I am a modern man -- in fact a little ahead of my time! I am going to use every possible means to spread the truth: newspapers, video, tape recorders, films, radio, television, satellite transmission, everything.

Buddha had to go to every village. You didn't ask him, "Why do you go on walking from one village to another village?" That is a primitive way of spreading the message. For forty-two years he was travelling and travelling. Now to do that would be foolish.

I can be in my room, and I can fill the whole earth with my message. It would be very unintelligent to go on walking from one village to another village. Buddha was helpless. If I had been there in Buddha's time, I would have done the same. If Buddha were here now he would do the same.

The Press Office creates a question in many people's minds. They think truth need not be declared. It needs to be declared! Jesus said to his disciples, "Go in every direction and shout from the housetops! Only then will people hear, because people are deaf."

I will not tell you to go and shout from every housetop; better means are available. Man has invented great technology. Everybody else is using that technology, but when it is used for truth, questions start arising. If you use it for business, good, if you use it for politics, good, if you use it for evil, perfectly right, but if you use it for God, then questions start arising.

I am going to use all kinds of media.

A new and rather young lady teacher had joined the school and one day she found written on the blackboard the words: "Johnny Jones is a passionate bastard. He can kiss and cuddle better than any boy in the class."
"Who wrote this?" she demanded, and after a while, found that Johnny Jones had written it himself.
"Right," she said, "you can stay behind after class."

When he eventually reappeared, several of the other boys clustered round him and asked, "What happened, Johnny? Did she cane you?"
"Oh no, nothing like that," replied Johnny who was rather a big boy for his age, "but it pays to advertise."

It ALWAYS pays to advertise.

And this is not a new thing either....

Krishna Prem had been with Moses too! He is an ancient pilgrim, he is not only with me for the first time.
Moses, standing on the shores of the Red Sea with his press agent, announces, "I am now going to raise my hand and the sea will part so my people can walk across safely. Then I will lower my hand and the sea will come together again."
Elated, Krishna Prem, his press agent, screamed, "Baby, you pull that one off and I'll get you two full pages in the Old Testament!"

The Guest

Chapter #10
Chapter title: Why not wake up this morning?
5 May 1979 am in Buddha Hall

MY INSIDE, LISTEN TO ME, THE GREATEST SPIRIT, THE TEACHER, IS NEAR,
WAKE UP, WAKE UP!
RUN TO HIS FEET --

HE IS STANDING CLOSE TO YOUR HEAD RIGHT NOW.

YOU HAVE SLEPT FOR MILLIONS AND MILLIONS OF YEARS.
WHY NOT WAKE UP THIS MORNING?

THERE IS A FLAG NO ONE SEES BLOWING IN THE SKY-TEMPLE
A BLUE CLOTH HAS BEEN STRETCHED UP,
IT.IS DECORATED WITH THE MOON AND MANY JEWELS.
THE SUN AND THE MOON CAN BE SEEN IN THAT PLACE;
WHEN LOOKING AT THAT, BRING YOUR MIND DOWN TO SILENCE.

I WILL TELL YOU THE TRUTH:
THE MAN WHO HAS DRUNK FROM THAT LIQUID WANDERS AROUND LIKE SOMEONE INSANE.

AN OLD poem of J. Krishnamurti:

I have no name,
I am as the fresh breeze of the mountains.
I have no shelter;
I am as the wandering waters.
I have no sanctuary, like the dark gods;
Nor am I in the shadow of deep temples.
I have no sacred books;
Nor am I well-seasoned in tradition.

I am not in the incense
Mounting on the high altars,
Nor in the pomp of ceremonies.
I am neither in the graven image,
Nor in the rich chant of a melodious voice.
I am not bound by theories,
Nor corrupted by beliefs.
I am not held in the bondage of religions,
Nor in the pious agony of their priests.
I am not entrapped by philosophies,
Nor held in the power of their sects.
I am neither low nor high,
I am the worshipper and the worshipped.
I am free.
My song is the song of the river
Calling for the open seas,
Wandering, wandering,
I am Life.
I have no name,
I am as the fresh breeze of the mountains.

Truth has no name, and truth is not confined in any system of thought. Truth is not a theory, a theology, a philosophy. Truth is the experience of that which is. Truth is not intellectual or emotional; truth is existential.

These are the three layers of human consciousness. The first is the intellectual: it theorizes, it spins and weaves beautiful words, but with no meaning at all. It is a very cunning part, very deceptive. It can make you believe in words as if they have some substance. It talks about God,

truth, freedom, love, meditation, but it only talks; it is just words and words and words. Those words are empty shells; if you look deep down into them they are hollow.

This part goes on decorating; it uses big jargon to hide its inner emptiness. And our whole education -- social, religious, cultural -- consists only of words. It only cultivates the intellectual part of our being, which is the most superficial. Through the intellect you cannot reach to the divine, through the, intellect you will be lost in the jungle of words. That's how millions of people are lost. Between you and God the greatest barrier is your so-called intellect. Remember, your intellect is not intelligence. Intelligence is a totally different matter.

Intellect is a pseudo coin; it pretends to be intelligence but it is not. And because you don't know the real you are easily deceived by the unreal, by the pseudo. Beware of the intellectual layer of your being, which is the most developed; that is the danger. The most superficial is the most cultivated. The most superficial is the most nourished. From the school to the university, the superficial is being nourished, strengthened. And slowly, slowly you get caught up in it, you become entrapped. Then people think about love; they don't feel, they only think.

Krishnamurti relates an incident which happened when he was travelling in a car. The car accidentally knocked down a poor animal, but two persons inside the car did not notice what had happened because they were engrossed in a conversation on how to be aware!

This is the situation of the majority of humanity.

God is present everywhere. Wherever you turn, He is Open your eyes, He is, close your eyes and He is -- because nothing else exists. God means isness.

Anything that participates in existence is divine. But you don't see; you go on talking about God, discussing. You have become so clever in hair-splitting, in logic-chopping. You have become so full of rubbish, which you call knowledge, because you can repeat the Vedas, the Koran, the Bible, like parrots.

You have to be aware of this dangerous layer that surrounds you like a hard shell.

Krishnamurti is right when he says, "I have no name.... "

The word 'God' is not God, and the word 'love' is not love either. If you become too much engrossed in the word 'god' you will go on missing God forever. If you become too much intrigued by the word 'love' then you can go to the library, you can consult all the books -- and there are millions written about love by people who don't know anything about love -- you can collect great information about love, but to know about love is not to know love. Knowing love is a totally different dimension.

Knowledge about love is very simple; you can become a walking encyclopaedia. You can know all the theories of

love without ever testing any theory in your experience, without ever living a single moment of love, without any taste of what love is.

"I am as the fresh breeze of the mountains..."

God is neither old nor new, or, God is the most ancient, and as fresh as the dewdrops in the early morning sun -- because only God is. God is non-temporal; it does not belong to the dimension of time. Hence you cannot call it old or new -- it is fresh, virgin. You need not go into the scriptures. You certainly have to go into the breeze that is passing through the pine trees, you certainly have to go into the fragrance that is being released by the flowers. Now...! You have to go into THIS moment with your total being, you have to relax herenow, and all the scriptures will be revealed to you. The Vedas and the Gitas and the Korans will be sung in your deepest core of being. Then you will know that all the scriptures are true; but first your own inner scripture has to be known, understood.

"I have no shelter,
I am as the wandering waters."

God is life -- hence God is movement, hence God is constant change; that is the paradox of existence. It is something that never changes and yet constantly changes. At the innermost core everything remains the same, but on the circumference nothing is ever the same. God is change and no-change. God is eternity and flux.

If you look at the world, you look at the manifest God, which is constant change -- it is like a river moving and moving -- but if you look at the unmanifest, then God is always the same. God is both. This world is not separate from God. You need not go in search of Him anywhere else; He is hidden here, He is playing hide-and-seek here.

"I have no sanctuary
Like the dark gods;
Nor am I in the shadow of deep temples.
I have no sacred books;
Nor am I well-seasoned in tradition."

Religion has nothing to do with tradition or sacred books, religion has something to do with existential experience. Your first layer is intellectual -- that has nothing to do with religion. You have to bypass it, you have to take a jump out of it.

Your second layer is emotional, the layer of feeling, where intuitions arise, visions are revealed, dreams of the unknown descend; where poetry is born, and the dance, and the song. It is closer to God. The intellectual layer is perfectly good for the mundane world, for the marketplace. It is calculation, mathematics; it can become science, technology. It has its uses -- use it, but don't be used by it. The second layer is closer to God; it is the layer of feeling.

The first layer is masculine, the second layer is feminine. The first layer is aggressive, the second layer is receptive. The first layer believes in action, the second layer is a

tremendous passivity. It is like a womb. It is an open door, it is a deep welcome. The first goes in search for truth in a very aggressive way; it thinks in terms of conquering.

Even a man like Bertrand Russell writes a book, CONQUEST OF NATURE. Bertrand Russell remained confined to the first layer. He had the intrinsic capacity to go far deeper into reality, but he remained concerned with words, logic, mathematics. He thought in terms of conquering nature: how the part could conquer the whole, how the drop could conquer the ocean, how the leaf could conquer the tree. It is utter nonsense! The very idea of conquest is ugly, but that's how the male part of your being thinks. It is aggressive, it is violent, it is destructive, it is coercive, it is possessive, it is imperialistic.

The second layer is intuitive: that of feeling, that of dreaming. The second layer is poetic, aesthetic, of deep sensitivity. It is totally different, its approach is different -- it does not analyze. The first part believes in analysis, the second part synthesizes.

Sigmund Freud remained with the first part, Assagioli moved to the second. Hence Sigmund Freud could create psychoanalysis, Assagioli could introduce a totally new concept, of psychosynthesis. But Sigmund Freud will look more scientific, obviously, more logical, rational. Assagioli will look like a visionary, a poet, but Assagioli goes deeper.

Poetry always goes deeper than prose. Singing always goes deeper than syllogism.

Become aware of the second layer in you, help it to revive. The society has repressed it, the society does not want it to function. The society is afraid of the second layer because the second layer is irrational, uncontrollable, unpredictable, because the second layer cannot be reduced to mechanical manipulations. The first layer is easily available for the politician, for the priest to dominate. It is easily available for the educators, the pedagogues to condition, to hypnotize. The second is not available. The second is so deep that the hands of the priest and the politicians and the pedagogues cannot reach to it.

You will have to help your second layer to become more prominent. The emphasis has to shift from the first to the second. And the second is not the last, the second is only the door. The third is the last.

The third layer is that of being.

The first is intellectual, the second is emotional, the third is existential. With the first you think, with the second you feel, with the third YOU ARE. With the third, thinking disappears, feeling disappears. Only a kind of witnessing remains, a pure consciousness, an awareness. That's what meditation is all about.

All sacred scriptures are in the head, and all your rituals, religions, are in the head. Your rituals, your religions, your theologies, don't even reach to the second. If you want to reach to the second you will have to learn from the painters

and the poets and the singers, musicians, dancers. You will have to go into the world of art. But if you want to go to the third -- and without going to the third you will never know what God is -- you will have to go into a deep communion with a Master.

Only a mystic can make you attuned with your own innermost being. Only one who is in at-onement with his own being can infect you. Religion is something like a contagious disease. It is not disease, it is health, ultimate health, but health can become as contagious as any illness can ever become.

Religion has to be learned only in the vicinity of a Master. It cannot be learned from traditions, from scriptures. You will need somebody alive so that you can be in love, somebody alive who can by his presence trigger a process in your being. It cannot be taught, it can only be caught.

"I am not in the incense
Mounting on high altars,
Nor in the pomp of ceremonies.
I am neither in the graven image,
Nor in the rich chant of a melodious voice.
I am not bound by theories,
Nor corrupted by beliefs.
I am not held in the bondage of religions,
Nor in the pious agony of their priests.
I am not entrapped by philosophies,
Nor held in the power of their sects.
I am neither low nor high,

I am the worshipper and the worshipped."

That statement is of tremendous value: I am the worshipper and the worshipped. You are the seeker and the sought, you are the devotee and the deity, you are the temple and the Master of the temple. You need not go anywhere. If you need go anywhere it is only inwards, into your own interiority.

"I am neither low nor high,
I am the worshipper and the worshipped.
I am free.
My song is the song of the river
Calling for the open seas,
Wandering, wandering,
I am Life."

These words as an introduction will help you to understand Kabir.

Kabir says:

MY INSIDE, LISTEN TO ME, THE GREATEST SPIRIT,
THE TEACHER, IS NEAR,
WAKE UP, WAKE UP!

The original is:

PARMATMA GURU NIKAT VIRAJE,
JAG JAG MAN MERE....

Your real Master, your God, is very close by. You need not go to Kaaba or to Kashi in search of him. He is so close by that even to say that he is close by is not right, because closeness also shows a little distance. He is exactly you! God asleep -- that's what you are. If you awake you need not go anywhere else.

The difference between you and a Buddha is not the difference of any physical distance, is not the difference of any quantitative changes. The distance is only of one thing, otherwise you are exactly the same: you are asleep, he is awake. Open your eyes and you are a Buddha, be awake and you are a Buddha.

PARAMATMA GURU NIKAT VIRAJE...

For whom are you searching? He is just within you, and He is the real Master. The outer Master only functions as a mirror; he simply shows you who you are. He does not impose anything upon you, he only reflects.

The pseudo Master imposes things upon you. He teaches you this and that, he conditions you, makes you a Hindu or a Mohammedan or a Christian, creates great greed in you for the other world, for heavenly pleasures, makes you afraid of hell. He is using a very psychological strategy.

That's what the most materialistic school of psychologists goes on teaching, the school of the behaviorists -- Watson, Skinner, Pavlov. Their whole teaching is that man can be conditioned only by two things, and those two things are

fear of punishment and greed for reward -- punishment and reward. That's how they go on working on rats, and when they succeed in conditioning a rat they think the same can be done with man. They don't give you more respect than they give to the rats. And in a way they are right; about ninety-nine percent of you they are right. They are not right only when a person is awake; they are not right about a Buddha. Otherwise humanity works almost like rats, there is not much difference. The rats function through punishment and reward, and that's how man functions.

The false Master simply makes you afraid of hell, greedy for heaven, and through this strategy he exploits you. The real Master does not make you afraid and does not make you greedy either. Then what is the function of a real Master?

The function of the real Master is to be a pure mirror so you can see your own face, so that you can recognize your own face. Once you have seen your own heart throbbing in the mirror, your own being reflected, you will become aware of the inner Master.

The function of the outer Master is to make you aware of the inner Master. Once that is done then the outer mirror is no longer needed. You may remain grateful to it because it helped you, you may remain thankful to it for ever and ever, but it is no longer needed. The real Master works hard so that he is no longer needed. His success will simply make him unneeded.

The false Master works in such a way that he is always needed, that without him you cannot move a single inch. He makes you dependent on him. He does not give you awareness, eyes to see, to function; he gives you ready-made formulas. And of course life goes on changing, and those formulas become out-of-date every day.

I have heard...

A certain rich man was suspicious that his secretary was fooling around. He asked her but she was very adamant, stubborn. Not only that, she became very angry and she said, "I am a virgin!"

The boss said, "Then you produce a certificate from a medical man."

She managed somehow -- she bribed the doctor, got a certificate that she was a virgin, and brought the certificate to the boss. He looked at the certificate, and then looked at the secretary and said, "But it is dated yesterday!"

Twenty-four hours have passed... who knows? One can lose one's virginity within seconds.

And that's how it happens in your life: whenever fixed, ready-made answers are given to you, they are dated, they are always lagging behind. If you ask me how to behave in a certain situation and I give you a particular answer, you will always be in trouble and dependent on me, because the same situation is never going to happen again -- never

exactly the same -- and the answer is never going to fit any particular situation. You will always be a misfit. Your whole life will become a great misery of trying to fix square pegs into round holes. Your whole life will be a long, long story of frustration, and you will be worried about why it is not working.

You can see Hindus, Mohammedans, Christians, Jains, Buddhists -- nothing seems to be working. Their lives are a proof! What more proof is needed? What Mahavir said is now twenty-five centuries old; how can it fit in this world? But people are still trying, they don't take any note that twenty-five centuries have passed.

Mahavir had said not to eat in the night. He was not aware that one day there would be electricity. He had said it so that insects, mosquitoes and anything else, are not eaten. People used to eat in the dark; they still do in India. In villages, they eat in the dark. The people are so poor that they cannot even afford a kerosene lamp. Mahavir was not aware; how could he have been? But still the Jain goes on insisting that he cannot eat in the night. Now, there is no problem at all.

Once I was staying at the home of a very religious Jain, a very rich man and a very beautiful man too, in Calcutta. He has an absolutely centrally air-conditioned palace, soundproofed, but he will not eat in the night. I said, "Why? No mosquito can enter, no insects can enter. Why not?" Just because Mahavir had said... When people become too much obsessed with principles, this happens.

The real Master never gives you principles, he gives you only insights. He gives you understanding, not commandments. He simply makes you more aware so whatsoever the situation is you can always respond to the situation on your own. You need not follow a certain fixed principle. He makes you more fluid, more flexible, because life goes on changing and if you are very very inflexible you will suffer.

PARMATMA GURU NIKAT VIRAJE,
JAG JAG MAN MERE....

Kabir says: The only thing worth doing is to wake up my mind. The God, the REAL guru, is inside.

The word 'guru' is untranslatable. Neither does the word 'teacher' nor the word 'Master' have that beauty. In fact, the phenomenon of the guru is so deeply Indian that no other language of any country is capable of translating it. It is something intrinsically Eastern. The word 'guru' is made of two words, 'gu' and 'ru'. 'Gu' means darkness, 'ru' means one who dispels it. Guru literally means 'the light'. And you have the light within you, yes! If you come across a Buddha or a Jesus or a Krishna or a Mahavir, it will be of tremendous help to you in finding your inner guru, because seeing Buddha, suddenly a great enthusiasm and hope will arise in you: "If it can happen to Buddha" -- who is just like you, the same body, the same blood, bone, marrow -- "if it can happen to this man, why not to me?" The hope is the

beginning. Meeting with the Master on the outside is the beginning of a great hope, a great aspiration.

And this can happen only if you meet a living Master. It cannot happen just by reading about Buddha, because who knows whether this man was really historical or not? And the way the story is being; told is such that nobody can believe that he was historical.

The followers always go on creating more and more unnecessary stories about their Masters. Maybe they do it with good intentions, but even good intentions coming out of unconscious people are of no use; they are harmful. Maybe they want to impress people so people can become more attracted, but what really happens is just the opposite.

Now the Buddhist story is that when Buddha was born, the mother was standing, was walking in a garden. Buddha was born while the mother was walking. And not only that, the first thing that he did was that he himself walked seven steps. The first thing the child did -- he walked seven steps! Not only that, the second thing that he did after the seventh step was that he declared, looking at the sky, "I am the awakened one, I am the great Buddha! Nobody has ever been like me and nobody will ever be like me."

Now these stupid stories naturally make intelligent people suspicious. And one thing is absolutely certain: that Buddha is not like us, so maybe, perhaps, he became enlightened, but he gives no hope to us. Jesus is born of a virgin mother -- nonsense, patent nonsense! But how can

you become enlightened? You are not born of a virgin mother. Krishna is born as God, he is an incarnation of God; YOU are not an incarnation of God.

Rather than these stories creating a hope in you, they create a kind of hopelessness.

You need living Masters who have not yet become myths. You need living Masters who are just like you and yet different, just like you but with something plus, something mysterious surrounding them in every other way the same as you, but only in one respect different: they have a certain understanding which is missing in you, they have a certain luminosity which is missing in you, they have a certain grace, a certain climate which is missing with you. But in every other way they are exactly like you: they fall ill, they need food, they become thirsty, they are tired, they have to go to sleep; they are just exactly like you in every possible way. Then great hope arises: maybe the 'one plus' thing that has happened to them is also latent in you and can become manifest.

The outer Master is simply a mirror so that you can see your face, so that you can see that you also have-the same face, the same possibility, the same potential. And once this has settled in your heart, that "I have also the same potential, the same seed", a great journey has started. You will never be the same again. Looking into the eyes of a living Master, something synchronizes in you, something is triggered in your being, a process has already started.

MY INSIDE, LISTEN TO ME, THE GREATEST SPIRIT, THE TEACHER, IS NEAR,
WAKE UP, WAKE UP!

But we have been asleep so long, for millions of years, for millions of lives, that sleep has become a deep-rooted habit, almost our nature. So it is possible that you may even be with a living Master and miss, because the mind goes on creating new ways to go on sleeping, new rationalizations. The mind will say, "Now I have found the guru, I have found the Master. Now what more is needed? It is enough. Now by his blessings I will become enlightened one day."

Now this is a trick of the mind. Blessings are of immense help, but only blessings will not make you enlightened. Otherwise one Master would make the whole earth enlightened, because his heart is not miserly about blessings. He can bless the whole world -- he blesses the whole world -- but just his blessings won't do.

But the mind can give you these ideas -- that there is no need for you to wake up. The mind always thinks in its own old patterns.

A teacher was checking her children's knowledge of proverbs.

"Cleanliness is next to what?" she asked. "Impossible!" a small boy replied with great feeling.

Now the boy knows that the most difficult thing is cleanliness, just next to impossible. His response comes out of his experience.

When you are with a living Master your responses are bound to come from your own experience. There is every possibility you may distort. The Master may mirror your real face, but you may close your eyes, you may start dreaming about your face, you may project something else.

"What did you learn in school today?" a mother asked her young son.

He replied, "We learned that one and one, the son of a bitch makes two. Two and two, the son of a bitch makes four. Four and four, the son of a bitch makes eight."

The mother was shocked. She went to school and complained to the teacher, "How could you teach your class such a terrible thing?"

"Madam," said the teacher, "I taught them 'one and one, the sum of which makes two'."

The real Master can also be misunderstood, misinterpreted. He may reflect your face, but you may go on seeing something else. You have been asleep so long that you will need to be shocked again and again.

Hence a constant companionship with the Master is needed; it can't be a hit-and-run affair. A few people come here and

they say, "We have come here for three days. Is something possible?" They don't see the absurdity of it. They don't see how long they have been asleep; they want to be awakened within three days. In fact, by the way they say that they are here for three days, it seems as if they are obliging me by being here for three days. Even if in three lives you become awakened, that would be too early.

And yes, still I say it can happen in a single moment -- it depends on you.

The story is that two soldiers, utterly drunk, met in a training camp. "Where you from?" inquired one.

"Mobile, Alabama!" replied the second.

"Mobile?" exclaimed the first. "Why, I am from Mobile!"

"What street do you live on in Mobile?" asked the second.

"Main Street and Elm Avenue," replied the first.

"That's where I live too!" said the second southern lad. "I live at 1195 Main Street."

"Me too. Say, are you married?" asked the first soldier.

"Sure am," replied the other. "Married a gal whose name was Daisy MacLee."

"So did I!" ejaculated the first soldier. Then he paused for a moment. "Hey," he drawled, "you reckon that we could be husbands-in-law?"

The fact is that there were not two soldiers, only one was standing before a mirror. But when you are utterly drunk everything is possible. When you are utterly drunk, it takes constant hammering from the Master. And the truth is not far away...

MY INSIDE, LISTEN TO ME, THE GREATEST SPIRIT, THE TEACHER, IS NEAR,
WAKE UP, WAKE UP!

RUN TO HIS FEET --
HE IS STANDING CLOSE TO YOUR HEAD RIGHT NOW.

The original is:

DHAYA KE PITAM CHARANAN LAGE, SAI KHADA SIR TERE....

The original has some beauty in it:

DHAYA KE PITAM CHARANAN LAGE...

Don't waste time, not even a single moment. Run, fall at the feet of the beloved. He has been standing there for so long, waiting and waiting for you. For lives and lives God has been waiting for you; His patience is infinite. There are

only two things that are infinite: God's patience and man's stupidity!

If you are fortunate enough to be in the presence of a Master, look into his eyes and RUSH inwards. Don't waste time!

DHAYA KE PITAM CHARANAN LAGE...

The beloved is within you, the worshipper is the worshipped. The beloved is within you; you just need to go to the very core of your being. Descend from the head to the heart, and from the heart to the being. Move from thinking to feeling and from feeling to being. Just be! and that is the meeting with the beloved. And the meeting has already been happening, you are just not aware, you are just unconscious.

RUN TO HIS FEET --
HE IS STANDING CLOSE TO YOUR HEAD RIGHT NOW.

And without finding Him you will remain dissatisfied, discontented. Whatsoever you do, everything is doomed to fail. Except God, nothing succeeds. They say, "Nothing succeeds like success," and I say to you: Nothing fails like success. Once you succeed in your so-called worldly matters -- money, power, prestige, respectability -- then you will know that all has failed. The money is there and so is your inner poverty; it has not changed even an iota. In fact because of the richness now you will become more and

more aware of your inner poverty; in contrast, you will be able to see it more.

That's why poor people look a little more satisfied than the rich -- not that the poor people are satisfied, not that poverty has something spiritual about it, not that poverty has to be preached. Enough of all those stupid things that have been told to people down the ages! But the poor person looks a little satisfied for a totally different reason. The reason is, he has nothing to compare himself with, he has no contrast. He is a white line drawn on a white board. The rich man is a white line drawn on a blackboard... the contrast.

The richer a country gets, the more frustrated it becomes. Indians brag very much; they think their satisfaction, their so-called contentment, has something to do with spirituality. It has nothing to do with spirituality at all! It is a simple psychological fact: you are so poor you cannot afford even to be discontented. Only rich people can afford to be discontented. Only rich people really become aware of discontentment.

But one thing is certain: whatsoever you attain -- you can become rich, you can become respectable, you can become virtuous, you can become a so-called saint, a mahatma, worshipped by thousands of people -- but if you have not attained the inner beloved you will remain poor, you will remain in misery deep down, you will remain in darkness.

No one is ever satisfied. Poor men wish they were rich, rich men wish they were handsome, bachelors wish they were married, and married men wish they were dead, and so on and so forth, it goes and it goes....

Have you ever come across a person who is really contented? If you come across a person who is really contented, then be with him, then imbibe as much of the vibes of his being as possible, because that is the only way to find your inner beloved. The person who is contented must have found him.

Buddhas are surrounded by tremendous contentment, a great silence, almost tangible; you can.touch it, you can feel its texture. Buddhas are surrounded by great grace; if you are not closed you will be overwhelmed by it. Buddhas are just pure love; if your hearts are open and beating, if you are still alive, then IMMEDIATELY a great dance will arise in your being. You will start celebrating IMMEDIATELY, because seeing the Buddha you will become immediately aware of the inner Buddha that has been asleep so long. But so what? Even if you have been asleep for millions of lives it makes no difference, you can wake up right now, this very moment.

YOU HAVE SLEPT FOR MILLIONS AND MILLIONS OF YEARS

-- says Kabir --

WHY NOT WAKE UP THIS MORNING?

JUGAN JUGAN TOHI SOBAT BITA
AJAHU NA JAG SABERE?...

... Don't be foolish any more! The time has come, THIS IS the time!

Buddhas always speak of this moment.

AJAHU NA JAG SABERE?...

... The morning has come. THIS is the morning for which you have been waiting for so long, THIS is the moment! Buddhas know only one time, that is now, and only one place, that is here. Their time is always now and their space is always here. They don't talk about the yesterdays and they don't talk about the tomorrows.

AJAHU NA JAG SABERE?...

... The morning has come, and you are still asleep? Are you not going to wake up? Are you not going to wake up and see the sun rising? You have missed so long, so long, but forget all about it; you can still wake up, it is still early. Whenever you wake up, it is early....

But the weight of the old habits is not easy to throw away. You listen, you may even feel a little understanding arising, but still your investment is in the sleep. You have been dreaming such beautiful dreams in your sleep, and now suddenly Kabir comes, and he says, "Wake up!" You would like to awake, but not right now -- and the insistence

of the Masters is RIGHT NOW. They don't want to wait, they start shaking you. You feel angry, naturally. All the great Buddhas of the world have created great anger in people against them for a simple reason: they disturb your sleep, and who wants to be disturbed? and particularly in the early morning when it is cold, and you would like to have a turnover and pull the blanket and tuck yourself in again just a little more, and you are having such a beautiful dream. Particularly in the early morning, people have beautiful dreams. You have become the president of America or something, and here comes Kabir and says, "Wake up!"

AJAHU NA JAG SABERE?...

... The morning has come. And what are you doing here? You would like to tell him, "Shut up! Is this the moment to wake me up? It has been a hard, hard struggle for me to become the president of America. Somehow I have managed, now here you come. Where had you been before?" The weight of the dreams, of the sleep, of all the investments is great.

A man arrived at the Pearly Gates, and on being asked his name replied, "Charlie Graball."

"I don't think we have any notice of your coming," he was informed. "What was your occupation in earthly life?"

"Scrap metal merchant," the visitor said.

"Oh," said the angel, "I will go and enquire."

When he returned Charlie Graball had disappeared. So had the Pearly Gates.

Old habits...! A scrap metal merchant... even at the gate of heaven! Who cares about heaven? When you can escape with the gate, who bothers about heaven?

And this is the reason why people go on finding new excuses to go on sleeping. You cannot believe how much you have invested in your sleep. And the most cunning thing that the mind can do is to make you convinced that you are not asleep at all, that you are already awake: "Kabir must be talking to somebody else."

That's what happens when I am talking here -- you always think that I must be talking about other people. I am talking about you! Sometimes it happens that when I go on Looking for two, three seconds at one person, he starts looking here and there: I must be looking at somebody else -- because nobody can think that he is Charlie Graball, no. It is always somebody else. This is one of the MOST powerful strategies of the mind to keep you asleep.

Gurdjieff used to tell a story again and again:

There was once a magician who had many sheep. Every day one fat sheep was to be killed for him, and of course -- sheep are not so foolish as man! -- they became alert. One thing was certain, that everybody was to be killed one day

or other. They started escaping into the hills, into the forest. The magician was at a loss as to what to do; the sheep were becoming aware about their destiny.

Then he invented a strategy: he gathered all the sheep, hypnotized them, and told every sheep different things. For example, he told a few, "You are exceptional, you are not ordinary. What happens to others is never going to happen to you." Since that day those sheep stopped escaping. You could have killed another sheep in front of them, but they were not afraid any more because they knew they were exceptional.

Just watch your mind deep down -- you all have that idea, that "I am exceptional."

One Arabian proverb says that when God creates a man and sends him into the world, before He drops him, He always whispers one thing in his ear: "You are unique, exceptional." He goes on playing that joke, and every person carries that deep down in his heart, that "I am exceptional." That's why you go on seeing people dying, but you never think, "I am going to die." It is always somebody else who dies, it is never I -- "I am exceptional."

... To a few other sheep that he hypnotized, he told, "You are lions, you are not sheep at all." And since that day they stopped escaping; they started roaring like lions.

To a few other sheep he told, "You are not sheep, you are men. You are here to keep all the other sheep imprisoned.

You are to help me, you are my friends." Since that day those sheep became detectives against their own friends. They would inform the magician that a certain sheep was trying to escape.

To a few others he even told, "You are magicians -- not only men but magicians. You can do miracles! You are immortal!"

Once he had done these strategies no sheep were escaping, and every day they were butchered.

And every day YOU are butchered. Every day somebody dies, somebody is killed, somebody is murdered, somebody commits suicide. Every day it is going on, but somehow, deep down, you go on believing you are exceptional. When somebody goes mad you think, "Poor fellow." You don't think that you can also go mad... because the difference between you and mad people is not much; it is very nominal, very minimal, only of degrees. Maybe you are at ninety-nine degrees and he is at a hundred and one; just one degree more and you cross the boundary, and you are mad. Just one day before that other person was also as normal as you are -- now he is mad. Today you are normal, tomorrow you can be mad. But in our deep sleep we have auto-hypnotized ourselves. This auto-hypnosis is what is meant by sleep, metaphysical sleep.

JUGAN JUGAN TOHI SOBAT BITA,
AJAHU NA JAG SABERE?...

... How long have you remained auto-hypnotized, in a deep metaphysical slumber? And the dawn has come. Now wake up! It is time! Now don't postpone any more, you have postponed enough.

WHY NOT WAKE UP THIS MORNING?

THERE IS A FLAG NO ONE SEES BLOWING IN THE 'GAGAN,'
IN THE SKY-TEMPLE.
A BLUE CLOTH HAS BEEN STRETCHED UP,
IT IS DECORATED WITH THE MOON AND MANY JEWELS.

GAGAN MATH GAIB NISAN URE
CHANDRAHAR CHANDVA JAHAN TANGE,
MUKATA-MANIK MARHE...

... If you wake up, you will be surprised that you are living in such a tremendously beautiful world. But how can you know the beauty of it if you are asleep? You are not aware of the splendor that is showering all around. You are not aware of the glories of life, of the benediction that life is. How can you be aware of it? You are so deeply asleep, you are dreaming your private dreams, utterly unaware that the whole existence is a constant celebration.

THERE IS A FLAG NO ONE SEES BLOWING IN THE SKY-TEMPLE.
A BLUE CLOTH HAS BEEN STRETCHED UP,

IT IS DECORATED WITH THE MOON AND MANY JEWELS.

It is a very mysterious existence. You cannot conceive more mystery, more miracles, more splendor, more beauty. It is the ultimate in all that one can imagine, but we are missing it. It is like a man who is asleep in the garden and cannot see the rose blooming and cannot hear the distant call of a lonely bird, and cannot see a bird on the wing, cannot see the sun and the moon and the stars. He is fast asleep. The fragrance from the roses comes to his nostrils but he cannot be aware of it; the fragrance of the wet earth, but he is unaware; the dewdrops shining like pearls in the morning sun, but he is unaware of it, he is fast asleep. This is our situation.

WHY NOT WAKE UP THIS MORNING?

AJAHU NA JAG SABERE?...

... The morning is knocking on the door, the sun is rising, the call has come, and you go on sleeping?

This is the Master's work: to go on hammering his disciples, to go on hammering; in some moment maybe... the disciple will wake up. There are moments when you are more vulnerable; there are moments when you are very hard, impossible to penetrate. There are moments when you are more flexible, more feminine. Hence the Master goes on hammering every day. He goes on, without taking any note of whether you listen or not. He knows one thing: that

ultimately everybody has to listen. Finally, everybody HAS to listen.

THE SUN AND THE MOON CAN BE SEEN IN THAT PLACE;
WHEN LOOKING AT THAT, BRING YOUR MIND DOWN TO SILENCE.

MAHIMA TASU DEKH MAN THIR KAR, RAVI-SASI JOT JARE.

Says Kabir: If you can do only one thing, if you can attain to silence, you will know the splendor of God.

MAHIMA TASU DEKH...

You can see that splendor, you can see that infinite beauty. That joy is yours. Just do one thing: become silent. It is another way of saying wake up -- because the mind remains asleep because of so many thoughts. Sleep simply means a continuous thought process inside you, a procession of thoughts, a continuous traffic. And it is always rush hour there: day in, day out, thousands of thoughts and desires and imaginations and projections and memories go on rushing in a crowd. You are always surrounded by a big crowd; this is your sleep.

This inner talk has to stop. You can call it being awake, you can call it. being silent -- it is the same thing. To be silent is the way to be awake, or, to be awake is the way to be silent; both methods have been used.

Buddha uses the method of being silent so that you can be aware. Krishnamurti uses the method of being aware so that you can be silent. They both are two aspects of the same coin; if you have one you will have the other automatically.

MAHIMA TASU DEKH MAN THIR KAR..

... Stop this constant traffic of the mind, stop this thought process. Then you can see the infinite beauty.

... RAVI-SASI JOT JARE...

... You will see the sun and the moon and the stars inside yourself The whole sky is yours. Even the sky is not the limit -- you are all. If you are ready to die as a drop you will become the ocean.

I WILL TELL YOU THE TRUTH:
THE MAN WHO HAS DRUNK FROM THAT LIQUID WANDERS AROUND LIKE SOMEONE INSANE.

This world is almost a madhouse. To be sane here will look like becoming insane.

H.G. Wells has written a story:

There is a valley somewhere in Mexico where a small tribe lives, hidden deep in the mountains. They are all blind. A fly is found in that valley; once a person is bitten by that fly he becomes blind. Every child is born with eyes, but it is

difficult to avoid that fly. It is very common, every house is full of those flies. So one day, two days, three days, at the most a week or two weeks; if a child is very fortunate then one month, two months, three months, but sooner or later he is going to be bitten by the fly and he will become blind. By the time he becomes a little conscious he finds himself blind. So the whole community is blind.

A man comes from another community to visit, to see. He had heard rumors. He could not believe that the whole community was blind. He saw, but he could not believe his eyes. He fell in love with a blind girl of that community, but the community wouldn't allow them to be married because it had never happened, there was no precedent. And they could not believe that he had eyes, and of course they were in the majority. They thought he was mad. Nobody had ever heard about eyes -- what was he talking about? Rainbows and colors and the sun and moon... he must be mad, utterly mad! Who had ever heard about these things?

But he was in such love, and the girl was in such love, that finally the community conceded, but with a condition. They said, "We have never married our girls to another community, never before. This is happening for the first time. We will allow you to marry our girl, but with a condition: we will have to destroy your so-called eyes. We cannot allow our girl to be married to a madman. If you are ready to be blind, as you think we are, then only can you marry the girl."

Their logic was right -- if they had never heard of anybody having eyes, how could they believe?

Kahlil Gibran also writes a similar story:

A magician came into the town, chanted a few mantras, threw something into the well of the town, and said, "Whosoever will drink the water of this well will go mad."

Now there were only two wells in the town: one was for the common people and one was inside the palace for the king and the queen and his ministers. Of course by the evening the whole town became mad; they had to drink the water. The king was very happy, the queen was very happy, that they had a special well. Otherwise they would also have gone mad.

But by the evening their happiness started disappearing. In fact they became very much frightened and scared, because a rumor went around the town that "Our king has gone mad." The king's guards, the policemen, the army, everybody had gone mad. But now they were the majority. Only the king and the queen and his prime minister, these three persons were left. Now it was very dangerous; there was no protection and the whole town was convinced that these three people had gone mad. The king asked the old prime minister, "Now what to do?"

He said, "I will keep these people engaged, I will talk to them. You and your wife go out through the back door and

drink from that well, and later on I will go and drink. This is the only way."

The king and the queen went through the back door, they drank from the well. Of course then they didn't come through the back door, they went dancing to the front door. The people had never seen them in such a state; they were rejoiced! That night there was a great celebration in the town. They thanked God, that "Our queen and our king are again sane."

This is the situation: the whole world is insane, hence the man of God LOOKS insane. The whole world is neurotic; not to be neurotic here, just to be healthy and whole, is very dangerous. Hence you crucify Jesus, you kill Mansoor. That's why thousands of people are against me: for the simple reason that they ARE neurotic -- but they are in the majority. They have drunk from the well, the contaminated well; now anybody who is not mad like them is a danger to their security, is a danger to their sanity, is a question mark. His presence is irritating, he has to be destroyed.

Kabir says:

I WILL TELL YOU THE TRUTH.

I will not tell you to wake up without telling the truth. He is saying, "Let me tell you the truth: if you decide to wake up one thing is certain -- you will be thought mad. You have to take that risk. Otherwise go on sleeping, go on dreaming,

remain part of the mad crowd. Please don't blame me later on."

That's why Kabir says:

I WILL TELL YOU THE TRUTH.

If you decide to wake up... Maybe listening to Kabir or to Buddha or to me, you start deciding to wake up. The truth has to be told beforehand, before you decide to wake up.

THE MAN WHO HAS DRUNK FROM THAT LIQUID WANDERS AROUND LIKE SOMEONE INSANE.

You have to risk your so-called sanity. It is insanity! but you will have to risk it, and you will have to be ready to accept the world of the few sanest people. But they are very few -- Mansoor and Jesus and Buddha and Kabir and Farid and Nanak.... They are very few, they can be counted on the fingers. If you wake up you will become part of that small, fortunate minority, but you will be thought insane by the people.

KAHE KABIR PIYE JOI JAN, MANA FIRAT MARE.

Not only that you will live like a madman in the world, you will also die like a madman. But it is worth it; the risk is worth taking. It is better to be mad like Kabir than to be sane like Morarji Desai. It is better to be mad like Jesus than to be sane like Pontius Pilate. It is a great decision; guts are needed, great courage is needed.

Sannyas -- initiation into the world of truth -- is not for the cowards. Cowards can go on rationalizing, cowards can go on sleeping, dreaming. Cowards can even start dreaming that they are awake, but they will not risk. They will remain part of the mob, of the insane crowd. And of course their lives will remain of misery, of pain, of agony.

If you want to be ecstatic, risk -- risk all. Only by risking all does one attain the all. Blessed are those who are drunk with God. Blessed are those who are mad for God. Blessed are those who are no more part of the insane crowd but have learned a new way of insanity -- the way of the Buddhas.

KAHE KABIR PIYE JOI JAN...

It is very rare that somebody decides, because it is very rare to be so courageous, so brave....

MANA FIRAT MARE.

Then he lives like a madman, in utter ecstasy, in absolute benediction, and he dies in utter ecstasy, in an absolute benediction. Life can be a celebration and death too, but you will need to risk.

And that's what my whole effort here is: to seduce you into risking all for God. Remember, you have slept enough and you have not found anything, you have dreamt enough and

your hands are empty, you have thought enough and where have you arrived? Now wake up.

Friend, now wake up!

The Guest
Chapter #11
Chapter title: Let your aloneness become a dance
6 May 1979 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
OSHO,
NEVER BELONGED,
NEVER BEEN ON THE 'INSIDE',
NEVER FELT 'AT ONE' WITH ANOTHER,
WHY SUCH A LONER ALL MY LIFE?

Prem Madhura,

LIFE is a mystery, but you can reduce it to a problem. And once you make a mystery a problem you will be in difficulty, because there can be no solution to it. A mystery remains a mystery; it is insoluble -- that's why it is called a mystery. Life is not a problem.

And that is one of the most basic mistakes we all go on committing: we immediately put a question mark. And if

you put a question mark on a mystery, you will be searching for the answer your whole life and you will not find it, and naturally it brings great frustration.

My observation of you, Madhura, is that you are a born meditator. Rather than making it a problem, rejoice! Not to belong is one of the greatest experiences of life. To be utterly an outsider, never feeling to be a part anywhere, is a great experience of transcendence.

An American tourist went to see a Sufi Master. For many years he had heard about him, had fallen in deep love with his words, his message. Finally he decided to go to see him. When he entered his room he was surprised -- it was an utterly empty room! The Master was sitting; there was no furniture at all! The American could not conceive of a living space without any furniture. He immediately asked, "Where is your furniture, sir?"

And the old Sufi laughed and he said, "And where is yours?"

And the American said, "Of course I am a tourist here. I cannot go on carrying my furniture!"

And the old man said, "So am I a tourist for only just a few days, and then I will be gone, just as you will be gone."

This world is just a pilgrimage -- of great significance, but not a place to belong to, not a place to become part of Remain a lotus leaf, as Kabir says.

Madhura, this is one of the calamities that has happened to the human mind: we make a problem out of everything. Now this should be something of immense joy to you. Don't call yourself a 'loner'. You are using a wrong word, because the very word connotes some condemnation. You are alone, and the word 'alone' has great beauty. You are not even lonely. To be lonely means you are in need of the other; to be alone means you are utterly rooted in yourself, centered in yourself. You are enough unto yourself

You have not yet accepted this gift of God, hence you are unnecessarily suffering. And this is my observation: millions of people go on suffering unnecessarily.

Look at it from another perspective. I am not giving you an answer, I never give any answers. I simply give you new perspectives to see, new angles.

Think of yourself as a born meditator who is capable of being alone, who is strong enough to be alone, who is so centered and rooted that the other is not needed at all. Yes, one can relate with the other, but it never becomes a relationship. To relate is perfectly good. Two persons who are both alone can relate, two persons who are both alone cannot be in relationship.

Relationship is the need of those who cannot be alone. Two lonely persons fall into a relationship. Two alone persons relate, communicate, commune, and yet they remain alone. Their aloneness remains uncontaminated; their aloneness

remains virgin, pure. They are like peaks, Himalayan peaks, high in the sky above the clouds. No two peaks ever meet, yet there is a kind of communion through the wind and through the rain and through the rivers and through the sun and through the stars. Yes, there is a communion; much dialogue goes on. They whisper to each other, but their aloneness remains absolute, they never compromise.

Be like an alone peak high in the sky. Why should you hanker to belong? You are not a thing! Things belong!

You say, "NEVER BELONGED, NEVER BEEN ON THE INSIDE."

There is no need! To be an insider in this world is to get lost. The worldly is the insider; a Buddha is bound to remain an outsider. All Buddhas are outsiders. Even if they are in the crowd they are alone. Even if they are in the marketplace they are not there. Even if they relate they remain separate. There is a kind of subtle distance that is always there.

And that distance is freedom, that distance is great joy, that distance is your own space. And you call yourself a loner? You must be comparing yourself with others: "They are having so many relationships, they are having love affairs. They belong to each other, they are insiders -- and I am a loner. Why?" You must be creating anguish unnecessarily.

My approach always is: whatsoever God has given to you must be a subtle necessity of your soul, otherwise it would not have been given in the first place.

Think more of aloneness. Celebrate aloneness, celebrate your pure space, and great song will arise in your heart. And it will be a song of awareness, it will be a song of meditation. It will be a song of an alone bird calling in the distance -- not calling to somebody in particular, but just calling because the heart is full and wants to call, because the cloud is full and wants to rain, because the flower is full and the petals open and the fragrance is released... unaddressed. Let your aloneness become a dance.

And Madhura is a dancer. And I am utterly happy with you, Madhura. If you stop creating problems for yourself... I don't see that there are real problems. The only problem is, people go on creating problems! Problems are never solved, they are only dissolved.

I am giving you a perspective, a vision. Dissolve your problem! Accept it as a gift of God, with great gratitude, and live it. And you will be surprised: what a precious gift, and you have not even appreciated it yet. What a precious gift, and it is lying there in your heart, unappreciated.

Dance your aloneness, sing your aloneness, live your aloneness!

And I am not saying don't love. In fact, only a person who is capable of being alone is capable of love. Lonely persons

cannot love. Their need is so much that they cling -- how can they love? Lonely persons cannot love, they can only exploit. Lonely persons pretend to love; deep down they want to get love. They don't have it to give, they have nothing to give. Only a person who knows how to be alone AND joyous is so full of love that he can share it. He can share it with strangers.

And all are strangers, remember. Your husband, your wife, your children, all are strangers. Never forget it! You don't know your husband, you don't know your wife. You don't know even your child; the child that you have carried in your womb for nine months is a stranger.

This whole life is a strange land; we come from some unknown. source. Suddenly we are here, and one day suddenly we are gone, back to the original source. This is a few days' journey; make it as joyous as possible. But we do just the opposite -- we make it as miserable as possible. We put our whole energies into making it more and more miserable.

The second question:

Question 2
WHAT IS CREATIVITY? DOES IT CORRESPOND MORE TO THE PATH OF AWARENESS OR TO THE PATH OF LOVE? OR IS IT A CHILD OF BOTH?

Anand Kirti,

CREATIVITY is when you are not, because creativity is the fragrance of the creator. It is the presence of God in you. Creativity belongs to the creator, not to you. No man can ever be creative. Yes, man can compose, construct, but can never be a creator.

When man disappears, when man becomes utterly absent, a new kind of presence enters his being -- the presence of God. Then there is creativity. When God is inside you His light that starts falling around you is creativity. The climate that arises around you because of the presence of God within you is creativity.

It has nothing to do with awareness or love, although the creative person is both. The creative person is aware, the creative person is loving, but the creative person is neither a meditator nor a lover -- loving yes, but there is no lover; meditativeness yes, but there is no meditator.

And when there is nobody inside you, that very nobodiness brings creativity. It springs, it wells up, you become full of it. Whatsoever you touch becomes gold. It is not your touch, remember; the miracle is always God's. It has nothing to do with the path of love or with the path of awareness. The path of love and the path of awareness bring you to God because they help you to disappear.

When God is there, then creativity is simply a consequence of His presence, just His presence. You can attain to His presence through love or awareness, it doesn't matter. How you annihilate yourself is irrelevant; the only thing is that

you should be annihilated, that you should not be. Do it through love, that will do. How you commit suicide does not matter, with what kind of poison. Whether you jump from a cliff, or you lie down in front of a railway train, or you shoot yourself, or you hang yourself, it doesn't matter. All that matters is that you should have committed the suicide of the ego: through love, through awareness; through Yoga, through Tantra, Taoism, Zen, Sufism, Hassidism. It doesn't matter; these are different ways of committing suicide. I don't mean the physical, I mean the metaphysical. Once you are not there, all that is left is God.

You ask me, "DOES IT CORRESPOND MORE TO THE PATH OF AWARENESS OR TO THE PATH OF LOVE? OR IS IT A CHILD OF BOTH?"

It has nothing to do with the path. Creativity is possible only when the goal is achieved; it is a by-product of the goal. And don't start thinking in terms of a cross-breeding; cross-breeding is dangerous. You are thinking, "Or is it a child of both?"

Just the other day I was reading...

A farmer was very fond of cross-breeding. First he crossed a chicken with a goose and got a 'choose'. Then he crossed a pheasant with an eagle and got 'pheagle'. Then he crossed a road with a bicycle and got killed.

Beware of cross-breeding.

If you feel at home with love, it will do; or if you feel at home with awareness it will do. Just remember one thing: that somehow, manage to disappear.

There are people who need not even go on any path, love or meditation. Just the sheer intelligence is enough, just seeing the point is enough. Just seeing, "How can I be? I cannot exist alone, separate. I cannot exist as an island. I am continuously connected with the whole. I am breathing from every pore of my body; even if for a few seconds the breathing stops, I will be no more."

You are continuously eating, drinking. What are you eating? -- the universe, that's what you are eating. What are you breathing? -- the universe, that's what you are breathing. What are you drinking? -- the universe, that's what you are drinking. Continuously, the universe is going in and passing out. You are just a passage. The breath comes in, refreshes you, rejuvenates you, goes out, another breath comes in.... We are in a continuous relationship with existence. In fact, to say it is a relationship is not right: we are one with existence.

If one is REALLY intelligent, then neither love nor meditation -- just intelligence is enough. Just to see the point that we are one with existence, hence there is nobody separate, and the ego is gone. And the going of the ego is the coming of God. In fact, God is always there; just because of the ego you cannot see Him.

And to see yourself as divine, as part of this immense existence, is the beginning of creativity.

And this is not only the experience of the mystics. Of course this is the experience of all the mystics of the world: you can ask Kabir or Eckhart, you can ask Farid or Mansoor, you can ask Lieh Tzu or Rinzai. You can ask different kinds of mystics, born in different times, to different races, in different countries, unaware of each other's existence, and they will all say one thing: "The moment I disappeared, God came in. Or maybe He was already there; just my presence was not allowing Him to express Himself, to become manifest. I was obstructing the way."

But this is not only the experience of the mystics. Even the poets, the musicians, the painters, have a few glimpses of it -- of course only glimpses, then they fall back to the ordinary world. They rise to the sacred for a few moments.

Whenever Rabindranath would have the visitation, would have creativity arising in him, he would not eat, he would not drink, he would not sleep for days together. He would lock himself in his room, he would not come out. He would come out only when the glimpse had disappeared.

And those who saw him coming out after three, four days of remaining in some other world all noted one fact: he looked so different, so fragile, so unearthly, so light, as if not made of matter, so subtle, nothing gross in him, his eyes so clear and so deep and his whole being so

transparent. But after a few hours he would be back again, settled in the gross body, would be his old self again.

People used to ask him, "What happens when you close yourself in?" He would say, "I close myself in, I lock myself in, so that nobody disturbs me, because I am no more here. Any disturbance can be a very shattering experience. I am so fragile that I would not like to be disturbed. Even a little sound is enough to bring me back to the earth, and those are the moments when I am flying high, when great poetry arises in me."

That's how GITANJALI was born, the book for which he got the Nobel Prize. Many, many people have been given the Nobel Prize, I have seen almost all the books for which a Nobel Prize has been given, but there is no comparison with Rabindranath's GITANJALI. 'Gitanjali' means 'offering of songs'. It has some totally different quality, not of this world. It echoes something of the Upanishads. It has some reflections of Buddha, Jesus, Zarathustra, Lao Tzu. But Rabindranath was not a mystic, he was only a poet.

A poet is one who becomes a mystic once in a while, who enters into the world of the mystic once in a while but comes back because he has not yet become capable of remaining there forever. He cannot abide there, he can only have a visit. The poet is very close to the mystic.

These three words have to be remembered. The scientist is the farthest from the mystic because he lives with the gross matter, he works with the gross matter. The poet is closer to

the mystic. The scientist functions from the head, the poet from the heart, and the mystic lives in the being. When you are in the being, creativity is simply your nature.

You ask me, " WHAT IS CREATIVITY?"

For the mystic, his very existence is creativity. He walks, and that is creativity. He talks, and that is creativity. He remains silent, and that is creativity. Buddha, sitting in silence, is far more creative than Rabindranath writing poetry, far more creative than Picasso doing his painting, far more creative than Moore working on his sculpture... just sitting silently!

So creativity has nothing to do with creating something, creativity is simply the presence of God. Those who are fortunate enough to come in contact with a buddha's silence will be transformed; they will know what creativity is. He has not done a thing and miracles have happened. He has not uttered a word and the message has been heard. He has not moved, but he has transformed you. He has not even touched you, and you are no longer the same.

At the ultimate peak of being a mystic, creativity is just a climate. Lower than that is the poet; then creativity brings great songs, sculpture, architecture, poetry, music, painting. And even the scientist, the lowest in this categorization -- lowest because he works with the lowest form of existence, matter -- even the scientist, when he is creative, has a few glimpses like the mystic.

For example, Albert Einstein: he has said many times that "All my insights happened when I was not working at all, in fact when I was not. All my great insights came to me from some unknown source."

The great scientist, Eddington, has said, "When I started working as a scientist I used to think of the world as matter, as only matter. But the more deeply I went into it, the more a few things started happening to me which are incomprehensible in terms of science, mathematics, calculation, measurement. And those things have revealed one thing to me: now I can say that the world resembles more a thought than a thing."

All the great scientists... I am not talking about the technicians: they are lower than the scientists, the fourth category, the last, the SUDRAS, the untouchables. I am not talking about the technician. The technician has no flight, no insight, no visitation from the beyond. He simply knows how to do a certain thing, he is an adept in 'how-toism'. He turns everything into a method. The technician is not a scientist.

The scientist is one who very rarely, but still, reaches to the peaks of the mystic. The poet is a visitor there more often, and the mystic remains there. For the mystic creativity is a climate, for the poet it is great activity, for the scientist even moreso: it is materialization of something which is immaterial, great work. It took almost twenty years for Albert Einstein to formulate the Theory of RelativitY -- GREAT work. The insight happens in a split second, but

then you have to work it out, you have to prove it through experimentation.

The poet needs no proofs; you never ask for proof The scientist is asked for proofs, experimental proofs, and the experiments may take years. Sometimes it has happened that the insight is there but the experimentation has taken years and years. Still a few of Albert Einstein's theories are not yet proved by experimentation. They are just theories, with every possibility of being proved true, but with no way to prove them this way or that, for or against. Still no experiment is possible.

For example, Albert Einstein said that time is such a relative phenomenon that if a passenger leaves the earth on a spaceship at the speed of light -- the speed of light is immense,'almost inconceivable: one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second... if a spaceship leaves the earth at that speed, then the person who is moving in that spaceship will never age. If he is young, twenty-five years old, he will remain twenty-five years old. Even if he comes back after twenty-five years, all his friends on the earth will be fifty years old, he will simply be twenty-five, because at that speed time stops.

Now this is simply a theory, an insight; we have not yet been able to devise a spaceship which can move with that speed. But scientists say that theoretically it seems right -- but only theoretically. Now how did Einstein arrive at it? -- because there is no possibility for experimentation. Obviously, it is not the conclusion of an experiment; you

cannot do any experiment. No spaceship is there which moves with such speed. In fact, it may never be possible to have such a spaceship; there are difficulties.

The most difficult thing is: whenever a thing moves at that speed it turns into light. At that speed the heat is so much that no spaceship can move at that speed, because the heat would burn it out. Just the friction -- one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second -- the very friction would be enough, and the spaceship and the passengers would all be reduced to light, they would burn out. But maybe some day we can find something which does not burn out, which remains intact, and the passenger can move at that speed.

Then scientists think that Einstein is right: at that speed, time stops. And if time stops you cannot age, so it is possible that a man may leave on a spaceship, and when he comes back his children will be older than him, or even his grandchildren will be older than him. If he comes after eighty years, all his children will be gone, his children's children will be older than him, and he will have remained exactly at the same age, with no change, with no difference, as if not a single moment had passed.

Now this is a pure theory; they call it 'pure physics'. How did Einstein arrive at it? It is an insight, it is a mystical experience. Albert Einstein had a few mystical experiences. All his other theories were also conceived in the same way;

they have all been proved right, slowly slowly, by experiments. Maybe this too is right.

Even the scientist comes to truth only when he is not, the poet comes to beauty when he is not, and the mystic comes to God when he is not. The scientist can only be approximately true, because the moments are very rare and very fleeting. The poet can be a little more sure, on a more firm ground, because the moments come often. But the mystic is absolutely certain, hence his declarations.

The Upanishads say AHAM BRAHMASMI, I am God! Al Hillaj Mansoor declares ANA EL HAQ! I am the Truth! These are not conclusions, these are not arrived at through thought processes. These are intuitions, experiences of the ultimate revelation. Mansoor had become one with truth; he was no more separate.

So creativity has three layers; the ultimate is the mystic: he lives in a climate of creativity. The poet, once in a while, brings some treasures from the beyond; the scientist, also very rarely, but whenever he can visit the ultimate he brings something precious to the world. But one thing is certain -- mystic, scientist or poet, whatsoever comes into this world comes from the beyond.

To bring the beyond is creativity. To bring the beyond into the known is creativity. To help God to be manifested in some form is creativity.

The third question:

Asutosh,

Question 3
OSHO, WHAT IS HISTORY?

HISTORY is time, hence all that is really significant is not included in it, because all that is really significant is beyond time.

Buddha's enlightenment under the Bodhi Tree... it is not a historical fact; there is no way to prove that it really happened. It is such an interior experience that you have to take it on trust. Buddha says it happened: you can believe it, you can disbelieve it. If you disbelieve, there is no way for Buddha to prove it. If you disbelieve it, only you prevent your own enlightenment, that's all. If you trust Buddha, a door opens for you. In trusting you can hope that if it has happened to Buddha it can happen to you too. Belief and disbelief have nothing to do with Buddha's experience, but they have something to do with you and your future.

But history cannot prove that something happened that morning; history has no record of it. It happened beyond time, hence history cannot record it. It is unrepeatable, and history only records that which is repeatable. History is nothing but the record of the repetitious human stupidity. History is the record of all that is stupid in the human mind. Genghis Khan, Tamurlaine, Nadir Shah, Alexander, Adolf

Hitler, these people are repeatable; Buddhas are not repeatable, a Buddha happens only once.

Tamurlaine will have many, many incarnations, sometimes as Adolf Hitler, sometimes as Ivan the Terrrible, sometimes as Josef Stalin and sometimes as Mao Tse Tung; he will have MANY incarnations. Buddha will never come again. He has gone beyond, gone to the further shore. Jesus will not come again; Jesus cannot be repeated. These people are unique.

History takes no note of the unique; history only takes note of the common, the average, and the average is the lowest. History is nothing but a vicious circle. It is a wheel: it goes on moving, the same spokes go on coming up again and again and again.

Just the other day I was reading a parable by James Thurber, THE LAST FLOWER. Meditate over it.

World War XII, as everybody knows, brought about the collapse of civilization. Towns, cities, and villages disappeared from the earth. All the groves and forests were destroyed and all the gardens and all the works of art. Men, women and children became lower than the lower animals. Discouraged and disillusioned, dogs deserted their fallen masters. Emboldened by the pitiful condition of the former Lords of the earth, rabbits descended upon them.
Books, paintings, and music disappeared from the earth, and human beings just sat around, doing nothing. Years and years went by. Even the few generals who were left forgot

what the last war had decided. Boys and girls grew up to stare at each other blankly, for love had passed from the earth.

One day a young girl who had never seen a flower chanced to come upon the last one in the world. She told the other human beings that the last flower was dying. The only one who paid any attention to her was a young man she found wandering about. Together the young man and the girl nurtured the flower and it began to live again. One day a bee visited the flower and a hummingbird. Before long there were two flowers, and then four, and then a great many. Groves and forests flourished again.

The young girl began to take an interest in how she looked. The young man discovered that touching the girl was pleasurable. Love was reborn into the world. Their children grew up, strong and healthy and learned to run and laugh. Dogs came out of their exile. The young man discovered, by putting one stone upon another, how to build a shelter. Pretty soon everybody was building shelters. Towns, cities, and villages sprang up. Song came back into the world and troubadours and jugglers and tailors and cobblers and painters and poets and sculptors and wheelwrights and soldiers and lieutenants and captains and generals and major-generals and liberators. Some people went one place to live, and some another.

Before long, those who went to live in the valleys wished they had gone to live in the hills and those who had gone to live in the hills wished they had gone to live in the valleys. The liberators, under the guidance of God, set fire to the discontent, so presently the world was at war again. This time the destruction was so complete... that nothing at all

was left in the world except one man and one woman and one flower.

But that's enough, that will do; that one flower will do. Again everything will come back.

History is a wheel. It is a vicious circle, it goes on moving in the same rut. Many, many times man has become very civilized, and many, many times all civilization has disappeared from the earth. This is not for the first time that we have discovered science. Ancient records tell something else, a totally different story.

There is every possibility that the great continent of Atlantis was drowned not by a natural calamity but by atomic explosion. In Hindu scriptures particularly, great proofs are available that man had discovered all the technology that we have discovered. It is a rediscovery, it is not a discovery. The great war that is known as Mahabharata had almost all the weapons that we have now. Ancient Indian scriptures have stories about airplanes, atomic bombs, hydrogen bombs and things like that.

Now we are again coming to a point where a total destruction will happen. But a flower will be left and that will do, and again the whole story begins from ABC. Many times it has happened. This is not the first world that we are living in: many worlds have come and disappeared, many civilizations have come and disappeared. Many civilizations have reached the same peak of affluence, technology, knowhow. History is a repetition.

One has to learn how to get out of history and out of time. One has to learn how to get out of this wheel. One has to learn how to slip out of the very process of time, and that's what meditation is all about.

The greatest contribution of the East to the world is nothing but meditation, because it teaches you how to get out of the mind. Mind is time, and time is history. When you get out of mind you get out of history and out of time. And when you are out of mind, time and history, where are you? You are in the whole, in the cosmic. You are in that orgasmic, organic unity called God.

God is not part of history, God runs parallel to history. Hence those who want to know God will have to unlearn history. History has made you Christians, Hindus, Mohammedans, Indians, Germans, Chinese. History has conditioned you. History has given you particular minds, ideas, ideologies. You have to get out of all that, history has to be forgotten. History is past, and the past is heavy. And if the past is too much in the mind, you will go on repeating it in the future. What else will you do? The past goes on repeating itself through you. Get out of it!

Don't ask what is history, ask how to get out of it!how not to be a Hindu, because that is being part of a certain history. Ask how not to be a Christian. Ask how not to be an Indian, an American. Ask how to just be, without any adjective.

And that's my whole effort here: to help you come out of your bondage of the past.

A sannyasin is one who drops the bondage of history. And he says, "I am simply a part of this whole. I am not part of human history, I am part of the cosmic eternity." And becoming part of cosmic eternity, you are freed from all bondage and from all misery.

And more and more people are needed in the world who are free of history, free of the past. Then only can we create a new world where wars can cease, where more and more people can bloom in love, where more and more people can become lotuses of celebration.

Enough of history! It should be stopped. There is no need to teach all that nonsense and garbage, but we go on teaching the students. We go on telling them more and more about the past. And the more we tell them about the past, the more they become conditioned by it, and naturally they will repeat it.

There is no need to tell them about the past; past is past, gone is gone. They need something totally different: they need to be introduced to the present. They need to be made aware of this moment. They need a taste of now, not of then. They need to drink something from here, not from there.

It will be a great blessing to the world if history simply disappears from the schools, colleges, universities, and

rather than teaching history we teach how to get out of time, how to cease being a mind, how to become a no-mind, because the no-mind is the door to God.

God has no history, history has no God in it.

The fifth question:

Question 4
OSHO, DO YOU THINK THAT IT IS NOT POSSIBLE TO BE HONEST, INTELLIGENT, RELIGIOUS, AND YET BE IN POLITICS?

Surya Kant,

IT IS impossible. It is ABSOLUTELY impossible, CATEGORICALLY impossible. If you are intelligent, why should you be in politics? It is for the stupid, for the mediocre.

The intelligent person will have much more important things to do. The intelligent person will not be interested in dominating others. His whole interest will be in knowing himself To dominate the other is a way of escaping from one's own inner meaninglessness, inner emptiness, inner hollowness. It is an escape from oneself. The intelligent person iS not an escapist.

Politics is an escape, a GREAT escape. It keeps you so occupied, day in, day out, that you cannot find even a few minutes for yourself. Even when you sleep you think

politics; it continues in your dreams. To be a politician is a twenty-four hour job. You cannot relax because if you relax you will be left behind. It is a tooth-and-nail struggle, it is a cut-throat competition. It is pure violence.

Why should an intelligent person be in politics? And how can an honest person ever be in politics? Honesty does not pay in politics. And even if sometimes a politician is honest, he is honest only if it pays, not for honesty's sake. The proverb that 'honesty is the best policy' must have been invented by a politician. Even honesty becomes a policy! How can honesty be a policy?

Honesty is religion, not a policy. Honesty is your heart, not a policy. It is not that you are honest to gain something; you are honest for the sheer joy of being honest. You are honest even if you have to lose everything; it is worth losing everything. Honesty can never be a policy, but politics makes everything a policy. An honest person and in politics? Impossible!

"I hope I'll be able to count upon your support," the candidate said to one merchant he called on.

"I'm afraid not," was the reply. "You see, I've already promised my support to your opponent."

The politician laughed. "In politics," he stated, "promising and doing are two different things.".

"Well, in that case," declared the merchant affably, "I'll be happy to give you my promise."

In politics and honesty? Never has it been heard of!

The politician named Strange lay on his deathbed. His lawyer was summoned.

"As an epitaph, on my tombstone," he gasped, "I only want to have the words, 'Here lies an honest politician'."
The lawyer protested, "How will people know who's buried under that stone?"

The old man nodded wisely. "Don't worry," he advised. "Folks will take one look at those words and they'll all say, 'That's strange!'"

Strange was the name of the politician....

Honesty needs guts. It needs you to expose yourself as you are. It needs the courage to be naked. The politician cannot do that. He has to wear masks, he cannot be naked. He has to fulfill the expectations of the masses, so whatsoever you want he pretends to be that. Whatsoever you want, he is ready-to promise it. He goes on promising contradictory things to different people; his promise means nothing. He goes on pretending different games and different roles.

If he goes to the Mohammedans he starts reciting the Koran. If he goes to the Hindus he quotes the Gita. If he goes to the Christians he pretends to be a lover of the Bible.

And all this is just pseudo: neither does he love the Gita nor the Vedas nor the Bible nor the Koran -- he loves only his ego, and he is ready to do anything, whatsoever is required, to fulfill his ego. And you know it, and the whole world knows it.

And the whole world complains about these politicians, but somehow man is so stupid that if he gets out from the clutches of one politician, immediately he enters into the cage of another. People go on complaining, but still they go on falling victims to the same type of people -- not a bit of difference.

Man has to be freed from his stupid mind; only then will he be free of the politicians. Hence politicians don't want you to be intelligent. They are very much against creating intelligence in people. For thousands of years they did not allow people to be educated because that was dangerous. Now they allow people to be educated, but the education is such that it does not make you intelligent. On the contrary, it makes you less intelligent.

When the child enters the school he is far more intelligent than when he comes back from the university. Those twenty years will destroy much that was immensely valuable. The real diamonds will be lost and he will carry just words, jargon, theories, knowledge. He will have sold his intelligence and he will have brought home just dead knowledge, dead weight, dead wood, and he will live with that knowledge his whole life. Still, we don't have an

educational system which helps people to become intelligent.

That's why all over the world in all the universities there is great ferment, great rebellion. It is a good sign: it simply indicates that the young people of the world are becoming more and more alert that what is called education is not education but a kind of conditioning, a hypnosis. The older generation tries to mould the mind of the new generation. The teacher is just an agent of the older generation. The teacher is respected by the older generation because he is the agent: he corrupts the minds of the new, but the corruption is done with such skill that you will not become aware unless you are really alert, watchful.

People go on complaining, but they go on doing the same thing again.

Four friends met in a Moscow park. The first man heaved a sigh. The second also sighed. So did the third.

The fourth said impatiently, "Oh, do stop talking !"

Now, in Moscow you cannot talk, but you can sigh. That is a way now: you cannot say but you feel, you understand, what is being done to you. The whole country, the whole Russian mind, is conditioned by the politicians, so much so that nothing else is even made available.

I receive many letters from Russia. My books are being smuggled into Russia. People are reading, the books are

moving from hand to hand, but underground. People cannot even write letters to me directly from Russia because they will never reach. First the Russian government, and then Morarjibhai Desai -- it is impossible to reach! Every letter is opened, every letter is delayed, and one never knows how many never reach. But a few letters have reached because Russians have given them to tourists to mail them somewhere in London or Paris, so that from London or Paris they can reach. They reach to me, but I cannot answer them -- they will never receive those answers. People want to come.

One woman wrote from Russia that she is even ready to marry an Indian if that can help her to come to India and to be a sannyasin -- any Indian! But in Russia that too is very difficult. They won't allow you to leave even if you marry. One of my friends married a Russian woman but he could not bring her to India. She remained in Russia, he remained in India. He has died now; the woman and the children are still there.

The same is the case in China now. But the difference is only of degrees; the difference is not qualitative. In the so-called democratic countries it may not be so much, but t is exactly the same.

Remember, politics is against all kinds of expansion of consciousness, because if people really become conscious they will not follow stupid leaders. They will not need any leadership at alL they will be a light unto themselves.

You ask me, "IS IT POSSIBLE TO BE HONEST, INTELLIGENT, RELIGIOUS, AND YET IN POLITICS?"

Why should a religious person be in politics? For what? Politics is a power-trip. The religious person is simply dissolving himself The religious person is going in the opposite direction, where the ego has to be dissolved utterly. It is not a power-trip, it is just the opposite. Yes, when the religious person has disappeared great power descends, but it is not your power, it is God's power.

The politician is for his own power; he wants to be powerful. He wants to command armies, nations. Deep down he is suffering from an inferiority complex. Deep down he knows his worthlessness. He wants to prove to himself and to others that he is not worthless, that he is great. Politics is a kind of disease.

Some day in the future, when people have become a little more alert and aware, politics will be thought of as neurosis, just as now you think many things are incomprehensible. For example, five thousand years ago magic ruled the whole world, the magician was the most important person in any community. Now where is the magician? Who bothers about the magician? Maybe once in a while he can give an entertainment to a party or in a club or in a hotel -- just entertainment. Otherwise, what is his power? Once he was very powerful; he still is in primitive societies. In African tribal communes he is still very powerful -- people believe that he has power. Now we know that he has no power; he has power only because

people believe he has power. His power is not in him but in people's beliefs. Now the magician is gone.

Then the priest became very powerful; even kings were not so powerful as the priest. Now where is the priest? What is his power now? -- no power at all! He has become part of the past.

Let me tell you, sooner or later the politician will go the same way -- down the drain -- as the magician has gone, as the priest has gone, as the kings have gone. So is it going to be the case with the politician. As human consciousness grows bigger and bigger, brighter and brighter, all these illnesses that are hanging around us -- hangovers of the past! -- will disappear.

The new man will not know much about politics. The new man will not be nationalistic. The new man will not believe in states, the new man will believe in a universal brotherhood. Yes, there will be a kind of government, international government, but its use will be functional just like the post office. You don't think much about the postmaster... or do you? Even the postmaster-general, who cares? -- he is just a functionary. So should the case be with the prime minister and the president. Yes, a certain kind of order is needed in society because there are so many people. A certain kind of government will be needed and a few people will have to do the work, but it is nothing to brag about.

Politics is finished. It is only a past relic, an antique relic, soon to be preserved in the museums. The future does not belong to politics.

The future belongs to a totally different kind of man -- a man who will know how to love, not how to possess; a man who will know how not to be powerful, a man who will know egolessness; a man who will be capable of dropping all games and living an authentic life of deep meditation, of great love, of poetry.

The last question:

Question 5
OSHO, A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO WHEN I FIRST CAME TO LISTEN TO YOU, I FELT A ONENESS WITH YOU. I HAVE ATTENDED MANY OF YOUR MORNING DISCOURSES.

I WAS A BIT SAD WHEN ONE DAY I HEARD YOU SAYING THAT YOUR ENERGIES, GRACES AND BLESSINGS ARE AVAILABLE ONLY FOR YOUR SANNYASINS. STILL ON THE 27TH APRIL, I ATTENDED ONE OF YOUR ENERGY DARSHANS, STEALING ENERGY FROM YOU. WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES IT DIFFICULT FOR A CATHOLIC PRIEST TO TAKE YOUR SANNYAS? OR CAN ONE BE BOTH A PRIEST AND YOUR SANNYASIN? OR ARE YOU THINKING OF FORMING A GROUP OF ANONYMOUS SANNYASINS?

Joy Cheriyan,

FROM my side there is no problem at all -- you can be a sannyasin. It does not matter whether you are a Catholic priest or a Catholic thief! I don't prevent even Catholic thieves, so what to say about the Catholic priest? To me, it is all the same!

I give sannyas unconditionally. There is no condition attached to it, no strings attached. I don't even ask who you are, what your profession is, what religion, what nationality. Those are irrevelant things. Somebody has to be a businessman, somebody has to be a policeman; just like that, you are a Catholic priest. It is a profession.

From my side there is no problem: Cheriyan, you can become a sannyasin. And deep down your heart is ready for it. How can I say no to you? I never say no to anybody. If your heart is ready, then become a sannyasin and go on doing whatsoever you are doing.

But the problem may come from the Catholics; for that I cannot guarantee anything. They may not allow you, they will be afraid. I am not afraid! I give sannyas to you because I know that if you become a sannyasin, if this light enters into your being, then the darkness, whatsoever its name -- Catholic, Protestant, Hindu, Mohammedan -- will go. But the darkness will be afraid, the darkness will not allow you to take the light in.

But if you are not courageous you can go on stealing. Don't be worried, that too is perfectly good. Sooner or later, when you have stolen enough light, the darkness will be gone.

There are different kinds of people: sometimes a few things are sweeter when they are stolen -- like kisses, et cetera. The stolen kiss has more sweetness. Maybe, if that is your way, perfectly good! The whole point is that the light should reach to your heart.

In fact, by becoming a sannyasin you will become a real Catholic for the first time. Catholicism is a quality: to be Catholic means to be liberal, to be understanding, to be humble. To be a Catholic in reality has nothing to do with the Vatican. It has something to do with a new quality in your heart: the openness, the vulnerability, the capacity to accept even those who are opposed to you, the capacity to love the enemy. That is what the real spirit of being a Catholic is. By becoming my sannyasin you will be entering into the real Catholic spirit. Certainly you will be in difficulty with your church, but that risk has always been there.

When Jesus started his work he was getting into trouble with HIS church, the Jewish church. He was getting into trouble with the rabbis. It was those rabbis who killed Jesus, but it was good that Jesus tried.

And it will be good, Cheriyan, if you also try. What can be taken away? Yes, I know a Catholic priest enjoys many privileges which are not available to other priests --

material privileges. But if you are satisfied with them, then it is okay. You are not satisfied with them, that's why you are here; your being here is enough proof.

But I am not saying to leave your priesthood If your church can allow, you can be a sannyasin and a priest both. In fact I would like you to remain a priest and a sannyasin both, so that you can seduce a few more Catholics!

You also ask, "OR ARE YOU THINKING OF FORMING A GROUP OF ANONYMOUS SANNYASINS?"

I am not thinking to form a group of anonymous sannyasins, but that group is also forming itself. There are many who would like to be sannyasins but are not courageous enough. I am not thinking to form it, because the anonymous sannyasin simply shows that he is not courageous enough to declare to the world that he belongs to me, that he is hiding a fact, that he is afraid of facing the world. That is a kind of cunningness; that is a dual personality. In the heart you will be with me and on the outside you will not be with me. That duality will create a split in you. On the outside you will have to speak against me; it will hurt you, and you will become two persons. And to be divided is to be in misery. And if you are cunning, even if you are here you will not be able to get as much nourishment as would have been easily possible for you to get if you had been a little less cunning, a little more sincere and honest.

Yes, Cheriyan, you can steal a little bit of light, but there is no need to steal because I am ready to offer it to you. I can give to you in abundance. All that is needed is courage on your part to receive it.

And remember, these are rare opportunities. There were many who missed Jesus, there were many who missed Buddha, and there will be many who will miss me. I hope that you will not be one of them.

Maggie was bemoaning her hard luck to her friend Tilly. The story she told was a real heartbreaker.

It seems Maggie was coming home late from work and when she was only a few blocks from her home a shiny new Cadillac convertible drew up alongside her. In it was one of the handsomest young men Maggie had ever seen. He whistled at Maggie. "Baby, would you mind my company tonight?" he asked.

Maggie drew herself up. "On your way, mister," she snapped.

The young man stopped the car and got out. He seemed contrite.

"Don't take offence," he said to Maggie. "You see, I just broke up with my girl. I'm lonesome. I want to go out to dinner, to a nightclub, to dance. And you looked so pretty, so sweet, I just couldn't resist asking you."

Maggie didn't trust herself. The guy was too goodlooking, the situation too attractive. Maggie didn't think it was okay.

"Tell you what," she said to the young man, "would you still want to date me tomorrow?"

"Sure," replied the young man.

"Take my phone number. Call me tomorrow. I'll tell you then."

"You've got a date," said the guy. Maggie gave him the phone number. The guy hopped back into his car. "Look real nice for me," he said and pressed something into her hand. Then he drove away.

"You see," Maggie told her friend Tilly, "when I opened my hand, I saw he'd put a hundred dollar bill into it."

"So what's there to cry about?" asked the puzzled Tilly.

"Because," sobbed Maggie, "I gave him the wrong phone number!"

Cheriyan, if you are with me anonymously, one day or other you will repent -- because you will be giving me your wrong phone number.

Be true! If your heart is beating faster with me, if a flame is arising in your being, of love, of surrender, of trust, then go

with it. Then risk all! Then whatsoever happens will be good, you will never repent.

Many times it happens that we unnecessarily go on missing some opportunity. And this is so today! Tomorrow your heart may not beat, tomorrow you may become hardened. Your mood may change, the situation may not be the same. The connection may be broken, the bridge may be lost. I may not be here, you may not be here. Who knows what happens tomorrow? Never postpone!

As far as I am concerned you are perfectly accepted, respectfully, lovingly. You can remain a Catholic priest -- nothing is wrong in it -- and yet be a sannyasin... because to be a sannyasin is something so deep that nothing can destroy it. Your being a Catholic priest is something imposed by others on you. Your being a sannyasin will be your own longing, it will be your own desire.

And whenever something arises in your heart as your own longing, never deny it, because to deny it is to deny God. To deny it is to deny your whole life. To deny it is to remain unfulfilled.

The Guest
Chapter #12
Chapter title: Allow him to reach you
7 May 1979 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
OSHO, FOR ME, YOU ARE ALL THE MASTERS THAT HAVE BEEN BEFORE AND ALL THE MASTERS THAT WILL COME. MORE AND MORE A STRANGE KNOWING GROWS THAT ONLY DEATH IS THE DOOR TO THIS PERFECT UNION WITH 'I DON'T KNOW WHAT'. LOVING THE MASTER -- LOVE -- ONLY GIVES US GLIMPSES OF WHAT DEATH CAN MAKE US SEE. IS THIS NOT SO?

Prem Puneeta,

LOVE is a small death, and death is great love. They are not two things. Love is a small wave in the ocean of death. Hence people are afraid of love too, as much as they are afraid of death.

People only pretend the game of love, they don't go into it. They keep a distance from any deep commitment, from any total involvement, because if you really go very close in the world of love, the flame of love is going to burn your ego.

People love -- at least they pretend, they believe that they love -- because life without love is meaningless. If they don't love life is meaningless; if they really love the ego disappears. Hence they make a compromise: they go only so far. They don't go to the deepest core of it, they only touch the surface. They cannot remain without it; without it they are utterly futile. Then life is a desert with no

significance, no song. Then life is utterly futile -- you only vegetate, you don't really love, you don't really live. Loving and living are synonymous.

So people have to at least play the game of love; that keeps them involved. But they don't really go into it. They keep out of it, because if they really go into it then the ego disappears. Then they are no more, then God is.

The experience of orgasm, of deep orgasmic joy, is the first experience of God. God comes when two lovers meet and merge into each other. When two are no more two, when that union happens, God penetrates you. Then the beyond comes to the earth, the sky meets the earth.

But rarely are you in an orgasmic unity; rarely are you so much in tune with the other that you are ready to sacrifice your ego. In fact, you go on doing the contrary: your love is also an ornament for your ego; your love is also a new treasure to strengthen the ego, to gratify the ego. Rather than destroying it, your games about love go on nourishing

But Puneeta, your insight is absolutely right: love can only give you glimpses. If you allow the ego to disappear, love will make you available to something of the unknown. Love will teach you how to die; love is the first lesson of death. Death is the crescendo of love, the highest peak. Those who know how to love know how to die. Their death is not an end; it is a beginning, it is a birth, it is moving into the divine. It is transcending the human and entering the

superhuman. It is transcending the mortal and entering into the immortal. Death is a portal, a door.

But death is a door only if you have learned the lesson through love. Love is the school that prepares you for death. Love and life are synonymous: if you love you live. If you love and live you become capable of dying.

Millions of people die, but without being capable of dying. They die in unconsciousness. Then death simply takes them back into another body; then death simply helps them to enter into another womb. And the whole wheel starts moving again, the same repetitive wheel.

Those who die consciously... And love makes you utterly conscious. Love makes you alert, because love is light. It dispels all darkness, all unconsciousness. It becomes a lamp inside you. And if you have that lamp, death has a totally different quality: it is not death at all; it is life abundant, it is life infinite, it is life divine, it is life eternal.

Yes, Puneeta, you are right: "LOVING THE MASTER -- LOVE ONLY GIVES US GLIMPSES OF WHAT DEATH CAN MAKE US SEE. IS THIS NOT SO?"

It is so, but it is only love that will prepare you. The greater the love, the greater is the preparation. Hence one has to remain grateful forever towards all that love has contributed -- and not only the love for the Master. Even loving a tree or a rock or an animal or your woman, your man, your child, even these loves prepare you for the great

love that happens between the disciple and the Master. All your loves are involved in it, implied in it.

Love towards the Master is the whole spectrum of love. The way you have loved your woman will be there, the way you have loved your man will be there, the way you have loved your mother will be there, and the way you have loved your child will be there. The way you have loved music, the way you have loved poetry, painting, dancing, all your loves, the whole multiplicity of loves, all the dimensions of love, will join together. Between the Master and the disciple, love comes to its whole spectrum. It becomes the whole rainbow, all the seven colors. And that love will prepare you for the ultimate quantum leap, death.

In the ancient scriptures, the Master is defined as death. You will be surprised: ancient scriptures say ACHARYO MRITYU, the Master is death. If you have known the Master, you are coming closer and closer to death. Coming very close to the Master is coming closer to the ultimate death. One day the disciple and the Master both disappear.

The Master has already disappeared. The Master is the person who has attained to nothingness. The Master is one who is already dead, who is no more, who is just an absolute emptiness. If you come close to the Master... And that's what disciplehood means: coming closer and closer to somebody who is no more. And of course, to come closer to somebody who is no more is going to destroy your ego utterly. One day, through the Master, you taste your first experience of death.

Hence people avoid living Masters, because living Masters are nothing but death. People love dead Masters because they cannot do anything to you. It is beautiful to worship Buddha, it is very, very convenient to worship Jesus, it is difficult to come close to me. It was difficult to come close to Buddha too when he was alive. Remember the paradox: when Buddha is alive he is death, hence the fear. When Buddha is dead then there is no problem -- you can worship, you can hold the statue of Buddha close to your heart. Now the Buddha is just a toy, he is in your hands. He cannot destroy your ego; in fact, your ego will use him. Even Buddha, Jesus, Krishna, are used by the ego to become stronger.

Only a living Master is fire enough, flame enough, to bum you totally, utterly, absolutely. SATSANG, to be with the Master, is the ultimate in love and the beginning of death.

Puneeta, your insight is beautiful, a gift of your meditativeness, of your love for me, of your love for the commune. Go on moving in the same direction. Don't go astray. Many fears will arise. Many times the mind will say, "Go back! It is too dangerous." Don't listen to the mind, listen to the heart. The heart knows what is right, the heart feels what is right.

It is a feeling; that's why you don't know: "I don't know for what, towards what." The movement is happening. You cannot know it, but you can feel; the feeling is there. And one day the feeling becomes knowing.

When feeling becomes knowing, one has become enlightened. Knowledge is not real knowing. When feeling becomes knowing one is enlightened. The moment feeling becomes knowing, there is no distinction between being and knowing, that is called wisdom. Then your heart starts pouring not only your joy, not only your songs, but your wisdom too. That's how all the great scriptures were born.

Mohammed was an ignorant person, illiterate, but when it happened -- this knowing, this feeling, this being happened -- when he managed to die in the love of God, this illiterate, ignorant person started pouring immensely beautiful verses. The Koran has tremendous beauty, simplicity and beauty both together. It is not complex. It has the beauty of the roses, the stars. It has the music of the birds, and the wind passing through the pine trees, and the sound of running water. And it came out of a man who never knew how to read, how to write, who had no knowledge but who had a heart. In fact, because he had no knowledge it was easy for him to feel, and it was easy for him to dive deep into feeling, so deep that he touched the very rock-bottom of being.

And this is how Jesus speaks. His prose is not prose, it is poetry. There is no comparison. Jesus' statements have such poetry in them, they are incomparable; so are Buddha's. They are all unique in their own ways. They are peaks, different peaks reaching beyond the clouds. But one thing is exactly the same: they are rooted in the same experience.

The experience is not of knowledge; the experience first is of feeling and then is of being.

Go on moving in the same direction, unafraid. That's why I am here with you -- to help you. That's what sannyas is all about, Puneeta. When dangers arise and when your mind may start thinking of escaping, I have to keep you, I have to hold you. I have to go on pushing you, I have to go on persuading you. And if you can listen, and if you can gather courage, and if you can go through this dark night of the soul, the dawn is not far away. In fact, when the night is the darkest, the dawn is the closest.

The second question:

Question 2
OSHO, IT APPEARS THAT ALMOST ALWAYS A PATTERN OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR FOLLOWS THIS: WE SEARCH FOR FOOD, SHELTER, CLOTHING; THEN MONEY, POWER AND PRESTIGE, AND HAVING ATTAINED THESE, WE THEN SEARCH FOR GOD. WOULD IT NOT MAKE MATTERS MUCH SIMPLER TO SOMEHOW IMPRESS UPON OUR YOUNG ONES TO BEGIN WITH GOD?

Zareen,

THERE is a hierarchy of needs, and you cannot bypass any step. If you bypass any step you will have to come back to it again. Life has an intrinsic logic in it. Each step has its own place, and you cannot miss a single step. Otherwise

the chain will be broken and your life will become discontinuous, your life will become a chaos.

There is a hierarchy of needs: body, mind, soul, God.

First the bodily needs have to be fulfilled. If they are not fulfilled you will not have higher needs arising -- impossible. The hungry person cannot think of music. If you start playing on the guitar before a hungry person, there is every possibility that he may retaliate in anger. He may throw your guitar, he may break your guitar, because it is insulting, it is humiliating.

Once Vivekananda was asked in America, "Why have you to teach here? Why don't you teach in India?"

He said, "Here I can talk about Vedanta, the ultimate truth. But in India, seeing people hungry, I feel ashamed of talking about God, ultimate realization. It is insulting to those poor people. They need bread."

Jesus is right when he says man cannot live by bread alone, but this is only a half-statement. The other half has not to be forgotten: man cannot live without bread either. And in fact, the bread is very fundamental, your body is very fundamental. If your body is ill, hungry, in pain, you cannot compose poetry, you cannot paint, or even if you paint your painting will remain that of suffering. If you compose music your music will be nothing but your cry, your scream. If you write poetry your poetry will be political. Your poetry will not be poetry at all but slogans. The

bodily needs have to be fulfilled first. Yes, don't get stuck there.

That has to be remembered, Zareen: the children have to be helped to go beyond the body, but you cannot bypass it. They have to be helped to know the joys of the mind, the beauties of the mind -- art, poetry, painting, music; great joys of the mind. When they are fulfilled then the third need arises, the needs of the soul. Then meditation becomes important.

Only a person who has lived deeply in music is capable of meditation, because music prepares the background, creates the space, the context, in which meditation becomes simple. And the person whose soul-needs are fulfilled, whose meditation-needs are fulfilled, will be able to pray.

Prayer is the fragrance of the flower of meditation. That is the ultimate.

Zareen, you say, " WOULD IT NOT MAKE MATTERS MUCH SIMPLER TO SOMEHOW IMPRESS UPON OUR YOUNG ONES TO BEGIN WITH GOD?"

That's what people have been doing, that's what you have been doing, that's what has been done down the ages. Children are being impressed upon to begin with God, and they cannot begin, because all the three steps of the temple are missing and they cannot enter into the temple. Those steps are very much needed. That's why our temples have become false. Our temples are arbitrary, artificial. Our

temples are mind creations -- with good intentions, of course.

Now Zareen is asking with a good intention -- to help the children. But this is not the way to help, this is the way to hinder. That's how people have become irreligious: Christians they are, Mohammedans they are, Parsees they are, Hindus they are, but not religious.

We have created artificial gods. We had to create artificial gods because our own needs are not grown up.

To contact the REAL God these things cannot be done in a hurried way. These things are not like seasonal flowers; these are great trees, cedars of Lebanon -- they take hundreds of years to grow. Lives are nothing; time is not the question at all. And one should go very scientifically.

First, fulfill the needs of the body. And what do we do?we condemn the body. Rather than fulfilling the needs, rather than helping a child to enjoy the joys of the body, we condemn the body. The body has many joys of its own: the joy of running, the joy of surfing, the joy of swimming, the joy of jogging, the joy of climbing a mountain. Those are all physical joys, of tremendous value. When one is climbing a mountain alone, the body has a thrill of its own, its ecstasy.

Teach the child first the bodily ecstasy. Let him dance as totally as possible, so he can have a feel of his own body. There are millions of people who don't have any feel of

their own body. They use the body just like a mechanical device around them, but they don't have a feel for it. They live in the body, but they are not bridged with the body. They don't know the joys of the body.

The children first have to be taught the physical joys. Help them to climb the trees, help them to run, help them to swim, help them to dance, help them to do physical yoga, hatha yoga, so they can have a feel of their bodies, so their bodies can be felt as alive phenomena -- not something dead around them, not something disconnected, not like a machine to be used -- so that they can have a respect for the body, love for the body, so their bodies can become sacred temples.

And then don't be in a hurry. The next step has to be taken very slowly. The movement from the body to the mind has to be very, very delicate, because you are moving from the gross to the subtle. And the movement cannot be very direct; it has to be very indirect. Slowly, slowly let the child know about music, poetry. Let the child know about great paintings, architecture. Let the child enjoy the exercise of his mind.

And then when the child is ready, when he has fulfilled his mind needs, help him to meditate. And nothing has to be done in haste. Let everything ripen, help everything to become mature. Just remember one thing: that the child should not get stuck anywhere. There are many who have become stuck at the body, the physical pleasure; then sex remains their center of life. There are many who have got

stuck in the mind; then thinking, philosophizing, logic, and the joys of thinking and philosophizing and logic, remain for their whole lives. These people are half-grown people.

Before the child gets stuck somewhere, push him to the further level, to the further plane. Help him to meditate.

And only after meditation is prayer possible, because only one who has learned to experience his soul can experience the universal soul. If you cannot know your own soul, how can you know the soul of the whole universe? If you cannot look deep into the drop of water, how can you see into the ocean? Impossible! Prayer is the ultimate fragrance.

But what happens, Zareen, is that we start teaching children prayer; that's where we go wrong. We start teaching them about God. The question has not arisen yet in their hearts and we start stuffing them with answers. They have not asked yet about God -- they are not worried about God, that is not their concern -- and we go on implanting ideas in their minds. In their immature minds we go on giving them conditions, indoctrination, philosophies, which will remain just a baggage, a burden. They will be Christians and Hindus and Mohammedans, but they will not be religious, never. In fact, because of your indoctrination they will hate you, and they will hate your gods, and they will hate your temples, and they will hate your priests. Although they will formally go to the church on Sunday and formally they will go to the priest to be married, this will be simply a formal thing because it is the accepted form in the society. But

deep down they hate, deep down they have no love for all this.

Parents have been trying to help their children to become religious without becoming aware that they themselves are not religious yet. Zareen, do you really know that God is? You have become concerned about the children: this may be just a way of escaping from your own problem. Do you know God is? Have you felt God yourself?

If you have felt, if you have known God, this question would not arise, because then you would have seen that there is a logical sequence of growth -- the body, the mind, the soul, and ultimately God. You cannot bypass any step. And if you bypass, something will remain missing, and there is EVERY possibility that you will have to come back to the missing part again.

Let every part of your being be saturated, contented, so there is no need to look backwards and one can go ahead and ahead and ahead.

The third question:

Question 3
OSHO, WHY AM I AFRAID OF WOMEN?

Prabhudas,

IT IS not your personal question, it is almost universal. All men are afraid of women, and all women are afraid of men

-- because all people are afraid of love. The fear is of love. Hence man is afraid of woman because she is the object of love, and women are afraid of men because they are the object of their love.

We are afraid of love because Love is a small death. Love requires that we should surrender, and we don't want to surrender at all. We would like the OTHER to surrender, we would like the other to be a slave. But the same is the desire from the other side: man wants the woman to be a slave; and of course the woman also wants the same, the SAME desire is there. Their methods of enslaving each other may be different, but the desire is the same.

Man's methods are crude, the woman's methods are more subtle. If the man wants to destroy the freedom of the woman, he may beat the woman. If the woman wants to destroy the man's freedom, she may beat herself -- and that is far more effective, remember! She may cry and weep... that is far more clever too; that leaves the man absolutely indefensible. If you hit somebody the other can retaliate, react. The other can also hit you, or at least can defend. But if you hit yourself, then the other cannot do anything. The other is simply defenseless, the other is simply defeated.

So men only THINK that they are the masters in the house, the women know far better. But they never declare their mastery. In fact, they need not declare it because it is so certain. Man has to declare because he is uncertain, hesitant. And the woman always agrees with him that,

"Yes, you are the master." She can afford to agree; she knows far better.

It is very rare to find a husband who is not henpecked. In fact, to be a husband means to be henpecked, because I have not yet come across a husband who is not henpecked! The word is superfluous,'husband' is enough, because the ways of the feminine mind are so subtle that the cruder ways of man never succeed.

It is said about a king that one day he was talking with ministers, and the conversation moved to the perennial subject, man/woman. And somebody said, "In your court everybody is henpecked."

The king was offended. He said, "This cannot be so!"

But the man insisted. He said, "Not only in your court -- in your whole capital you cannot find a single man who is not henpecked."

The king was offended. Immediately he called one of his most wise men, gave him two horses, one black, one white, the most precious ones, and told him, "Take these two horses, and whoever you are convinced is not henpecked, let him choose one. If he wants the black he can choose the black, or the white. Give it to him as a gift."

The wise man went. Days passed, weeks passed and months passed, and he tried in every way but he could not find anyone. Finally he came upon a very strong man in a

hilly place; he had never seen such a man. He was just sitting outside, sunning himself. The wise man was impressed. He said, "Here is the man who must be the master of his house."

He asked him, "Who is the master of the house? Be true!"

The man simply showed his fists and his muscles. They were so big that even the wise man became afraid. And the big man said, "Just look at my muscles! What do you think? Who else can be the master of this house?"

And the wise man asked, "Where is your wife?" She was a very lean and thin woman; this man could have killed her at any moment, could have just crushed her with his fists. She was working in a corner, cooking something. He said, "That is my wife."

The wise man was absolutely satisfied that this must be the master. He said, "So you can choose: the king has said you can choose the white or the black horse, either, whichever you want."

And the man looked at the woman and said, "Lalou's mother, which one should I choose?"

And the wise man said, "You don't get either! If Lalou's mother is going to decide, finished!"

That lean, thin woman was going to decide.

This is the situation. Man tries in his ways, somehow, to possess the woman; the woman tries to possess the man. The woman is afraid because man can be physically violent. The man is afraid because the woman is psychologically very very clever, very very powerful.

You ask me, Prabhudas, "WHY AM I AFRAID OF WOMEN?"

You are afraid of love; you are afraid of losing your ego. You are asking a wrong question. And remember always: the mind tries many times to give you a wrong question. A little twist, a little turn, and the question becomes wrong.

Now you ask, "WHY AM I AFRAID OF WOMEN?"

The question seems to be perfectly right; it is not. You should have asked: why am I afraid of love? and then it would have been right. It is a wrong question. But many times we ask a wrong question, thinking that it is right.

Before you decide to ask a question, meditate over it. Look from all the aspects. Sleep on it for a few days so that it becomes more and more true -- because if you ask a true question my answer will be of immense help to you. But if your question' is wrong in the first place, then my answer cannot be of any help. Be straight, be down to earth! And don't be in a hurry to ask; meditate over the question from all possible sides. First try to find your own answers. Do your homework first, and then you will be able to ask the

right question. In fact, to ask the right question is almost half the answer.

The story is told about a Russian who came to a Welsh village to contact a spy named Jones. Approaching the stationmaster, he inquired where Mr. Jones lived.

"Oh, there's lots of Joneses," the villager replied. "I'm Jones the stationmaster, and there's Jones the postman, and..."

The Russian leaned close to the stationmaster's ear. "It's raining in Birmingham today," he whispered significantly.

"Oh," said the stationmaster, "it must be Jones the spy you're looking for. Why didn't you say so straight off?"

Be straight! Never go zig-zag!

Your question basically is, "Why am I afraid of love?" But you may even be afraid to ask the question, because nobody wants to say that "I am afraid of love." Even to say that feels embarrassing, so we go on asking other questions. We never ask exactly the question that is needed to be pondered over. We ask other questions very close to it, but not exactly it.

And this is not the first time, Prabhudas, that such a question has come to me. Almost every day some woman asks "Why am I afraid of men?" some man asks, "Why am I afraid of women?" Everybody seems to be afraid of everybody else!

And just see -- what can the poor woman do to you? what can the poor man do to you? We are all in the same boat! Afraid we are, certainly, but we are not really afraid of each other.

A defeated politician, after days and days of vainly looking for a job, is walking home in despair when he suddenly sees the tent of a big circus. He decides to try his luck and asks the director of the circus for a job.

"The only person we need is a tightrope walker," replies the director.

The politician feels afraid but still accepts.

That evening, dressed as a monkey, it is announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, you will now admire the flying monkey."

The terrified politician climbs up the ladder until he reaches the rope. Trembling, he starts walking along the rope when, overwhelmed by the lights, the emotion and the crowd, he loses his balance and begins to fall.

Suddenly he sees a number of lions climbing on top of each other trying to reach him. Sure that his last moment has come he starts to pray when he hears, "Don't worry, brother, we are all other defeated politicians."

Don't be afraid of women! They are really afraid of you... and you are afraid of them... and unnecessarily creating much fuss, much noise, for no reason at all. And both are missing the point. That point is: fear of love.

Love frightens, scares, because love demands something which you are not ready to pay. Love asks you to drop the ego: that is the price love asks for. Without paying the price you cannot attain to love, and our whole life is an effort to attain to love without paying the price. Hence fear, jealousy, possessiveness, and all kinds of things arise in life, but not love. We go on hoping against hope that there may be some way that we can save our ego and still be in love. It is impossible, it is not in the nature of things.

So if you want to be in love, this is the first thing to decide: "I am ready to drop the ego." And remember, you are not surrendering to the woman; neither is the woman surrendering to you. That too is a fallacy; a very wrong approach has given you that idea. You both are surrendering to some unknown god of love. You both are surrendering to something invisible. You are not surrendering to each other, not at all; that is a wrong approach. Because of that wrong approach it becomes difficult to surrender: "Why should I surrender to somebody else? That means her ego will be more fulfilled!" And she also thinks, "Why should I surrender to somebody? His ego will be more fulfilled. Who is he? Why should I surrender to him?"

Remember, those who have looked deeply into the matter have something else to say to you. My own observation is: lovers don't surrender to each other, they surrender to something unknown that exists between them. They surrender to love -- call it the 'god of love' -- they both surrender to the god of love. Hence nobody's ego is fulfilled by your surrender; both the egos disappear in love.

If you move with this understanding, all fear of women will disappear. There is nothing to be afraid of: on the other side there is the same trembling heart as yours, with the same fears. You will feel compassion rather than fear. Both will help each other rather than frightening each other, because both are in the same boat.

But remember, the surrender is on the altar of love, neither to man nor to woman. Down the ages this has been taught to you: lovers surrender to each other. That is utter nonsense! That must have been said by people who don't know what love is. Lovers NEVER surrender to each other, lovers simply surrender to love. Yes, lovers lose their egos, but they don't give them to each other. Those egos simply evaporate.

Lovers don't become dependent on each other; they are not enslaved by each other. On the contrary, love gives freedom. Lovers are the most free people in the world. They help each other to become more and more free, because freedom brings joy, and meeting out of freedom has immense beauty.

When two lovers meet not out of some bondage but out of freedom, there is benediction.

The fourth question:

Question 4
OSHO, YOU ONCE SAID THAT THIS IS A VERY BEAUTIFUL WORLD BUT IT IS IN THE WRONG HANDS. I AGREE WITH ALL MY BEING. I FEEL IT. BUT HOW CAN WE STOP THOSE GREEDY HANDS WHICH ARE TORTURING NATURE AND ENSLAVING MEN IF WE DON'T FIGHT AND STRUGGLE? IS THE DESTRUCTION OF THE OLD NOT NECESSARY FOR THE BUILDING OF THE NEW?

Giovanni,

THAT is one of the oldest traps into which man has fallen again and again. Yes, I say the world is a very beautiful world, but it is in wrong hands -- immediately your mind starts thinking how to destroy those wrong people, how to take the world from those wrong people and out of their hands. Rather than transforming yourself, rather than transforming your own mind, you immediately start thinking in terms of politics. I talk religion, you immediately interpret it in politics.

And it looks logical, Giovanni, because it seems perfectly right: "HOW CAN WE STOP THOSE GREEDY HANDS WHICH ARE TORTURING NATURE AND

ENSLAVING MEN IS WE DON'T FIGHT AND STRUGGLE?"

But if you fight and struggle, do you think you will be able to transform the world and its situation? By fighting and struggling you will just become like those people against whom you are fighting and struggling; that is one of the fundamental laws of life. Choose your enemies very carefully! Friends you can choose without any care. There is no need to be worried about friends because friends don't have the impact on you, don't impress you so much as the enemy. One has to be very careful with the enemy because you will have to fight the enemy. In fighting, you will have to use the same strategies, the same tactics, and you will use those strategies and tactics for years and years. They will condition you. That's how it has happened down the ages.

Joseph Stalin proved a far more dangerous czar than the czars that had ruled Russia before communism took over. Why? -- because he had learned the strategy from the czars. Fighting with the czars, he had to learn the ways and means, the same ways and means that they were using. The whole life spent in fighting, practising violence: by the time Joseph Stalin came to power he was a czar, far more dangerous obviously, because he had succeeded against the czars. He must have been' more cunning, must have been more violent, must have been more ambitious, must have been more Machiavellian. Otherwise it would have been impossible to win against the czars.

And he did the same on a far greater scale: he defeated all the czars! All the czars put together had never done so much violence, so much murder, as Joseph Stalin alone did. He had learned the lesson so well that it is suspected that the leader of the revolution, Lenin, was poisoned by Joseph Stalin, slowly slowly, in the name of medicine. He was ill, and in the name of medicine he was poisoned slowly, slowly and killed. If Lenin were there then Joseph Stalin would be number three man, because there was another man, Leon Trotsky, who was number two. So the first thing was how to destroy Lenin -- he killed Lenin -- and then the second thing was how to kill Trotsky -- he killed Trotsky. Then he was in power, and once he was in power he started killing everybody. All the members of the Politburo, of the highest commanding communist leaders, were killed by Stalin, by and by. Because they all knew the strategies, they had to be removed.

This has happened with all the revolutions in the world.

Now when I say this world is a very beautiful world but it is in the wrong hands, I don't mean that you start fighting those wrong hands. What I mean is: please don't you be those wrong hands, that's all.

I don't teach revolution, I teach rebellion, and the difference is great. Revolution is political, rebellion is religious. Revolution needs you to organize yourself as a party, as an army, and fight against the enemies. Rebellion means you rebel as an individual; you simply get out of this whole rut. At least you should not destroy nature.

And if more and more people become dropouts the world can be saved. That will be true revolution -- nonpolitical; it will be spiritual. If more and more people get out of the old mind and its ways, if more and more people become loving, if more and more people are non-ambitious, if more and more people are non-greedy, if more and more people are no more interested in power-politics, in prestige, in respectability...

That's what sannyas is all about! Sannyas is dropping out of the old, rotten game and living your life on your own. It is not a struggle against the old, it is simply getting out of the clutches of the old -- and this is the only way to weaken it, this is the only way to destroy it.

If millions of people in the world simply get out of the hands of the politicians, the politicians will die of their own accord. You cannot fight with them. If you fight you become a politician yourself. If you struggle against them you become greedy yourself, ambitious yourself; that is not going to help.

Be a dropout. And you have a small life: for fifty years, sixty years, seventy years you may be here -- you can't hope that you will be able to transform the world, but you can hope that you can still enjoy and love the world.

Use the opportunity of this life to celebrate as much as possible. Don't waste it in struggling and fighting.

I am not creating a political force here, no, not at all. All political revolutions have failed so utterly that only blind people can go on believing in them. Those who have eyes are bound to teach you something new.

This is something new! This has been done before too, but not on a large scale. We have to do it on such a large scale -- millions of people have to become dropouts! By dropouts I don't mean that you leave the society and go to the mountains. You live in the society, but you leave the ambition, you leave the greed, you leave the hatred. You live in the society and be loving, and live in the society as a nobody.

That is the pure essence of sannyas: living as nobody, with no greed, with no ambition. And then you can enjoy and you can celebrate. And by celebrating and enjoying, you will spread the ripples of ecstasy to other people.

We can change the whole world, but not by struggle -- not this time. Enough is enough! We have to change this world by celebrating, by dancing, by singing, by music, by meditation, by love, not by struggle.

The old certainly has to cease for the new to be, but please don't misinterpret me.

Giovanni is an Italian, and modern Italy is really much too political; the whole thinking is political. The whole Italian mind is obsessed with politics. Maybe one of the reasons is that they are fed-up with the Catholic Vatican and the Pope

and all that nonsense. They have seen too much of it and they have moved to the other extreme.

Certainly the old has to cease -- but the old is within you, not without. I am not talking about the old structure of the society; I am talking about the old structure of your mind that has to cease for the new to be. And a single man dropping the old structure of the mind creates such a great space for many to transform their lives that it is incredible, unimaginable, unbelievable. A single person transforming himself becomes a trigger; then many more start changing. His presence becomes a catalytic agent.

This is the rebellion I teach: you drop out of the old structure, you drop out of old greed, you drop out of old idealism. You become a silent, meditative, loving person; you be more in a dance, and then see what happens. Somebody, sooner or later, is bound to join the dance with you, and then more and more people. This is how it has happened here.

Lao Tzu says that you need not go outside your room; everything can happen just living inside your room. But Lao Tzu had to go out. He used to go on his buffalo, moving from one village to another. I have simply followed his advice -- I never go outside my room.

Little Hasya lives in Lao Tzu. Other kids ask her, "Do you see Osho sometimes moving in the house?" but she has not seen me yet, so what can she say?

I am just living in my room, and you have all come from different corners of the world. It is a miracle! Why have you come? And many more are on the way; they will be reaching soon. This place is going to become a tremendous force in the world, a transforming force in the world. It is going to become a spiritual explosion -- but we are not to fight with anybody and we are not to struggle with anybody.

I have no political leanings. I am utterly against politics. Yes, the old has to cease for the new to be -- but the old has to cease WITHIN YOU, then the new will be there. And once the new is within you the new is infectious, contagious; it starts spreading into other people.

Joy is contagious! Laugh, and you see others start laughing. So is it with sadness: be sad, and somebody looking at your long face suddenly becomes sad. We are not separate, we are joined together, so when somebody's heart starts laughing many other hearts are touched -- sometimes even faraway hearts.

You have come from such faraway places; somehow my laughter has reached to you, somehow my love has reached to you. Somehow, in some mysterious way, my being has touched your being and you have come here against all the difficulties. A thousand and one difficulties are being created, and they will be created more and more. Although I am not struggling against anybody, but still, those who are in power ARE afraid because they cannot think that there can be a man who has no political leanings. They cannot

believe that there can be a man who can attract thousands of people and will not use the power of these people to attain to some political powers, to some political status. They cannot believe it! How can they believe it? They can only understand the way they can understand.

So the politicians are afraid and they are creating every kind of barrier, but that is not going to hinder anybody. In fact, that is going to help me tremendously! It will become a challenge for all courageous people. It may prevent a few cowards -- and it is good if they are prevented because they will not be of any use here. In fact, it will be a kind of screening: only the people who can be benefitted by me will be reaching here. So it is good; whatsoever hindrances are being created are good.

But I am not teaching you to struggle against anything. Whenever you struggle against anything you become a reactionary, because it is a reaction; you become obsessed with something, you are against it. And then there is every possibility that the thing you are against will dominate you -- maybe in a negative way, but it will dominate you.

Friedrich Nietzsche was very much against Jesus Christ. But my own analysis of Friedrich Nietzsche is that he was too much impressed by Jesus Christ, just because he was against him. He was obsessed; he was really trying to become a Jesus Christ in his own right. His great book, THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA, is an effort to create a new gospel. The language he uses, the metaphors he uses, the poetry he uses, certainly reminds one of Jesus Christ,

and he was very much against him. He never missed a single point -- if he could condemn Jesus, he would immediately condemn, but one is reminded again and again of Jesus He was obsessed.

When he became mad, in the last phase of his life, he even started signing his letters as 'Anti-Christ Friedrich Nietzsche'. He could not forget Christ even when he became mad. First he would write 'Anti-Christ' and there he would sign. You can see the obsession, the deep jealousy of Jesus that dominated him his whole life. It destroyed his immense creativity. He could have been a rebel, but he reduced himself to a reactionary. He could have brought something new to the world, but he could not. He remained obsessed with Jesus.

I am not against anything or anybody. I don't want you to be free FROM something, I simply want you to be free. See the difference: freedom from is never total; that 'from' keeps it entrapped with the past. Freedom from can never be real freedom. Neither can freedom For ever be real freedom; that is a search for a new slavery. And this freedom from and freedom for almost always go together as two sides of the same coin.

What I teach is simple freedom, neither from nor for, just freedom; neither against the past nor for the future, but just to be in the present.

The fifth question:

Question 5
OSHO, I AM GETTING ON SEVENTY-.FIVE, YET I HESITATE TO TAKE SANNYAS. WHY?

Ram Sarandas,

SEVENTY-FIVE is nothing! Morarji Desai is eighty-four and he is not a sannyasin yet. And J.B. Kaplani is ninety-three and he is not a sannyasin yet. And Ravishankar Maharaj is ninety-five and he is not a sannyasin yet. Compared to these people, you are in the prime of your life. Enjoy it! Forget all about sannyas! Why be bothered with it? Seventy-five? You are almost young!

"You are heading for a broken marriage," warned a friend of the 75-year-old man who had just taken a 21-year-young luscious blonde as his bride.."I'm warning you, the difference in ages will be the cause of your separation."

"What would you suggest?" asked the old groom.

"As soon as you get back from your honeymoon trip," the friend advised, "fix up a room in your place and take in a boarder."

It sounded like a wise policy to the old man, so he decided to try it out.

After a time, the friend came by to visit and was cordially received by the elderly bridegroom.

"And how's the little bride?" the friend asked cautiously.

"Couldn't be better!" the old man answered. "She is in the family way."

"Looks like my plan worked after all! And how is that boarder of yours?"

"Fine!" explained the old man. "And, by golly, she's also in the family way!"

Seventy-five? This is the time to fool around! And you are thinking of sannyas, Ram Sarandas? Wait! Wait at least until you are a hundred.

Great-great-grandma studied the newborn baby with obvious satisfaction. "If my memory doesn't fail me," she cackled, "it's a boy!"

At least wait up to that point when you cannot recognize who is a boy and who is a girl -- then sannyas!

That has been the ancient way, Ram Sarandas. In India people used to take sannyas only when they were of no worth at all. People used to go to sannyas only when life was really finished, when there was nothing left.

An eagle-eyed mortician noticed an old crone shuffling away from a funeral service at his parlor and asked her how old she was.

"One hundred and one!" cackled the old lady proudly.

"Well, well!" said the mortician suavely. "Hardly worth going home, is it?"

Wait! When it is hardly worth going home, then you can become a sannyasin!

This has been the old way, and because of this, sannyas never became the force it could have become.

But my sannyas is totally different: it has nothing to do with age.It has something to do with youth rather than old age. The younger you are, the more possibility there is of entering into my sannyas. Even those who are old physically but young spiritually will feel attracted.towards it -- ONLY those will feel attracted towards it.

I am not teaching you escape from life. I am not teaching you the other world. I am teaching you how to live this life with great gratitude, with immense joy, with ecstasy. I am not anti-life. I am all for life, because to me life is God. There is no other God.

You ask me, "I AM GETTING ON SEVENTY-FIVE, YET I HESITATE TO TAKE SANNYAS."

Why do you mention your age? The old idea in India is that after seventy-five one should become a sannyasin. Age has nothing to do with sannyas -- not at least with MY idea of

sannyas. The younger you are the better, because you have more energy and more juice and more aliveness.

And sannyas will need all the juice, all aliveness, because sannyas is not a shrinking but an expansion. It is not getting out of life and life's context, running away from life and its complexities. My sannyas is living in life, in all its complexities, and yet remaining simple, yet remaining innocent.

I am teaching you something like a great paradox: to be in the world and not be of it, to be in the world but not let the world be in you.

Why should you hesitate? The old sannyas certainly gives hesitation. In fact, no intelligent person would go into the old way, because it.is so against nature, against life; only stupid people can be victims of it. Hesitation is perfectly right if you are thinking to become an old Indian sannyasin. Then hesitation is perfectly right; that simply shows intelligence.

But if you are hesitating to become MY sannyasin, that simply shows indecisiveness, not intelligence, because I am not telling you to leave anything. You will be the same, in the same world; everything will be the same. Just deep down, at the center of your being, a new quality will be added. I don't take anything from you, I give something to you. I make you more, not less. A quality of meditativeness will be added to you, a subtle fragrance of prayer will be

added to you. You will become more fragrant, more perfumed, so why hesitate?

You also ask me, "Why?" It must be a confusion, a confusion between the old concept of sannyas and the new. This is troubling many Indians. The very word 'sannyas', and the idea of the old sannyas arises with all its connotations. And it is natural in a way, because at least for ten thousand years the old idea has existed, and my new sannyas is only ten years old. Against ten thousand years, ten years are nothing. Ten thousand years' conditioning has gone very deep into the Indian mind.

So when Western people come, sannyas seems to be easy for them because they don't have the old idea. They simply understand what I am saying. They have nothing to compare. They see the beauty of it, they take a jump into it.

But Ram Sarandas, when Indians come, naturally, the old idea of sannyas somehow lingers.

And I have deliberately chosen the name 'sannyas'; I could have chosen something else. I have deliberately chosen the orange color, the ancient color of sannyas, for a certain reason: I want to destroy the old idea completely, and this is the only way. I want to destroy the old idea absolutely, and the only way is to create so many new sannyasins that the old, few and far between sannyasins are completely lost in the ocean of orange.

Ram Sarandas, it must be the old idea that is creating the hesitation. Just try to separate the old and the new. My sannyas has nothing to do with the old, it is an absolutely new concept. It is very worldly and yet very godly.

The last question:

Question 6
OSHO, LISTENING TO YOU, I HAVE DECIDED THAT I WILL NOT LEAVE ANY STONE UNTURNED UNTIL I HAVE FOUND GOD. PLEASE HELP ME.

Mahendra,

YOU are certainly hearing me, but not listening. God is not a goal. God has not to be achieved. The achieving mind is the only barrier to God. It is not a question of your 'leaving no stone unturned'. It is not a question of will-power, it is a question of surrendering. Leave all the stones unturned! Don't turn even a single stone, please! Why disturb the stones?

It is not a question of will, and you are thinking in terms of will. That's what has been told to you again and again: become a great will-power, struggle, search, seek; only then can you find God. That's all nonsense. God is never found by seeking, but that's how you have been misunderstanding me.

Two men were sitting in the doctor's office and after a while they decided to talk.

"I'm aching from arthritis," said one man.

"Glad to meet you," said the other. "I'm Willy from California."

That's what has happened between me and you. I am saying I am aching from arthritis, and you say that you are Willy from California.

The town band was doing its best when someone in the audience called the piano player a bastard.

The leader's baton beat a tattoo on the music stand and the players became silent.

"Who called my piano player a bastard?" he demanded.

"Who called that bastard a piano player?" a voice in the rear of the theatre yelled back.

Something like that is happening between me and you -- I am saying one thing, you are hearing something else.

I am not teaching the way of will, I am teaching the way of utter will-lessness. I am teaching you not to become strong but to be vulnerable. I am teaching you not the way of the male but the way of the female. Be more feminine. Be more delicate, vulnerable.

A man who was driving across the continent put up for the night at a rural hostelry. The view from his second storey window was lovely, he thought: peaceful meadows and a beautifully kept lawn directly below.

During the night however, there was a cloudburst and when the man awoke, the ground had disappeared under water fully five feet high. This was surprising enough, but then the man spotted something even more unusual. A straw hat floated by, reached the boundary fence, turned and floated back. Three times this phenomenon was repeated and the man rushed to the proprietor with a hushed, "Do you see what I see?"

"Sure!" laughed the proprietor. "That's Uncle Henry. Stubborn old coot! He swore he was going to mow that lawn this morning, come hell or high water!"

This is not the way to find God! In fact, you need not go anywhere and you need not do anything to find God. God is already trying to find you. You just stand still or sit still so He can find you. Wherever He comes you are gone. He never finds you, or even if sometimes He finds you, you are not there; you are somewhere else. You are always somewhere else!

It is not a question of finding God from your side: God is in search of you.

You please be quiet and still. Sometimes, doing nothing, sitting silently, just waiting, and He will find you. He will

certainly find you. That's how He found me; that's how He has always found... It is not that you reach Him, it is always He who reaches you.

Allow Him to reach you! And that is possible only when you are open, surrendered, in deep trust... your heart becomes an open lotus.

The Guest
Chapter #13
Chapter title: ***The Guest*** is inside you
8 May 1979 am in Buddha Hall

THE GUEST IS INSIDE YOU, AND ALSO INSIDE ME;
YOU KNOW THE SPROUT IS HIDDEN INSIDE THE SEED.
WE ARE ALL STRUGGLING; NONE OF US HAS GONE FAR.
LET YOUR ARROGANCE GO, AND LOOK AROUND INSIDE.

THE BLUE SKY OPENS OUT FARTHER AND FARTHER,
THE DAILY SENSE OF FAILURE GOES AWAY,
THE DAMAGE I HAVE DONE TO MYSELF FADES,
A MILLION SUNS COME FORWARD WITH LIGHT,
WHEN I SIT FIRMLY IN THAT WORLD.

I HEAR BELLS RINGING THAT NO ONE HAS SHAKEN,
INSIDE LOVE THERE IS MORE JOY THAN WE KNOW OF,
RAIN POURS DOWN, ALTHOUGH THE SKY IS CLEAR OF CLOUDS,
THERE ARE WHOLE RIVERS OF LIGHT.
THE UNIVERSE IS SHOT THROUGH IN ALL PARTS BY A SINGLE SORT OF LOVE.
HOW HARD IT IS TO FEEL THAT JOY IN ALL OUR FOUR BODIES!

THOSE WHO HOPE TO BE REASONABLE ABOUT IT FAIL.
THE ARROGANCE OF REASON HAS SEPARATED US FROM THAT LOVE.
WITH THE WORD 'REASON' YOU ALREADY FEEL MILES AWAY.

HOW LUCKY KABIR IS, THAT SURROUNDED BY ALL THIS JOY
HE SINGS INSIDE HIS OWN LITTLE BOAT.
HIS POEMS AAMOUNT TO ONE SOULD MEETING ANOTHER.
THESE SONGS ARE ABOUT FORGETTING DYING AND LOSS,
THEY RISE ABOVE BOTH COMING IN AND GOING OUT.

FRIEDRICH Nietzsche declared that God is dead and hence man is free. That has been one of the most ancient arguments: if God is, man cannot be free. How can man be free if God is? Then God is the master and man is the slave. Then God decides, man has only to follow. Then God has will and man has no will; man is only a plaything in the hands of God. So either God is, or man is free. If man is free, there can be no God at all.

Charvakas in ancient India, Epicurus in Greece, and then Nietzsche, Marx, Diderot, Freud, Russell, Jean-Paul Sartre, they all have been repeating the same argument again and again in different words. The argument seems to be very appealing. The argument proposes freedom for man: man Gan be free only if God is removed. Then there is nobody above man. Then there is nobody to dominate man, nobody to decide for man. If there is nothing higher than man, then freedom is absolute. But howsoever appealing the argument, it is fundamentally wrong; it is based on wrong premises.

The declaration that God is dead is in a sense true: the false god, the man-made God, is certainly dead. The god of the temples and the churches and the synagogues and the mosques and the gurudwaras is certainly dead. The god that man has imagined in his own image, the god that man has made according to his own wishes, the god that is nothing but a projection of man's mind and desires, that god certainly is dead.

But that god had really never existed; it is dead because it has never existed in the first place. And it is good that the man-made god is dead, because when the artificial is removed the natural can sprout. When the false ceases the true can explode. The untrue MUST cease for the truth to be.

I look at atheism with great respect, because it removes the false. It has a great work to do. Its work is not against God; its work really is for God, because it destroys all man-made idols of God. And then, in that emptiness, the time God can become manifest, can be revealed.

All the great saints have been against the false god. They will agree perfectly with Nietzsche, Freud, Jean-Paul Sartre. Of course, they will agree for a totally different reason: not that the true God is dead, not that the true God can ever be dead. To say that God is dead is a contradiction in terms if by God you mean the true God, the God 'that which is'. It is a contradiction in terms because God is nothing but life, and how can life be dead? It goes on and on, it is an unending process. Life is a pilgrimage with no beginning and no end; God is another name for life.

Those who know, they know God as the fragrance of life, the perfume of existence, the very ground of being. For them, God is not a concept, not a theory, not a hypothesis. For them, God is an existential experience. For them God is not separate from man, for them God is man's innermost core.

Hence how can man's freedom and God be antagonistic? Without God there would be no freedom, because without God there would be no man. Without God there would be no inner core to your being. Without God you would be hollow; you wouldn't have any meaning, any significance. Without God you would be just accidental, a plaything of circumstances. With God you have a certain significance, some meaning, some poetry.

With God you are free because God is your freedom. God gives you space to grow; God is the space to grow in. Because there is something higher, you can grow, you can reach for it, but the higher is not separate from you. The higher is nothing but your own depth trying to manifest itself. The higher is not something like a goal to be achieved. It is more like something which is already there and has only to be recognized. The height and the depth are one and the same. Your innermost core is also the innermost core of the whole existence.

To think of God and man is wrong. God is man fulfilled, man is God on the way. Man is the journey, God is the reaching, the arrival. Man is like a seed and God is like a flower... one chain of growth.

God is not to be worshipped but realized. There is no need to make temples for God. You have to learn how to look within you. The temple is already there: your body is the temple! That's what Kabir goes on saying again and again: your body is the temple. God has already chosen it as its abode.

God is already in you, God exists as you. Hence there is no question of any conflict between you and God; there cannot be. Without God you would be just a flower without fragrance. Without God you would be a temple without any deity, empty. Without God you would be just pure accident, with no significance at all. It is only with God that you become part of the great symphony of existence, that you become something which is needed, utterly needed; that without you existence will miss something, that without you existence will be less.

God is not an ideal as we have been thinking down the ages. And it is good that that God is dead; now we can declare the birth of a new God. Now we can declare the true God. The true God is always your interiority, your subjectivity.

Jean-Paul Sartre, one of the most important atheists of this age, says that we cannot allow God to exist because His existence reduces us to objects. He becomes the subject -- He is omniscient, He goes on looking at us, and because He looks at us and we cannot look at Him, we are reduced to objects, things, commodities.Whenever you look at a thing you cannot look at its interiority, you can look only at its outer core. By looking, you reduce everything to a thing.

That's why in all the cultures, in all the societies down the ages, looking at somebody for a certain period is thought to be unmannerly. For almost two or three seconds you can look and there will be no objection, that is casual; you are

passing by and you look at a person, just a casual look, a glance. But if you stare it is offensive. Why? Why is looking at a person for too long offensive? It reduces him into an object: you become the seer and he becomes the seen. And who are you to reduce him into an object? It is offensive!

Jean-Paul Sartre also says that that is one of the reasons why lovers always go on fighting, because they both go on looking at each other, reducing each other into things, and nobody likes it. The man does not like to be reduced into a thing, neither does the woman like it. And they are lovers so they stare at each other -- it is offensive; even in love it is offensive. Deep down somewhere your being revolts against it.

Women are far more sensitive, naturally. They are more graceful. When they are making love they close their eyes; they don't reduce the man who is making love to them into an object. Man is a little crude: he likes to see while he is making love. Even while he is making love he wants to see, he would like to keep the light on. And there are extremists also who would like it to be photographed, so they can make an album and later on they can look at it.

But the woman feels offended. Certainly she is more sensitive, and her sense of propriety is far more refined than the sense of man. You kiss a woman, she immediately closes her eyes -- she gives you the freedom of being a subject.

Jean-Paul Sartre has some truth in his statement that lovers are always in conflict because they reduce each other into things, and nobody wants to be a thing. Then what to say about God? -- He reduces the whole humanity, all beings, into things. He is the eternal subject and we are objects.

Hence Sartre says we cannot allow God to exist. Even if He is, He has to be killed, He has to be destroyed.

There have been thinkers like Immanuel Kant, Schiller, Hegel, who say: If there is no God He has to be invented, because without God man will lose all significance. And they are also right: even if there is no God he has to be invented, for man's sake. It is better to have an invented God than not to have any. At least He will give an appearance of significance to life, a certain rhythm. The noise will start looking at least like music. The accidental will not be accidental any more, some meaning will arise. Hence they say if there is no God, He has to be invented.

And on the other pole, Jean-Paul Sartre, Friedrich Nietzsche, Sigmund Freud say: Even if there is God, He has to be killed, because if He remains man is reduced into an object. Man loses all freedom, man loses all will. But both are wrong, because both are thinking in terms of God as if God is the other.

Kabir says -- just as all the mystics of all the ages have been saying -- God is not the other. He is you. He is your inside. He is your subjectivity, so how can He reduce you into an object? He is not separate, so how can He take your

freedom away? He need not be invented because He is already there. And He need not be killed, because in killing Him you will be simply committing suicide -- and that is impossible; nobody can commit suicide. You can drop one body, you will immediately enter into another womb. Suicide is impossible. You can pretend the game of committing suicide but you can never succeed in it, because nothing can be destroyed. Not even a grain of sand can be destroyed.

Physicists say there is no possibility of destroying anything. Neither can something new be created nor can something existent be destroyed. If this is so even about a grain of sand, what to say about the being of man?' -- that is the highest flowering -- how can it be destroyed?

Life is eternal. Life is immortal. It changes forms, certainly, just like the waves in the ocean go on changing but the ocean remains. Bodies come and go, minds come and go, but your innermost witness remains always there. And that witness is God.

Hegel, Kant, Schiller, are wrong; so is Freud, so is Nietzsche, so is Jean-Paul Sartre. They both accept the same premise: that God is the other. And God is not the other. God is your very soul. God is already in you... just a little alertness.

Wake up and see! You need not wait for ***The Guest***. ***The Guest*** has already arrived in the very being of the host. ***The Guest*** is found in the host.

THE GUEST IS INSIDE YOU -- says Kabir --
AND ALSO INSIDE ME;
YOU KNOW THE SPROUT IS HIDDEN INSIDE THE SEED.

Exactly like that -- just as in the seed the sprout is hidden -- in you is hidden God. Of course if you cut the seed, if you dissect the seed, you will not find the sprout -- or will you? You can cut the seed; you will not find anything at all: no sprout, no foliage, no branches, no flowers, no fruits, nothing at all, because the seed is the unmanifest. It needs growth, it needs a right soil, it needs a gardener.

It needs great art to help the unmanifest to become manifest; to bring that which is hidden to the world, great skill is needed.

Buddha has called religion nothing but skill, art, UPAYA, a methodology -- a methodology to bring the unseen into the world of the seen, to bring the invisible into the world of the visible. In the seed the flowers are there, but they are invisible. A proper context will be needed where they can become visible.

Exactly in the same way, God is in you; you are the seed of God. God is not to be worshipped but revealed. You have

to grow and become a God! You are not to seek and search for a God somewhere, already ready-made. You have to grow; growth is religion. You have to grow into a God. You are carrying the seed, you have to find a soil -- you have to find a buddhafield. You have to find a gardener, a Master. You have to find a commune where many trees are blooming, so that hope can arise in the heart of the seed that "Yes, if other seeds can become trees, GREAT trees, why can't I?"; so that longing can arise in the heart, so the heart becomes aflame, afire, athirst. In that very thirst, in that very longing, the seed has started moving towards the flowers.

It is a long journey, but an inner journey. You can make the whole journey by sitting silently, not going anywhere, because the going has to be something inner. It is not in space, it is in consciousness.

The original is:

SAHAB HAM MEN SAHAB TUM MEN, JAISE PRANA BIJ MEN.

The Master is in me and the Master is in you
just as life is hidden in the seed.

It is because of too many analytical approaches, too many logical approaches, that we are missing God. It is because of too much scientific upbringing. A kind of 'scientism' has arisen in the world, a very vulgar religion; it is not scientific really, it is scientism. People have started

believing in science as if it is a religion. It is just a very crude methodology to know about matter. It is so crude that it cannot grasp the subtler aspects of life.

If you behave in a crude way with the seed -- with a knife you can cut it you will simply be destroying its possibility. You will be killing it. By cutting it you will not find anything in it, and of course then you can say, "Because I don't find anything in it -- no life, no flower, no fragrance -- hence it is decided that there is no flower, no fragrance, no fruit, no trees. They are all just imagination."

That's what science has done to religion: it dissects and cannot find the subtle. Through dissection the subtle cannot be found, never, never. It dissects man and cannot find the soul. The soul is unavailable to dissection. You will find the bones and the blood and the marrow and everything; all that which is measurable you will find if you dissect the body of man. But you will not find the immeasurable -- and that's what really is valuable.

SAHAB HAM MEN SAHAB TUM MEN...

Kabir says: And remember, God is not separate from man. He is in me, He is in you, He is in everybody. Wherever life is, God is. God is synonymous with life. He is in the trees and in the birds and in the animals. Wherever life is, God is. Howsoever rudimentary the life may be, God is there.

... JAISE PRANA BIJ MEN.

God is hidden in everything, in every being, as life is hidden, GREAT life is hidden, in the seed. Unimaginable it is! If you just see the seed, you cannot believe that a great tree is going to be born out of it, a great tree which will whisper with the clouds, a great tree which will try to reach to the stars, a great tree which will become shelter for hundreds of travellers, a great tree which will become a nest for thousands of birs, a great tree with all the colors, green and red and gold. Looking at a seed, you cannot imagine it. Even if you look through a great microscope you will not find it there. It IS there, and yet you cannot find it there.

Why is it so? It is there, but not yet manifest. find a right soil, help it to become manifest. Help the seed to die!

When the disciple comes to the Master, he comes to die. the disciple is one who decides to die in the Master. In that very death is resurrection. In that very death, life starts manifesting itself in its multi-dimensionality. Dying, one attains to higher life; one has to go on dying on lower planes. the moment you die on the lower plane, you assert from the higher, and there are planes and planes....

Go on dying always to the plane you find yourself to be in, so that you can move to the higher. You have to leave the lower step, only then can you reach to the higher step. If you cling to the lower you cannot reach to the higher.

THE GUEST IS INSIDE YOU, AND ALSO INSIDE ME;
YOU KNOW THE SPROUT IS HIDDEN INSIDE THE SEED.
WE ARE ALL STRUGGLING; NONE OF US HAS GONE FAR.
LET YOUR ARROGANCE GO, AND LOOK AROUND INSIDE.

The mind is very arrogant: without knowing a thing, it starts proving, this way or that way. There are arrogant atheists who try to prove that there is no God, and there are arrogant theists who try to prove that there is God. Proving or disproving, it is the same mind and the same arrogance. Neither is the theist religious nor the atheist.

The religious person is one who is not arrogant. The religious person is one who is not trying to prove for or against, who is not trying to come to some conclusions through reasoning; one who is available, open, ready to see. Unclouded are his eyes -- unclouded because he has no ideas, no ready-made formulas; unclouded because he has no already arrived at conclusions; unclouded because he has no a priori approach; unclouded because he is innocent, childlike, ready to see but with no prejudice, with no ideology.

The religious person is never a Hindu or a Mohammedan or a Christian or a Parsee. A religious person is simply a vulnerable consciousness, an open heart. The religious

person is a quest, an enquiry -- and enquiry cannot begin with already arrived at conclusions.

If you have already come to a conclusion your enquiry is finished. You are dead! If you already know that God is, without knowing, if you already know that God is not, without knowing, you are being simply stupid -- not religious or theist or atheist, but just simply stupid.

The real enquirer will say, "I don't know." Unless he has realized he will not say, "I know." Even when he has realized, the emphasis will not be on 'I', but on knowing. To be exactly true, he will not say "I know"; he will say, "Knowing has happened."

WE ARE ALL STRUGGLING; NONE OF US HAS GONE FAR.

Neither the believer nor the unbeliever -- nobody has gone far. They are all tethered to their conclusions, and hence the struggle is absolutely unnecessary and foolish. We are struggling because we are tethered.

I have heard an ancient parable....

A few friends were celebrating the birthday of one of their most beloved friends. They drank, they ate, they danced. It was a full-moon night. They went to the river, but the boatman had gone. It was late night, the full moon in the sky, the river... beautiful... the silence. And they were all drunk, singing, dancing, in a really joyous mood. They

entered the boat, they took the oars in their hands, they started moving to the other shore. For hours and hours they thought they were travelling.

When it was getting closer to the morning and the cooler winds started blowing, they came to their senses a little bit. One of them said, "We must have travelled at least a few miles. We have been in the boat the whole night. Somebody should get out and see where we have come. Now it is time to go back home."

So one of them got out and started laughing madly. The others asked, "What is the matter?"

He said, "You all come out and see what is the matter."

They all got out, and they all started laughing and rolling on the bank, because they had forgotten one thing, a simple thing: the boat was tethered to the bank with a chain. The whole night they struggled and they were thinking that they were travelling, but they had not gone even an inch. They had remained on the same spot.

This is the situation of all those who go on struggling in their minds, who go on arguing, reasoning and thinking that they are coming closer and closer to truth.

If you are tethered to your prejudices... And everybody is tethered, because the society never allows a child to grow without prejudices. Every society tries to contaminate the child, to pollute his mind, to condition him, to hypnotize

him. That's why you find Hindus and Mohammedans and Christians, and you don't find human beings anywhere. The world is ugly because human beings are missing. The world would be a blissful place, a paradise, if Mohammedans, Hindus, Jains, Buddhists, would disappear and only human beings would be left.

A child is born as a human being, but we condition him. we stuff his mind with beliefs. And the child is very impressionable; he is very, very soft. You can engrave anything on his mind and he will have to carry it for his whole life -- unless he is very intelligent and fortunate enough to drop all the nonsense that the parents and the society have given to him. Unless he is like a Buddha or a Jesus or a Kabir or a Nanak, he is bound to remain tethered to the prejudices given to him. For his whole life he will struggle and he will never reach anywhere. And when death will come he will not be able even to laugh; he will have to cry because his whole life has been a wastage, a sheer wastage, a great opportunity lost.

Get rid of all your prejudices. Get rid of all that you have not known and others have given to you. Get rid of all your knowledge. If you really want to know one day the first thing is not to get rid of ignorance, the first thing is to get rid of knowledge. Knowledge is ignorance, the real ignorance. If you get rid of knowledge, ignorance is innocence.

Then you are left with just an enquiry, a question mark in your heart: "Who am I? What is this existence?" And

because you don't have any conclusion, you can start moving. Because you are not tethered any more to any prejudice, you can enquire, you can search, you can seek.

WE ARE ALL STRUGGLING; NONE OF US HAS GONE FAR.

We have not been able to go far because of an unnecessary struggle.

The original is:

MAT KAR BANDA GUMAN DIL MEN, KHOJ DEKH LE TAN MEN!

We have become too arrogant in the head. The head is full of holy cowdung, full of bullshit.

Scriptures, philosophies, ideologies are all just rubbish, because you have not known them. You have been made into a parrot.

MAT KAR BANDAGUMAN DIL MEN...

Don't be arrogant in the head, don't be an egoist in the head. Don't think that you know. Don't think that your scripture can supply you with the truth. No Vedas, no Koran, no Bible can give you the truth. Truth has to be achieved through individual effort.

Truth has to be achieved by everybody on his own; it is untransferable. Buddha cannot give it to you. He knows, he has arrived, but he cannot give it to you. Hence his last words, his departing words to his disciples: "Be a light unto yourself." The disciples were crying, naturally; the Master was leaving. The Master had said goodbye to them. He had said, "Now this body is tired, and I would like to leave it. My work is finished." They started crying. Some had lived with Buddha for forty years, for thirty years. Their whole lives were permeated with his presence, with his love and compassion, with his light.

Ananda, who had lived longest with him -- almost fifty years, serving him like a shadow, following him everywhere; not for a single day for fifty years had he been away from Buddha -- tears started rolling down his cheeks. Buddha said, "Ananda, you, and crying? Why?"

And Ananda said, "I could not become enlightened while you were alive. Now you are going, what will happen to me?"

Buddha laughed and said, "Maybe my presence was the hindrance. Now you will become enlightened within twenty-four hours. You depended too much on me. Although I was continuously telling you that I cannot give it to you, nobody can give it to you, deep down you still carried the hope, that 'When he can, he will give it to me -- at least to me, if not to anybody else. I have been serving him for fifty years; can't he see that I have devoted my whole life, sacrificed my whole life? Finally, one day, he

will give me the key.' You were hoping and hoping and hoping, and I was telling you that all your hopes are futile: it is untransferable. Not that I would not like to give it to you; I would like to give it to everybody, to those who ask and to those who don't ask. If it were possible to give you the truth I would have already given it. I would not have made you wait for fifty years. It is impossible; it is untransferable. One has to know it, experience it in one's own being. It cannot be given from the outside. No scripture can supply it, no Master can supply it."

The Master can only provoke a great longing to seek and search. The Master can only seduce. The Master can only convince you that your seed carries infinite glories in it, that you are not just that which you appear to be -- you are far more -- that you are an infinite universe. The Master can only convince you by his presence that you are God. By declaring himself a God he can convince you that you are also Gods. SAHAB HAM MEN, SAHAB TURN MEN -- ***The Guest*** is in me, ***The Guest*** is in you. The Master can only convince you. He can trigger a process in you, but he cannot give it to you.

Buddha said, "Because you were depending and hoping, you missed. Had you listened to me it would have happened long before. But now I say to you: within twenty-four hours it will happen. Once I am gone, all your hope will disappear. That is becoming a barrier."

And exactly as Buddha had said, it happened: within twenty-four hours Ananda was enlightened. The death of

the Buddha was such a shock: his whole life gone, and Buddha too, and now there was only dark night ahead, death. The shock was so much, so shattering, that for the first time he turned in. At last he heard what Buddha had been saying again and again. At last he HAD to, because now the Buddha was gone and there was nobody else to tell him to look in. He closed his eyes... wet with tears were those eyes, but he closed his eyes for the first time. Up to then, for fifty years, those eyes had been focused on Buddha. And Buddha was so beautiful and so graceful, it was impossible to close your eyes while Buddha was present with you in the same room, in the same place, under the same shelter. Ananda used to just look at Buddha. Just to look at him was such a joy, he had not ever meditated.

But now Buddha was gone, there was nothing else to see. Ananda closed his eyes; for twenty-four hours he didn't open his eyes. Somebody asked him, "Why don't you open your eyes? Tears are flowing, but why don't you open your eyes?"

He said, "Now there is nothing left to be seen. I have seen the greatest, I have seen all that is worth seeing -- I have seen the ultimate glory. Now there is nothing to be seen. I will not open my eyes UNLESS I HAVE SEEN MYSELF."

He opened his eyes only when he had seen himself.

The Guest is within you, but you have to turn in. And we are too much focused on the outside and on the futile. Somebody is leaning on his scripture, reading, reading, cramming, and thinking that by knowing more and more of the Vedas and the Bible and the Koran he will become enlightened. You will become only burdened with knowledge!

WE ARE ALL STRUGGLING; NONE OF US HAS GONE FAR.

Why has none of us gone far? -- because of the conclusions,
ready-made conclusions; because of borrowed knowledge.

LET YOUR ARROGANCE GO...

Kabir says:

MAT KAR BANDA GUMAN DIL MEN, KHOJ DEKH LE TAN MEN!

Just let this arrogant mind go! Say goodbye to this arrogant mind. See all that mind contains is worthless, and turn in. Look into your own body... and He is there. Your body is the temple, He has already chosen it; He abides there. And you go to Khasi, and you go to Kaaba, and you go to Kailash. And you go on searching all over the earth, and this you have been doing for many many lives, and you have not found Him; and He is inside you.

Another ancient parable...

When God made the world he used to live in the marketplace, on M.G. Road. Of course, it was very difficult to live there in the marketplace, because people would come at any hour, odd hours. Even in the middle of the night they would start knocking: "My child is ill. I don't have any employment. What kind of world have you made? I am getting old, I am weak. What kind of world have you made? Why is there so much suffering?"

People were coming the whole day and the whole night, and they were bringing demands. And their demands were so contradictory that God was going almost mad. One would come and say, "Tomorrow I need rains, because I have sown the seeds in the garden and the rain is needed." And another would come: "Please, tomorrow let there be sun, no clouds, no rains; because I am doing something which will be spoiled if it rains. I need a clear, sunny day."

Now what to do? Finally God called his council of advisors and asked, "What should I do? I am going crazy! Many times I start repenting: why did I create man? The world was so beautiful."

You know, the story is that whenever God made anything... He made the trees, and He was so happy that He said, "Good, very good!" He made the birds and the animals and He said, "Good, very good!" He appreciated His own creation, He was so thrilled. But when He made man he didn't say anything; in fact He was at a loss. That's why,

after man, He stopped creating anything. He has not created anything since then; that was the last. He got so fed up with man that He stopped being a creator. He simply abandoned the world.

He asked his advisors, "What should I do? I have created this nuisance, and now they are torturing me. I would like a place to hide. Where should I go?" Somebody suggested, "You go to Everest. These people will not be able to reach there."

For a moment He thought. He said, "No, you don't know the future. Just a few years" -- and in God's vision thousands of years or millions of years are just a few -- "there will be a man, Hillary. He will reach and then the chain will start. Once the world comes to know that I live on Everest, airplanes and helicopters and everything will start coming. That won't do, that won't help much. For the time being, okay, but that is not a solution. I need something permanent."

Somebody suggested, "Then why don't you go to the moon?"

He said, "You don't know -- sooner or later man is going to reach there. He is going to reach to every planet, to every star."

Then an old advisor said, "Then the best thing I can suggest to you is, why don't you hide in man himself?"

And He loved the idea! And He said, "This is the right place, because that is the last place man is going to. He will go everywhere, but he will never go inside himself."

Since then, God has been hiding there.

You need not go into the scriptures; all that you need is to go into your own subjectivity. All that you need to go into is your own consciousness. You have to become more conscious of your consciousness, you have to become more aware of your awareness. You have to become so aware of your awareness that everything else disappears. A point of stillness comes where you are simply aware of your awareness and not aware of anything else.

When awareness is the only content of your awareness and there is no other content, that is the moment when the host disappears into ***The Guest***, when ***The Guest*** is found, when bliss descends on you.

LET YOUR ARROGANCE GO, AND LOOK AROUND INSIDE.

THE BLUE SKY OPENS OUT FARTHER AND FARTHER,
THE DAILY SENSE OF FAILURE GOES AWAY,
THE DAMAGE I HAVE DONE TO MYSELF FADES,
A MILLION SUNS COME FORWARD WITH LIGHT,
WHEN I SIT FIRMLY IN THAT WORLD.

If you go in, things start happening, miracles start happening. And you are entitled to miracles, miracles are your birthright. But because you are always going into the outer, you become more and more of a beggar.

The mind is a beggar, remember -- howsoever arrogant, but it is a beggar. The mind is a begging bowl and the beggar is never satisfied. The beggar goes on asking for more and more and more.

One day a beggar knocked on the doors of a great king. By chance, the king himself opened the door. He saw the beggar: the beggar was not an ordinary beggar, he was almost luminous. He had such grace, such beauty, such a mysterious aura, that even the king felt jealous. He asked, "What do you want?" still pretending -- "I have not taken any note of you" -- "What do you want?"

The beggar showed the king his begging bowl and he said, "I would like it to be filled."

The king said, "That's all? With what do you want it to be filled?"

The beggar said "Anything will do, but the condition is that you have to fill it; otherwise don't try."

It was a challenge to the king. He said, "What do you mean by it? Can't I fill this small begging bowl? And you don't say with what."

The beggar said, "That is irrelevant. Anything will do, even pebbles, stones, but fill it! The condition is: I will not leave the door if you start filling it; unless it is filled I will remain here."

The king ordered his prime minister to fill the begging bowl with diamonds; he had millions of diamonds: "This beggar has to be shown that he is encountering a king!" But soon the king became aware that he had been deceived. The begging bowl was as extraordinary as the beggar, more so in fact: anything dropped into it would simply be gone, would disappear. It remained empty. The treasures were thrown into it, but they all disappeared.

By the evening the whole capital had gathered. The king was now becoming almost desperate: the diamonds finished, then the gold, and then the gold was finished, then the silver, and then the silver was finished.... The sun was setting, and the king's sun had also set. His whole treasure was empty, and the begging bowl was still the same, empty, not even a trace! It swallowed all his kingdom. It was too much!

Now the king knew that he had been trapped. He fell at the feet of the beggar and said, "Forgive me. I was wrong to accept the challenge. This begging bowl is not an ordinary begging bowl. You deceived me -- there is some magic in it."

And the beggar laughed and he said, "There is no magic in it: I have made it out of the skull of a man."

The king said, "I don't understand. What do you mean? If it is just made out of the skull of a man, how can it go on swallowing my whole kingdom?"

And the beggar said, "That's what is happening everywhere: NOBODY is ever satisfied. The begging bowl in the head always remains empty. It is an ordinary skull, just like everybody else's."

But once you have looked in, once you have come down from the head, once you have left the arrogance of the head and become humble in the heart, a new world opens its doors to you.

THE BLUE SKY OPENS OUT FARTHER AND FARTHER.

You have a blue sky inside you far deeper and far vaster than the outer sky, and far more beautiful. The outer sky is nothing compared to the inner.

THE DAILY SENSE OF FAILURE GOES AWAY.

Once you look in, the daily sense of failure simply goes away, evaporates.

Just look at your life: there is a daily sense of failure; every day you know that again you are going to fail. The morning comes and you know -- another day of dragging -- and the evening comes, and tired, you go to sleep. One day is

finished and your hands are still empty and your heart is still empty. Nothing has been achieved and one day is lost. And you know tomorrow it is going to be repeated again because this has been so in the past, not only in this life but in many, many lives. Days come and go, years come and go, lives come and go, and you remain as empty as ever, no fulfillment, no contentment.

But Kabir says: As you look in, as you turn in... a hundred-and-eighty-degree turn is needed. Right now you are keeping yourself at the back, and the world is in front of you. A hundred-and-eighty-degree turn is needed... when the world is at the back of you and you are facing yourself.

That's what meditation is all about: looking into your own being, into the well of your own being.

THE DAILY SENSE OF FAILURE GOES AWAY,
THE DAMAGE I HAVE DONE TO MYSELF FADES.

And the damage is great, because for lives we have been doing it to ourselves. We have been killing ourselves, wounding ourselves in a thousand and one ways. We are all wounds and nothing else! Each pore of our being has become a wound, and each cell of our being hurts. What are you? -- just think for a moment, watch for a moment -- a great agony, a great sigh, a great pain of failure, of boredom, of meaninglessness. But still one goes on dragging in the hope that maybe that which has not happened yet may happen tomorrow... but tomorrow never comes.

If you look in,

THE DAMAGE I HAVE DONE TO MYSELF FADES,
A MILLION SUNS COME FORWARD WITH LIGHT...

All darkness disappears. At the innermost core is the source of light, as if millions of suns have suddenly come in.

... WHEN I SIT FIRMLY IN THAT WORLD.

If you can sit firmly, unwavering, inside yourself, in that world all is light, nothing is dark, and all is life, nothing is death, and all is eternal and nothing is time.

That moment is the moment, the momentous moment, when ***The Guest*** appears. Those millions-of suns simply declare His coming, that He is very close by. The disappearing sense of failure... and suddenly a feeling of being healed; those are symptoms that ***The Guest*** is close by. His very presence is a healing force. He makes you whole; just by His presence you are whole. When you start feeling a well-being, a wholeness, when your agony starts disappearing and instead of agony ecstasy arises in you, know well that God is close by. Listen attentively... you will hear His footsteps coming closer and closer and closer.

I HEAR BELLS RINGING THAT NO ONE HAS SHAKEN.

And Kabir says: I am hearing some strange music, as if bells are ringing, but nobody is shaking them.

The sound of one hand clapping, ANAHAD NAD, unstruck music... All other music is struck music; you have to strike the strings of the instrument. It is only by striking the strings that the music arises. It is violence -- playing on a guitar or on a sitar, you are being a little violent. It is a kind of coercion; you are forcing the instrument to release the music. It is a kind of fight. And there is duality: the musician and the musical instrument in conflict, fighting. It can't be great music, it can't be eternal music. Once the musician stops fighting the music will disappear. It is caused, so it cannot be eternal.

But when you turn in, there is light and there is music -- music which is eternal. It is simply there, it is not a created phenomenon.

ANAHAD GHANTA BAJE MRIDANGA, TAN SUKH LEHI PYAR MEN.

ANAHAD GHANTA BAJE MRIDANGA...

... Something strange is happening, Kabir says. Some bells are ringing, and nobody is ringing them. Some music, some melody, is there, but I can't see anybody creating it.

This music is known by the Christian mystics as 'the Word', LOGOS. Nanak calls it NAM, Lao Tzu calls it Tao, Buddha calls it DHAMMA. But to call it music is the best,

to call it NAD is the best, because it is a tremendous orchestra. All the planes of existence are involved in it. It is not only that the soul is full of music: once you have heard the inner music, your mind is full of it, your heart is full of it, your body is full of it, all your layers of being are full of it. Once known, not only inside do you hear it, it is outside too. In the song of birds you will hear it, and in the wind passing through the trees you will hear it, and in the waves striking on the rocks you will hear it. In sound you will hear, in silence you will hear.

In fact, the greatest music in the world is nothing but an echo of the inner music. Whenever a musician comes closer to that music, great music is born. Only very few have reached close to it: a Tansen, a Baiju Bawara, a Beethoven, a Mozart, a Wagner. Only very few have come close to it, but whenever some music comes close to it, resembles it, it has something great in it.

The modern trends in music are far away from it: they are more noisy, less musical. Jazz and other music is more sexual, less spiritual. They are loud. They keep your mind occupied, certainly; they are so loud that you have to remain occupied.

People go on listening to the radio, to the television, at full volume, as loud as possible, blaring, so that they need not think, so that they need not be worried, so that they remain occupied. The noise is so much, you cannot think -- and they are tired of thinking, tired of worrying. People are

glued to their chairs for hours listening to just stupid noise; it is not music at all.

Music, to be worthy of being called music, has to be meditative. If it brings meditation to you, if it brings silence; if it fills you with silence, if it reminds you of the soundless sound inside you, then only is it real music. Otherwise it is a false coin.

I HEAR BELLS RINGING THAT NO ONE HAS SHAKEN,
INSIDE LOVE THERE IS MORE JOY THAN WE KNOW OF.

And Kabir says: This small word 'love' contains so much. We are not aware of it. We are only aware of the lowest expression of it, sex. We are not even aware of the higher expression which can be called love. And what to say about the highest, which is called prayer? Love contains three dimensions: sex, love, prayer. And unless your love has reached to the dimension of prayer you have not known love. Sex is the lowest form, the animal form; love is the human form, and prayer is the divine form.

Kabir says,

INSIDE LOVE THERE IS MORE JOY THAN WE KNOW OF.

Because inside love you can find God Himself. If prayer arises, God is found.

RAIN POURS DOWN, ALTHOUGH THE SKY IS CLEAR OF CLOUDS.

And Kabir says: I cannot describe what is happening inside me. Things which are illogical, things which should not happen, are happening. There are no clouds in the sky, and rains are pouring -- rains of nectar!

BIN PANI LAGI JAHAN BARSHA, MOTI DEKHI NADIN MEN.

I don't see any clouds anywhere! I don't see water falling down, but I am becoming full of nectar. I am being bathed in nectar; it is showering on me!

THERE ARE WHOLE RIVERS OF LIGHT...

It is difficult to describe, hence these metaphors.

... RIVERS OF LIGHT.
THE UNIVERSE IS SHOT THROUGH IN ALL PARTS BY A SINGLE SORT OF LOVE.

And now I see that the whole existence is joined together only by one single thread: you can call that thread love and nothing else. The world is a garland of millions of flowers, but running through all those flowers is a thread that keeps it together: that thread is love.

It may have many manifestations. For example, the physicist will say the earth has a certain power called gravitation. If you ask the mystics, mystics like Kabir, they will say it is nothing but a very lower form of love -- because gravitation attracts, and all attraction is love.

What keeps the universe together? Why does it not fall apart? There must be something that is keeping it together, some force. That force mystics call love. You can call it God, because love is God.

HOW HARD IT IS TO FEEL THAT JOY IN ALL OUR FOUR BODIES!

It is difficult in the beginning, because we are not accustomed to dancing on such high planes. We are not accustomed to such pure air. When you go to the mountains, if you move to the highest peaks, you feel difficulty in breathing. You are not accustomed to inhaling such pure air; you have become accustomed to inhaling the impure air that surrounds the earth -- and we have made it more and more impure.

In fact, scientists are at a loss. They cannot figure out how people are managing to live, because in cities like New York, Los Angeles, London, Calcutta, Bombay, the air is so polluted that man should not be able to live in it. It is three times more polluted than scientists used to think man is capable of tolerating -- three times more! But man's adaptability is great; he can adapt to any kind of situation.

When people living in Bombay and Calcutta go to the Himalayas it is hard; breathing is difficult -- the air is so light and so pure.

Once it happened: a woman gardener went to sell her flowers in the town. After selling her flowers, when she was going back, she met one of her old friends, childhood friends. She asked the friend, "What are you doing here?"

The friend said, "I have become a fisherman's wife and I have come to sell my fish."

The gardener-woman requested her to stay at her garden at least for one night, then in the morning she could go. The woman stayed. The gardener and his wife both prepared a beautiful bed for her, of flowers. But she could not sleep; she would turn and toss and turn. Finally they asked, "What is the matter? Why can't you sleep?"

She said, "It is because of these flowers. I know only one perfume -- that of fish. Bring my bag. Although now it is empty, but it has carried fish for years. Sprinkle it with water and give it to me. If I keep it close to my nose I may be able to fall asleep."

And that's how it happened -- immediately she fell asleep!

One who knows only the smell of fish will find it difficult, at least in the beginning, to live with flowers.

Kabir is right; he says,

HOW HARD IT FEELS -- how difficult --
TO FEEL THAT JOY IN ALL OUR FOUR BODIES!

The Eastern mystics have divided human bodies in many ways. They talk about four bodies -- and the fifth is you. The first body is the gross body, the physical body. The second body is the vital body, more subtle than the physical; you can call it the body made of electricity. There is an electric current inside your body; that is your second layer. The third body is even more subtle; you can call it the psychic body, the body of your mind. The fourth is the subtlest; you can call it the body of your consciousness.

And the fifth is not the body but ***The Guest***. That fifth is called bliss -- ANANDAMAYA KOSHA, the body of bliss; it is ***The Guest***. Once you have seen the fifth, slowly slowly -- although it is hard -- the bliss will descend to the fourth, to the third, to the second, to the first.

And when it has descended to the first, the man is totally enlightened. When he can feel the bliss even to the physical body, even in his material form, when he can feel God even in matter, then the perfection is achieved. Then enlightenment is total. Then there is no longer anywhere to go: one has arrived home.

THOSE WHO HOPE TO BE REASONABLE ABOUT IT FAIL.

Remember, this is the world of the mysterium: if you try to be reasonable about it you will fail. Hence whenever a sannyasin comes to me with something mysterious, I immediately tell him not to talk about it, not to analyze it, not to find explanations for it, because if you become too reasonable about it you will miss. You will fail, the door will close. One has to go into the mysterious without any reasoning. One has to simply go in tremendous trust and love, with a deep prayer in the heart, but in no way trying to be scientific, rationalistic, analytical.

ANDH BHEDI KAHA SAMJHENGE, GYAN KE GHAR TE DURA...

Those who are too much obsessed with analysis, they are blind. They will not be able to understand -- they will not be able to understand that which resides in you.

THOSE WHO HOPE TO BE REASONABLE ABOUT IT FAIL.
THE ARROGANCE OF REASON HAS SEPARATED US FROM THAT LOVE.

God is found not through reason but through love. God cannot be proved by reason and cannot be disproved by reason either. But if you love, if you love enough, love itself becomes the evidence -- such certain, such absolute evidence that even if the whole world says there is no God it cannot shake your trust.

God is found in love, remember. Let me repeat it again and again: not in reason but in love. Make your temple in love. Get out of the obsession of reason.

WITH THE WORD 'REASON' YOU ALREADY FEEL MILES AWAY.

Reason can, at the most, think about and about; it goes round and round in circles. It never penetrates the real core of your being. To know about God is possible through reason, but to KNOW GOD IS possible only through love. And remember, to know about God is not to know God. To know about is acquaintance, not knowing. It is borrowed, it is somebody else's. And what can you know through reason?

Just think of a blind man thinking about light... Howsoever hard he works, howsoever great a thinker he is, he will never be able to understand what light is only by thinking. Impossible! Whatsoever conclusion he will arrive at will be wrong, because light can only be seen, not thought. And God can only be lived, not inferred.

HOW LUCKY KABIR IS...

But Kabir says: I am fortunate that I got out of the prison of reason, that I escaped from the clutches of reason and I gathered courage to follow love.

HOW LUCKY KABIR IS, THAT SURROUNDED BY ALL THIS JOY

HE SINGS INSIDE HIS OWN LITTLE BOAT.
HIS POEMS AMOUNT TO ONE SOUL MEETING ANOTHER.
THESE SONGS ARE ABOUT FORGETTING DYING AND LOSS.
THEY RISE ABOVE BOTH COMING IN AND GOING OUT.

Kabir says: I am fortunate.

The original is very beautiful:

BARHE BHAG ALMAST RANG MEN, KABIRA BOLE GHAT MEN...

I am infinitely fortunate because I am colored, dyed, in the madness of love.

BARHE BHAG ALMAST RANG MEN...

God has drowned me in His color of joy, bliss, celebration. He has drowned me utterly into Himself Now I move like a mad poet, singing His songs.

BARHE BHAG ALMAST RANG MEN, KABIRA BOLE GHAT MEN...

Now what I am saying is not coming from my head; I am pouring my heart. In fact, now whatsoever is coming from me is not coming from me, it is coming from Himself. He is speaking through me. I have become just a flute in His

hands; He is singing His song.

HANS-UBARAN DUKH-NIVARAN, AVAGAMAN MITE CHHAN MEN.

The moment I saw Him inside myself all misery disappeared, all bondage disappeared. In fact, the moment I saw Him I saw that all my misery was only a nightmare, that my bondage was only a dream, that I had somehow fabricated it myself, that I had projected it, that I was the creator of all of my hells.

HANS-UBARAN DUKH-NIVARAN...

The moment I saw Him, the bird was freed from the cage and all misery disappeared.

... AVAGAMAN MITE CHHAN MEN.

And in a split second I was freed from the wheel of life and death.

HOW LUCKY KABIR IS, THAT SURROUNDED BY ALL THIS JOY
HE SINGS INSIDE HIS OWN LITTLE BOAT.
HIS POEMS AMOUNT TO ONE SOUL MEETING ANOTHER.

My songs, Kabir says, are my orgasmic joy, the meeting, the ultimate meeting of the soul with God, of the lover with

the beloved; the merger of the river into the ocean. My songs are orgasmic explosions.

THESE SONGS ARE ABOUT FORGETTING DYING AND LOSS.

And these songs are singing only one thing: that there is no loss and there is no death. Forget all about it! Life is eternal, and life is bliss. There is no birth and there is no death, no beginning, no end. It is eternal pilgrimage, from one joy to another, from one peak of orgasmic blissfulness to another peak. From peak to peak, from joy to joy, it is an eternal journey.

THEY RISE ABOVE BOTH COMING IN AND GOING OUT.

And my songs are the songs of transcendence.

Once you have looked in, the outer and the inner are no more separate; you become a witness of both. You see the outer, you see the inner; you are neither and you are both.

These statements are known as ULATBASI -- as if someone is playing on the flute from the wrong end, so illogical, so irrational.... But Kabir says, "What can I do? It is so. I can only state the fact. If the fact is absurd, it is absurd.

Kabir will perfectly agree with the Christian mystic, Tertullian.

Somebody asked him, "Why do you believe in God?" And Tertullian said, "I believe in God because God is absurd -- CREDO QUA ABSURDUM."

Kabir would have danced listening to this. Yes, God is not a logical hypothesis, it is supra-logical. No reasoning can prove it or.disprove it. You will have to learn the art of love.

48I Be a lover, and you will find ***The Guest***. Be a singer, and you will find ***The Guest***. Be a dancer, and you will find ***The Guest***. Turn in, tune in -- He is waiting there for you.

The Guest
Chapter #14
Chapter title: I am not a person
9 May 1979 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
PLEASE, OSHO, WHAT IS RECEPTIVITY?

Ananda Vandana,

RECEPTIVITY is a state of no-mind. When you are utterly empty of all thought, when consciousness has no content, when the mirror reflects nothing, it is receptivity. Receptivity is the door to the divine. Drop the mind and be.

In the mind, you are miles away from being. The more you think, the less you are. The less you think, the more you are. And if you don't think at all, those are the moments when being asserts itself in its totality.

Receptivity simply means dropping the garbage that you go on carrying in your head. And much garbage is there, utterly useless. The mind means the past. Now the past is no more of any use; it has happened, and it is never going to happen again, because in reality nothing ever repeats.

Even when you think, feel, that this is the same situation, it is never the same situation. Each morning is a new morning, and each morning the sun that you encounter is the new sun. I am not talking about the material sun. I am talking about the beauty, the benediction, the blessing that it brings every day -- it is so utterly new.

If you go on carrying pictures of the past, you will not be able to see the new. Your eyes will be covered with your experiences, expectations, and those eyes will not be able to see that which confronts you.

That's how we go on missing life: the past becomes a barrier, encloses you, traps you, into something that is no more. You become encapsulated in the dead. And the more

you become experienced, grown-up, the shell of the dead experience goes on becoming thicker and thicker around you. You become more and more closed. Slowly slowly all windows, all doors, are closed. Then you exist, but you exist alienated, you exist uprooted. Then you don't have a communion with life. You don't have a communion with the trees and the stars and the mountains. YOU CAN'T have a communion, because a great China Wall of your past surrounds you.

When I say become receptive, I mean become a child again.

Remember Jesus, who goes on saying to his disciples: Unless you are like small children you will not be able to enter into my kingdom of God. What he is saying is exactly the meaning of receptivity. The child is receptive because he knows nothing; not knowing anything, he is receptive. The old man is not receptive because he knows too much; knowing too much, he is closed. He has to be reborn, he has to die to the past and become a child again -- not in the body, of course, but the consciousness should always be like a child; not childish, remember, but like a child, grown-up, mature, but innocent.

And that's how one learns, learns the truth that is presented to you every moment of your life, learns to know ***The Guest*** which comes and knocks on your doors every moment, day in, day out, year in, year out. But you are so surrounded by your own inner talk, by your own inner procession of thoughts, that you don't hear the knock.

Do you hear the distant call of the cuckoo? Do you hear the birds chirping? This is receptivity. It is an existential state of silence, utter silence; no movement, nothing stirs, and yet you are not asleep, and yet you are alert, and yet you are absolutely aware. Where silence and awareness meet, mingle and become one, there is receptivity. Receptivity is the MOST important religious quality.

Become a child. Start, Vandana, functioning from the state of not-knowing, and then silence will come of its own accord, and great awareness. And then life is a benediction. The second question:

Question 2
OSHO, WHY ARE YOU SO MUCH AGAINST PHILOSOPHY?

Sudheer.

PHILOSOPHY means mind, philosophy means thinking, philosophy means going away from yourself Philosophy is the art of losing yourself in thoughts, becoming identified with dreams. Hence I am against philosophy, because I am all for religion.

You cannot be philosophical if you want to be religious; that is not possible. Religion is existential, philosophy is intellectual. Philosophy is about and about, religion is direct. Philosophy is thinking about things you don't know. Religion is a knowing, not thinking. Philosophy depends on

doubt, because the more you can doubt the more you can think. Doubt is the mother of thinking.

Religion is trust, because the more you trust the more there is no need to think. Trust kills thinking; in trust, thinking commits suicide. And when there is no thinking and trust pulsates in your being, in each pore of your being trust permeates you, overwhelms you, you know what is.

Philosophy TRIES to know, but never knows. Religion never tries to know, but knows. Philosophy is an exercise in futility, of futility. Yes, it talks about great things -- freedom, love, God, meditation -- but it only TALKS about. The philosopher never meditates. He talks about meditation, he spins and weaves theories, hypotheses, inferences ABOUT meditation, but he never tastes anything about meditation. He never meditates.

Hegel, Kant -- these are philosophers; Buddha, Kabir -- these are NOT philosophers -- Plato, Aristotle -- these are philosophers; Heraclitus, Plotinus -- these are not philosophers, although in the books of philosophy they are also called philosophers. They are not! To use the word 'philosopher' for them is not right, unless you change the whole meaning of the word. Aristotle and Heraclitus cannot be called philosophers in the same sense.]f Aristotle is a philosopher, then Heraclitus is not; if Heraclitus is a philosopher, then Aristotle is not.

I use a totally different word, 'philosia', instead of philosophy. Philosophy means, literally, linguistically, love

for knowledge. Philosia means love for seeing, not only for knowledge. Knowledge is not enough for the real enquirer; he wants to see. He does not want to contemplate on God, he wants to encounter God. He wants to hold His hand in his own hands, he wants to hug and kiss God! He is not satisfied with the concept of God. How can the concept be of any help?

When you are thirsty you cannot be satisfied by the formula H20. Howsoever right it is -- that is not my concern, that is irrelevant -- right or wrong, the formula H20 cannot quench your thirst. You would like water, and whether you know about H20 or not does not matter. For millions of years man has been drinking water without knowing anything about H20, and it has been perfectly satisfying.

Philosophy talks about water, religion drinks.

Talking about food is utterly stupid; you will have to prepare food. You will have to eat, you will have to chew, you will have to digest. Unless food becomes blood and bones and marrow, just talking about it is not going to help. Hence I am against philosophy.

A woman was going to a doctor for a physical examination before her fourth marriage. During the course of her examination the doctor was startled to discover that she was still a virgin.

He demanded an explanation, "How can this be? You are preparing for your fourth marriage and yet you are a virgin?"

"My first husband," she replied, "I married for love, but as we were leaving the church to go on our honeymoon a tragic automobile accident occurred and he was killed."

"My second husband," she continued, "I married for money. He was very old, and so nothing ever happened between us."

"My third husband," she said, "was a great philosopher, and all he could ever do was sit on the edge of the bed and tell me how good it was going to be."

Philosophy is pseudo-religion. Religion is true philosophy, because religion leads you into the world of seeing, knowing, experiencing.

Exactly in that sense, Pythagoras has coined the word 'philosophy'. 'Sophy' means SOPHIA; 'philo' means love: love for the ultimate wisdom. That was the meaning given by the man who coined the word 'philosophy'; he was Pythagoras. He had travelled all over the world. He had been to India, he had conferred with great mystics of the East, he had met seers, enlightened people. It was he who first coined the word.

The original meaning is beautiful, but it got lost. When it fell into the hands of the Greeks it started having a totally

different meaning, because the Greek mind is analytical, logical, rational. There are only two types of minds in the world: the Greek and the Hindu. The Greek mind is logical, the Hindu mind is illogical. The Greek mind is intellectual, the Hindu mind is intuitive. The Greek mind has given birth to philosophy and science, the Hindu mind has given birth to religion and poetry.

The Greek and the Hindu exist in each person, because each person has two minds in him. The brain is divided into two hemispheres, one is Greek, another is Hindu. The left side of your brain is Greek, the right side of your brain is Hindu. I am using the words 'Hindu' and 'Greek' metaphorically; don't take it literally. Your left-side brain, which is joined with your right hand, calculates, thinks, analyzes. Your right-side brain, which is joined with your left hand, intuits, sings, loves.

The religious person goes through an inner conversion from the Greek to the Hindu. He moves from the left hemisphere to the right hemisphere. All yoga and all other techniques of meditation are nothing but bridges to take you from the left hemisphere to the right hemisphere. Once you have reached the right hemisphere, the world of poetry, the world of beauty, the world of love, opens its doors. Then God is. No proof is needed, one simply feels. It is a feeling. It is a feeling in the guts. One simply knows, for no other reason. And once you are centered in the right hemisphere of your brain you can use the left hemisphere also, but now it will function as a servant. And the left hemisphere is a good servant but a bad master.

I am all for religion, because as I have seen, life is far, far more than logic can comprehend. Life is so vast and your capacity to think is so tiny. Life can be envisaged only through love, not through logic.

You will have to melt into existence. You will have to dance with it, sing with it. Dancing with the trees in the wind, singing with the river in the flood, having a communion with the clouds and the stars, you will know what God is -- not by thinking about Him.

The third question:

DEAR OSHO, I LOVE YOU. IN A Sannyas MAGAZINE YOU SAID THAT YOU ARE NOT A PERSON. THEN WHAT ARE YOU?

THE question is from Prem Bindiya. She is a small girl, ten years old.

Bindiya, nobody is a person, although everybody believes that he is a person. Nobody can be a person, because we are not separate. We are like waves in the ocean. No wave has a personality. Yes, it has a form, but it is not separate from the ocean. It is one with the ocean, you cannot separate it from the ocean. You cannot take the wave away from the ocean; it will disappear, it will not be a wave at all. It can only be a wave in the ocean, with the ocean. It is not separate, it is part of the dance of the ocean. It has no personality. Yes, it has a certain individuality because it is

different from other waves -- unique it is! -- but it is not separate from the existence. And it is not separate from other waves either, because they are all joined together in one ocean.

When I say I am not a person, Bindiya, I simply mean I am not separate from existence. I am one with the trees and one with the rocks and one with the earth and one with the sky. I am a presence not a person, and so are you, and so is everybody else. To believe in the person is to believe in the ego.

And I can understand your question: this is how every child is being brought up, for centuries. Your question is relevant.

You say, "I LOVE YOU. BUT IF YOU ARE NOT A PERSON, THEN HOW CAN I LOVE YOU?" We have been told that we can love only persons. The truth is just the opposite: you cannot love the person. Persons can only fight, persons can only be in conflict, because wherever two egos are, there is conflict, a CONSTANT war -- sometimes hot, sometimes cold, but the war continues. Sometimes the warriors are tired so they maintain a certain peace. Whenever they are back again and their energy is there again, they start fighting.

You can see it happening with all kinds of lovers -- a continuous fight, a kind of intimate enmity, together and yet not together. Why is this fight there? -- because of two

egos. Two persons are there, and of course each person wants to dominate.

The ego is a deep desire to dominate. The ego is a deep desire that says, "I am special, higher, bigger, greater than you." And both are trying to do the same. Conflict is necessary, inevitable. Love cannot exist in such a state.

Love exists between two presences, not between two persons. Then there is no conflict; there is great harmony, melody, music, rhythm. When there are no more egos and both feel one with existence, they can be one with each other.

Bindiya, love is possible only when you disappear. I have disappeared, and my work here is now to help you to disappear too.

You ask me, " THEN WHAT ARE YOU?"

I am not a person, I am a presence. I am a nobody. I am a kind of nothingness, emptiness. The host has disappeared, and the disappearance of the host has made ***The Guest*** appear. I am not, God is.

I cannot love you, but I am love. You can partake as much as you like, you can drink out of me as much as you like. I cannot be in a love-relationship with you because relationships exist only between egos. But I can share. It will be a relating, not a relationship. It will not be static, it will be a flow. And it will have no motivation in it: I love

you because I am love. There is no motivation, no desire to get anything back from you. It is enough that you accepted my love.

And I know this time, just two days ago, Bindiya had come to see me. She has come back after a long time, and I could see great love in her eyes. I had to call her close, I had to hold her face in my hands and pour my love into her eyes. She is a small sannyasin, but because she is small she is still capable of receiving. Because she is small, still uncontaminated, still unpolluted, still uncorrupted, something natural is still there.

And you are fortunate, Bindiya, that you have become a sannyasin so early -- now nobody will be able to corrupt you. Now you will become able to protect yourself against this corrupted society, against all kinds of corruptions. The church corrupts, the state corrupts, the educational system corrupts. You have become a sannyasin at the right time. You will be able to see all the games that are being played around you. You will become more and more intelligent, more and more loving, and less and less a person.

Those who are really with me are on the way of disappearing, evaporating. Just as in the early morning sun the dewdrops start disappearing... that is the way for the disciple to disappear when he is in a close love-relationship with the Master.

The fourth question:

Question 3
OSHO, WHY DID FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE DECLARE TH4T GOD IS DEAD?

Narayana,

HE HAD to declare it, because God WAS dead. The God that had been worshipped for thousands of years was dead; not the real God, but the God that the human mind had created -- the God that was in the temples and the mosques and the churches and the synagogues, the God of the Old Testament, the God of the Vedas. Man has outgrown those concepts.

Nietzsche simply declared a fact. Of course, he was as shocked by it as everybody else was. He himself was not ready to accept it. In fact, for his whole life he struggled to accept it. He tried to convince himself by arguing that God is REALLY dead, but it was difficult for the poor man. It would have been difficult for anybody. And he was a man of steel; he was no ordinary man, he was really a strong man, but still it was too much. He had to suffer tremendously because he was the first to declare it, and to be a pioneer is always dangerous. He went through a nervous breakdown. The last part of his life was a state of madness. He risked much for this declaration.

In his great book, THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA, this parable appears....

'God is dead' is now almost a cliche. But when Nietzsche used that phrase it was like an earthquake, a

thunderbolt from the skies -- it shattered man's illusions. But it is only half of his message, remember; the other half has been almost forgotten. He declared 'God is dead' because he wanted to declare the coming of a new man. He called that new man 'overman' or 'superman'. He said: If God continues to live the old way, man cannot assert himself in total freedom. Man cannot grow, man cannot mature. He will always remain dependent on the father-figure. God as the great father is dead: this is half of the message.

The other half is: now be on your own, stand on your own. Now become mature. Enough of this dependence! Enough of this stupid praying! Enough of your rituals! Stop these games!

Man has been playing many, many games in the name of God, and priests have been exploiting man in the name of God. Nietzsche put an end to all that; the world has never been the same again. Although Nietzsche suffered much for his declaration, he has served humanity in a tremendous way: he heralded a new age.

The OLD God is dead -- that is a very basic requirement for the new God to appear, a new vision of God, more in harmony with the modern, contemporary consciousness. The God of the Old Testament was perfectly right for the people who invented it. It was perfectly right for the people Moses was talking to; it was a language that they understood. Now thousands of years have passed; God

needs new garments, and you go on and on putting the old, rotten garments on Him.

God is not dead. God cannot be dead! But the old concept is dead.

Zarathustra is entrusted by Nietzsche with the task of conveying the news of God's death to the world.

As he starts on his journey he meets an old hermit, a saint. The saint tells Zarathustra that he himself loves God but not man, because man is too imperfect. Zarathustra replies that he loves man, and then he asks the saint what he is doing in the forest. The saint replies, "I make songs and sing them; and when I make songs I laugh, cry, and hum: thus I praise God."

The two separate, laughing like young boys. But when Zarathustra is alone again he wonders to himself, "Could it be possible? This old saint in the forest has not yet heard anything of this, that God is dead!"

The old saint says he loves God, not man because man is imperfect, and Zarathustra says he loves man, and God is dead....

This is going to be the new religion. It has not yet become a reality, although a hundred years have passed since Nietzsche's declaration, although the declaration has spread all over the world like wildfire. But the destructive part has

happened; the creative part has not happened yet: Nietzsche declares the superman.

Man has to be loved, because it is only through the nourishment of love that man can grow. Man has to know that he is alone, and he has to know that he has to depend on his own resources and not on some heavenly father. Once man takes responsibility, total responsibility on his own shoulders, a great revolution is bound to happen, because man has infinite potential to grow. Remaining dependent on some God, he has completely become oblivious to his potential, to his future, to his growth.

It is good that God has been discarded. Now man has to take his life in his own hands. And the beauty is, if you become responsible, responsible for yourself, if you declare your freedom -- you have to declare it because God is dead; there is nobody higher than you -- if you accept that now you have to seek and search your way, you have to grope for it on your own, life will take a new plunge into the depths of the unknown. Life will become again an adventure. Life will again be an ecstatic discovery of new facts, new truths, of new territories, of new peaks of joy.

And it is only by becoming an adventurer that you will come upon the new face of God -- which will be far more true than the old, because it will be far more mature than the old.

Nietzsche remained in difficulty: on the one hand he continued to fight with the old God; on the other hand, in moments when he was not so strong, he became scared too.

Zarathustra says,

Away!
He himself fled
My last, only companion,
My great enemy,
My unknown,
My hangman-god.

No! Do come back
With all thy tortures!
To the last of all that are lonely
Oh, come back!
All my tear-streams run
Their course to thee;
And my heart's final flame --
Flares up for thee!
Oh, come back,
My unknown god! My PAIN!
My last -- happiness!

These words look almost insane: "My unknown god! My pain! My last happiness! Ah, come back!"

Nietzsche remained divided, split, schizophrenic. One part of him was still afraid: "Maybe God IS alive"; maybe he was wrong. Who knows? How could one be certain about

such profound matters? And he was the first to say it, so naturally he was scared. He wanted to get rid of the enemy. He called God 'the enemy', enemy of man, because God had been like a rock on the chest of man -- your so-called God. I am not talking about the God of Buddha and Mahavir and Zarathustra and Jesus and Moses, no. I am talking about the God of the common masses, of the mob. Nietzsche is also talking about the mob.

The God of the crowds is an ugly concept: it shows much about your weaknesses, but shows nothing about the truth of existence. When you pray on your knees you simply show your weakness, not that you know what prayer is. When you go to the temple you go to demand something, to beg for something. You simply show your beggarliness but nothing about God. Very few people have known the truth of God.

If Nietzsche had met Buddha, Buddha would have perfectly agreed, and yet disagreed. He would have said, "You are right: God is dead, the God of the crowds. But there is another vision, the vision of the enlightened ones. Their God is not a person, their God is life in its essence. And how can life be dead? Trees are still green, birds are still singing, the sun is still there, the night still becomes poetry, love still happens. How can God be dead?"

God AS EXISTENCE can never be dead; God as a concept has to die many times. Each time man grows, the old concept has to be dropped. The old has been dropped.

The problem with the contemporary mind is: the old has been dropped, half the purpose of Nietzsche's declaration is fulfilled. The other half is missing: man has not yet become rooted in his own being, hence there is great meaninglessness all over the world. Everybody is feeling a kind of dullness, sadness, frustration. Everybody is living nothing but a kind of long, drawn-out misery, anxiety, anguish. Life has become synonymous with a kind of agony. All that you can do is use pain killers, tranquilizers, somehow go on pulling yourself together till death comes and you can rest forever.

Sigmund Freud says that man can never be happy. At the most we can reduce his unhappiness a little bit. At the most we can make him normally unhappy. That is the goal of psychoanalysis: to make people normally unhappy, to help them not to become abnormally unhappy. What kind of goal is this? But this has happened, and Freud was simply stating a fact. Looking at the modern man, looking into the unconscious of the modern man -- and he was the one man who had looked deepest into the conscious and the unconscious mind -- how could he lie? He had to say the truth.

He came to understand that it is impossible for happiness to happen. How can man ever be happy? -- when God is dead, and when man has not searched for another vision, for another goal, for another star so that the journey can start again, the journey of meaning and significance. Without God, man can at the most be normally unhappy.

Freud's conclusion is part of Nietzsche's declaration.

My work here consists in doing the other half, hence I don't talk much about God. Hence even if atheists come and want to become sannyasins, I accept them with an open heart. Even they are a little suspicious of why I am accepting them. They say, "We are atheists. We don't believe in God. Are you still ready to accept us as sannyasins? Can we still meditate?"

And I say to them: YOU are the persons who can meditate! The person who believes in the old God cannot meditate: he depends too much on God, he is never a grown-up person. Meditation needs a certain growth. You can meditate; God is not needed. God is not a prerequisite for meditation, but when you meditate, slowly slowly you become aware of God.

God is the ultimate revelation, not the prerequisite. God is not a condition to become a sannyasin, God is the ultimate realization of sannyas.

But then you will not be angry with Nietzsche, remember, because you will know that what he was saying is also true. He was talking about the concept of God.

Moses's concept of God is certainly dead. When Moses died, his concept of God died. In fact, it lived too long; for three thousand years it continued to prevail. That simply shows the stupidity of humanity. Otherwise the moment an enlightened person leaves the world, his concept of God

will also disappear. If we have learned anything from the enlightened person, we will go ahead, further ahead. We will stand on the shoulders of the enlightened person and we will be able to look further ahead than him. We will create better visions of God, beautiful visions of God. We will come closer and closer to the truth.

And remember, one can ONLY come closer and closer to the truth. The moment you come absolutely to the truth, you disappear. Then only truth is.

Nietzsche says, "God is dead." I say: I am dead and God is alive, VERY alive.

That's what happens if you go on meditating: one day suddenly you find you are not, only God is.

The fifth question:

Question 4
OSHO, HOW CAN I GET BACK THE WILL TO LIVE?

Wolfgang,

YOU are suffering from the ancient German disease, will to live, will to power, will and will and will.

You have fallen in wrong company here. Either escape or we are going to de-Germanize you, because here the message is surrender, not will.

Listening to me, you must have been misunderstanding. I am not teaching will to live. Will to live is already there, otherwise how would you be living? Wolfgang, you are alive! That's enough proof that the will to live is there. If the will to live leaves you, you will not breathe even a single breath more. Who will breathe? For what? If the will to live leaves, your breath will leave you immediately. You are still breathing; the will to live is there. The will to live is not something to be learned, it is inborn.

What has to be learned is will to surrender. That is not inborn, that has to be learned. Will to live is a natural phenomenon, instinctive. Will to die is not instinctive; one has to learn it with great effort. It needs tremendous courage to learn it, even to think of it.

Sannyas is will to die, so that God can live, so that you disappear, so that you are no more a hindrance, so that you are no more a rock in His way.

But you must be misunderstanding me. I am saying one thing, you are hearing something else. The German screen must be misinterpreting.

A fat man was seated on his front steps drinking a can of beer, when a busybody spinster from down the street began to berate him for his appearance.

"What a disgusting sight!" she said. "If that belly was on a woman, I'd swear she was pregnant!"

To which the man simply smiled and replied, "Madam it was and she is."

It is always possible to understand things in your own way. Words are very flexible. Words don't have any fixed meaning; they cannot have. The meaning is always provided by you.

When I say something, the moment it reaches you it changes its color. You immediately dye it in your own color.

But one thing I must make you aware of is that if you want to learn will to live, you are in a wrong place. Here, I am teaching how to die -- although one who is ready to die attains to life eternal, but that is another matter. That is something which happens as a consequence and cannot be used as a motive. You ARE in a wrong place.

The bank robbers arrived just before closing time and promptly ordered the few remaining depositors, tellers, clerks, and guards to disrobe and lie face down behind the counter. One nervous blonde pulled off her clothes and lay down on the floor, facing upward.

"Turn over, Maybelle," whispered the girl lying beside her. "This is a stick-up, not an office party!"

You have to be aware of where you are. You are not listening to Friedrich Nietzsche -- will to power. And you

are not listening to Adolf Hitler either! You are in a totally different dimension.

I teach you how to die, because that is the only way that one attains to eternal life. When the seed dies in the soil, the sprout arrives. And when the drop disappears in the ocean, it becomes the ocean.

I teach you crucifixion, because resurrection follows; it inevitably follows. I cannot promise anything, because if you crucify yourself with the motive that you will be resurrected, then it will not happen.

One has to be unmotivated in the world of religion. One has to move for the sheer joy of it and for nothing else. One has not to be result-oriented, and that is the most difficult thing for the modern mind to do: not to be result-oriented. Whatsoever we do, we always do it for something else. Everything is a means and has to be used for some end. And what I am teaching here is the end in itself; it is not a means to anything else.

Each moment is an end unto itself. Enjoy it, die into it, disappear into it, and then something miraculous happens: great eternal life descends in you. You will be surprised, because that was not your motivation.

I don't talk about what is going to happen, because that can create a disturbance in your mind; you can become too much interested in it. I only talk about what you have to do and I leave the outcome to the future. It will happen,

because I know it is bound to happen. I don't tell the seeds, "Die so that you can become trees," because if the seeds are too interested in becoming trees they will not be able to die at all. If the dewdrop is too interested in becoming the ocean, he will become very hesitant, afraid to risk dropping into the ocean... who knows?

I persuade the dewdrop to disappear, because disappearance is a benediction. Disappear, drop yourself into the ocean, because dropping and dying into the ocean is the greatest orgasmic joy IN ITSELF. And if I can persuade the dewdrop to do this, it is going to become the ocean. That will be a surprise, a gift from the unknown.

The sixth question:

Question 5
OSHO, I HAVE ASKED THIS QUESTION OF MYSELF -- IN MYRIAD WAYS FOR SEVERAL WEEKS NOW, HAVE WATCHED IT CHANGE AND SHRINK AS WITNESSING BROUGHT INSIGHTS, YET LEAVING THE ESSENCE UNTOUCHED.
LAST YEAR I LEFT, OVERFLOWING WITH THE EXPERIENCE OF YOUR COMPASSION, LOVE, UNDERSTANDING AND A DEEP SENSE OF PERSONAL CONNECTION AND LOVE FOR YOU. YOUR PARTING WORDS, "HURRY BACK", SPOKE TO ME FROM YOUR BOOKS AND TAPES AND THE FOCUS OF RETURNING NEVER WAVERED, ONLY DEEPENED, LEAVING ALL ELSE POINTLESS.

NOW I AM HERE AND I FEEL LOST AND DISORIENTED AND ALIEN. I LISTEN TO THE MAGIC OF YOU IN DISCOURSE WHERE I USED TO PULSATE WITH YOU, AND MY EYES ARE DRY: THEY ARE QUITE WET AS I WRITE THIS.
WHERE IS THE LOVE AND THE CONNECTION I FELT FOR YOU AS MY MASTER, SUCH AN INCREDIBLE BEING, THAT HAS SO PENETRATED ME AND MY LIFE FOR THE LAST YEAR AND A HALF?
WHAT IS HAPPENING?

Prem Sharda,

IT IS natural, it is expected. The last time you were here, you were here without any expectations. You were simply here, with no motivation. You enjoyed being in my presence. You were open, available, because you were functioning from a state of not-knowing.

Now, coming back, it is not the same thing. I am the same, the whole situation is the same, but you are not the same: now you are functioning out of a state of knowing. You are expecting things now which you were not expecting the first time.

This happens to almost everybody: the first time you come you are very innocent. My love simply reaches to you, there is no barrier. My compassion overwhelms you. You cannot believe it, it is unbelievable, it is too much. Then you go back with all those memories rambling in your

mind: now those memories start becoming desires. Now those memories say to you, "Go back! Much more is going to happen. If the first time it happened so deeply, this time it will happen even more deeply. The first time you were just an amateur, now you are an adept. So much more is going to happen."

For all these months that you have been away, you have been dreaming, desiring, fantasizing. Now you are here with all these fantasies, desires, expectations -- and your eyes are dry, and nothing is happening.

You will have to drop your expectations. You will have to become innocent again. You will have to start functioning from not-knowing again, otherwise you will be unnecessarily creating a hell for yourself. And it will be an absolutely private hell, because others, just sitting by your side, are in heaven.

But don't be worried about it, this is absolutely normal and natural. This happens to everybody, Sharda; at least once, it happens. If you are intelligent then it happens only once, if you are not intelligent then it happens many times. Then each time you go and you come back again, you do the same foolish thing.

l cannot fulfill your expectations, I cannot fulfill your fantasies, I cannot fulfill your desires. I can fulfill you, but not your mind. Now you have brought a big mind with you. It will be difficult and hard to drop it, but there is no other

way. You will have to drop it, and the sooner you drop it, the better.

Sharda is a very intellectual woman, very clever, calculating, logical, rational: She functions as a money-therapist in the West. She helps people to get more money, to earn more, to create money, to attract money towards themselves. So you can understand, she has a certain very, very intellectual mind. She is not intuitive. It was a miracle that the first time she was here she fell in love. Money-therapists are not expected to fall in love! I was also surprised.

Now the money-therapist is back again, and with all the ideas about how to have more -- more of those experiences that had happened last time -- -how to attract those same spaces again. That is creating trouble for you, Sharda. You have eaten the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and paradise is lost. Please vomit it... just throw it out of your system. When you are here, just be like an innocent child, and not only with me -- that is very easy, to be innocent with me -- you have to be innocent with the commune too. Put aside your knowledge, put aside all your expertise about money.

The commune also functions through money -- it has to function, there is no other way -- but the commune moves in a very illogical way. That too creates problems for Sharda. To her expert eye, she cannot believe how things are happening: they can happen better, they can be done more methodologically.

But with me everything always remains a chaos. I love it! I never allow anything to settle, because once things settle people start dying, people start becoming zombies; so nothing is ever settled. I go on separating couples, I go on changing their rooms, their jobs -- every possible way to unsettle you! I never allow a single moment of respite, rest, so that you can say, "Now I have arrived." The moment you say "I have arrived" something is created for you so that you have to gather your luggage again and move.

Sharda's mind is bound to be in great difficulty; I can understand. I don't know anything about money, although money comes. I am not a money-therapist, but whenever money is needed, money comes: somebody simply comes with the money! And this has been so my whole life. I don't have a single rupee -- you can see, I don't even have pockets! I have lived for many, many years without money. And I have not lived like a beggar; that is not my way! I live like an emperor, and without money. What Buddha could never manage, I am managing. He was an emperor; then he could not manage to live it, the freedom of a beggar. To live the freedom of a beggar he had to leave his kingdom. Then he lived free, but he had to live like a beggar, begging.

I am living in absolute freedom, and yet I am not living like a beggar. And I don't go outside my room, but things happen. I cannot tell you the secrets; in fact, there are none. I don't know myself -- how it goes on. But once you disappear, God takes over. Then it is His responsibility and His worry. I never worry about anything, and I don't think

of anything as my responsibility. If this commune grows, good; if it disappears, very good! It doesn't matter either way.

But I can understand Sharda's mind: she must be feeling in difficulty. She wants to help the commune -- good wishes, good intentions! -- but then there will be conflict, because this commune is run with no scientific approach towards ANYTHING. It is a totally different approach -- paradoxical, illogical, intuitive.

I am trying to get this whole commune to function through the right hemisphere of the brain. And Sharda, you are entrapped in the left hemisphere; that is creating the whole trouble. But now you have come for one year -- that too is calculation. I wanted you to come forever. I wanted you to simply bum all the bridges there, but your money-therapist mind... yoU would like to manage both worlds. Who knows? -- if you don't like it here you would like to keep the home back there so that you can always go back. You are moving in a rational way.

I wanted you to come back forever. That would have been a great chance for shifting from the left hemisphere to the right hemisphere... because every risk throws you towards the intuitive, towards the supra-logical. Every risk is helpful in transforming your being. But you managed, you have come for one year; that is a compromise. One year is a long time, so you have felt contented that at least you are coming for one year. But one year is one year; it will be

gone soon. And you know that you have a home there and you can always go back.

You have not yet entered into my boat. You are still keeping your separate boat. Nothing is wrong in keeping it separate, but then be conscious, be alert that you are doing it. Then you are only half-heartedly with me.

And you are no longer young. What is left there in the West? Even young people are here who don't want to go back. For them there is everything in the West; what is there in the East for them? They are young, and the West can supply everything that they would like to enjoy. You have enjoyed your life, you have seen everything there. America is finished for you!

Have a look again, a very dispassionate look at your mind, and you will find what I am saying. You are still being calculating with me, and then distance remains. You have to be absolutely non-calculating. You have to be like Mukta.

She comes from a very rich family. She is Greek, basically logical, but the day I told her, "Finish things there and come," she said, "Okay." And she FINISHED EVERYTHING and has never looked back. Even when her father was dying, and he was asking again and again for her to come at least to see him, she was not willing. I had to push her to go. I had to simply order her to go, but she was not willing to go. She had completely forgotten, as if that other world had never existed. This is the way to be with

me! This is the way to become part of my heart. This is the way to melt in me. And with no expectation -- she has not asked for a single experience. She has not asked for a single thing in all these years she has been here, and she had given everything to the commune!

Only such surrender, such trust, such unmotivated love, can bring the transformation that you long for.

Sharda, your longing is right, but you will have to change your mind. Your mind is wrong; it is expert in things which are hindrances here.

The last question:

Question 6
OSHO, I KNOW FOR SURE THAT MY WIFE IS UTTERLY FAITHFUL TO ME, BUT STILL DOUBT GOES ON LINGERING SOMEWHERE INSIDE ME. WHAT SHOULD I DO TO GET RID OF THE DOUBT?

Avinash,

IN THE first place, why should you ask that she should be faithful to you? It is from there that doubt arises. The very desire that your wife should be faithful TO YOU is the beginning of doubt. Why? Who are you that she should be faithful to you? She should be faithful to herself, you should be faithful to yourself.

That's what love is. If you love the woman, you would like her to be faithful to herself, because you would like her to be authentic. You would like her to be an individual in her own right. Why should you demand that she should be faithful to you? Who are you? -- just a stranger. YOU need not be faithful to her, you have to be faithful to yourself.

This is my basic approach; it has to be understood well. Down the ages it has been said: be faithful to your husband, be faithful to your wife, be faithful to this and that. Nobody has told you: be faithful just to yourself. And that's exactly what my message is: be faithful to yourself. Then doubt disappears.

Doubt is not good, but doubt is a by-product of a desire, a wrong desire -- that she should be faithful to you. And how can you except anybody to be faithful to you? In that very expectation, you are asking something so unnatural that doubt will arise. Who knows? -- she may come across a beautiful man, far more beautiful than you are. And you know there are men who are far more beautiful. Fear, doubt, are bound to be there. Who knows? she may be getting fed-up with you!

In fact there is every possibility that you yourself are fed-up with yourself. You know how ugly you are, how ugly your habits are; she must have come to know by now.

In the beginning things are different. When you meet a woman on the beach, just for a few hours things are different. The full moon creates great illusions, and the

ocean, and the vibrant air, and the silence, and the night, and the unknown territory... the woman. She is unknown to you, you are unknown to her; both would like to explore each other's geographies. You are tremendously interested, she is, but once you have travelled the geography so many times, the same contours.... You know you are fed-up with your wife, so deep down the doubt arises that she may be fed-up with you.

Don't ask for faithfulness, ask for freedom. Give freedom so that you can have freedom. And if out of freedom you go on loving each other, it is beautiful. Out of freedom everything has beauty. But out of a certain duty, if she even remains faithful to you, it has no value. When she comes across a beautiful man on the road and a longing arises in her heart to know this man, to be with this man, but she knows this is not right -- she represses it. She has already gone away, she is no more with you. You may be holding her hand in your hand, but she is no more with you. Her whole being has gone in that moment. She may not ever do anything, but in her fantasy, in her imagination... You cannot control her fantasy, you cannot control her imagination. In her dreams she may be making love to other people. And who makes love to one's own husband in a dream? Have you ever heard of such a foolish woman or a foolish man? Have you ever made love to your own wife? -- one always makes love to other people's wives in dreams.

In dreams you are free and private. The magistrate is not there, the policeman is not there, the wife is not there,

nobody is there. You are again free. So just on the surface you can fulfill formalities.

The doubt is arising because you have a wrong expectation in the first place. I cannot help you to drop the doubt unless you drop the desire that your wife should be faithful to you. Drop the desire that your wife should be faithful to you. Drop that, and then if you can create the doubt, it will be a miracle. Then how can doubt arise?

We never go to the very root of problems, we only go on changing the symptoms. My help is available to you only to go to the deep root of the problem, to the very foundation of it. Change it there!

And you say, "I KNOW FOR SURE THAT MY WIFE IS UTTERLY FAITHFUL TO ME."

How can you be so sure? You are just trying to convince yourself by using these words, that "I am sure" -- just using great words to hide something! You are not sure. See the cunningness of the mind. You are not sure, hence you are using the word 'sure': "I KNOW FOR SURE THAT MY WIFE IS UTTERLY FAITHFUL TO ME." Just faithfulness won't do? Utterly faithful? Is there some doubt? Why UTTERLY faithful?

A circle is simply a circle. You cannot say that this is a complete circle, UTTERLY circular. If it is a circle it is a circle! You cannot call it a perfect circle, because if it is not perfect it is not a circle, it must be something else.

Watch, meditate on these words.

"BUT STILL," you say, "I DOUBT. SOMEWHERE DOUBT GOES ON LINGERING."

You doubt your wife? Are you certain about your faithfulness towards her? Maybe that's why the doubt arises. You may be fooling around, if not actually, then in imagination. And then naturally the inference is there that your wife may be fooling around, if not actually, at least in imagination. And the male ego is such that it cannot allow even the wife to fool around in imagination.

The story is told of Mulla Nasruddin, who got married and spent a pleasant honeymoon with his bride. But one day he came to the office with a rather glum expression on his face. When his fellow clerks asked him what was bothering him he said, "Gee, I pulled a terrible boner this morning. Getting out of bed I, like an absent-minded jackass, laid down a ten rupee note on the table."

The other man consoled him. His wife wouldn't think anything of it, they assured him.

"That isn't what bothers me." he answered. "She gave me three rupees change!"

It may be your own mind. When a beautiful woman passes by, does something happen to you or not? Only in two cases will nothing happen: either you are dead or

enlightened -- which mean the same! Otherwise something is bound to happen. And then the suspicion: the same must be happening to your woman too, because she is as unenlightened as you are and as alive as you are.

Maybe the doubt is there because you are not loving her as much as she would like you to love her. And it happens to couples -- how can you go on having the same peak of love that was there in the beginning, the honeymoon peak? One has to come down. Sooner or later one has to come down from the hills to the ordinary, mundane life. Sooner or later one has to forget ali poetry, fantasy, romance. And then a fear arises: maybe
gave himot loving her as much as I should, I am not taking as much care as I should? Maybe this will become an opportunity for her to move with somebody else?

Look into yourself....

A husband comes home and finds his wife in bed with a man. He is furious and wants to leave at once. The wife pleads, "Give me a moment to explain. This man came to my door an hour ago and asked for something to eat. I gave him a sandwich. I noticed that his shoes were worn out, so I looked in your closet and found a pair that you haven't had on your feet for five years, and I gave him the shoes to put on. Then I saw that his jacket was very tom, so I went back to your closet and found a jacket that you haven't worn for eight years. When he took his old jacket off to put yours on, I saw that his shirt was falling to pieces, so I opened your bureau drawer and gave him a shirt that you haven't worn

for the past twelve years. Then as this man was going out of the door he turned to me and asked,

"Is there anything else around here that your husband doesn't use?"

Avinash, it is not a question of your wife, it is a question of your own mind. Just look deep down... have you been with her? For how long have you not been with her? -- I don't mean physically, I mean spiritually. For how long have you not seen her face? -- just remember; for how long have you not looked into her eyes? Figure it out, and you will be surprised that for years you have taken her for granted, and that may be the cause of your doubt.

Remember, problems are always part of your mind. Go deep into them. In the first place, don't ask that she should be faithful to you; that is violent. Nobody has the right to ask anybody to be faithful towards him. Help her to be faithful towards herself.

And secondly, look inside your own being. Are you still in love with her? If you are, then the doubt is not possible. The doubt simply reflects that your love has disappeared. Life has become a drag; you have started taking her for granted. Love is no more there. Now it is only a hangover, hence the doubt. Bring the love back, bring the poetry back, bring the romance back.

And those who are intelligent, they can bring it back every day. Every morning they can look at the wife, at the husband, with fresh eyes.

Go on dying to the past experiences, so that you can remain available to the present, fresh, young, utterly intelligent, and then life has a totally different flavor. Then these stupid things don't arise in the mind at all.

The Guest

Chapter #15

Chapter title: From zero learning to learning zero
10 May 1979 am in Buddha Hall

The first question:

Question 1
OSHO, YOU HAVE NEVER CHOSEN TO ANSWER EVEN ONE OF MY MANY QUESTIONS FOR DISCOURSE, AND YET YOU HAVE ANSWERED THEM ALL, SOMETIMES BY YOUR WORDS... SOMETIMES IN THE TONE, TEXTURE AND RHYTHM OF YOUR SONG... AND SOMETIMES JUST IN THE WAY THE MOMENTS UNFOLD WHILE BEING NEAR YOU. THERE ARE NO WORDS FOR MY GRATITUDE, JUST THE THROBBING OF MY HEART, LIKE A NEWBORN BIRD.

Prem Atta,

I HAD not chosen your questions deliberately. I know you can understand my silence; words would only be a disturbance. You can understand my heart. There is no need for any language to exist between me and you.

I was thinking continuously that you must be worried about why I am not answering your questions. And all your questions were significant, worth answering, but still I had not answered them. I was waiting for your response; that has come today. You understood my silence, you understood my not answering you. I am tremendously happy.

Each of my sannyasins slowly, slowly has to learn just to understand the language of my presence, just to understand love, just to understand being with me -- that's enough. Anything said makes a distance, creates a distance. Nothing said, and all distance disappears.

Two hearts can become one if they are able to drop language, because dropping language means dropping the mind itself. Mind is language and nothing else. The moment there is no language, there is no thought. When there is no thought there is no mind. And that utter silence that pervades in those moments, that primal silence that descends and permeates you in those moments, is what God is all about. To feel that primal silence is to know God.

God is not a person, God is not a principle, God is not a theory. God is the experience of primal silence, wordless, mindless consciousness.

I have given you the name Prem Atta. Prem means love, atta means self -- one whose very self is love, not love as a relationship but love as a state of being. Love cannot be expressed. It can be understood but it cannot be said; it can be shown but it cannot be said. And I have been showing you the answer, and I am happy, tremendously happy, that you have heard it. You are blessed.

Get more and more in tune with my presence, not with my person, because I am not a person at all. I only appear as a person; otherwise I am just an absence. As far as the person is concerned I am utterly absent, but in that absence there is a light, there is a presence. That presence has nothing to do with me. That presence has no center to it, that presence has no self in it. That presence is as much yours as mine. That presence is divine. If you are silent your heart will start pulsating with it, your heart will start singing with it, your heart will have a dance with it. Your heart will start moving, soaring upwards.

Every man, every woman, is born with a bird in the heart. The heart has wings, but the heart can open its wings only in the sky of silence. Words are weighty, words gravitate towards the earth. Forget all about words and let the celebration be.

The second question:

Question 2
OSHO, WHAT IS LEARNING?

Vedant,

LEARNING, in the first place, is not knowledge. Let us start from negating, from eliminating; let us first say what learning is not.

Learning is not knowledge. Learning has become too much identified with knowledge. It is just the opposite of knowledge. The more knowledgeable a person is, the less he is capable of learning. Hence children are more capable of learning than grown-ups. And if the grown-ups also want to remain learners, they have to go on forgetting whatsoever they have learned. Whatsoever has become knowledge in them, they have to go on dying to it. If you collect your knowledge your inner space becomes too heavy with the past. You accumulate too much garbage.

Learning happens only when there is spaciousness. The child has that spaciousness, innocence. The beauty of the child is that he functions from the state of not-knowing, and that is the fundamental secret of learning: functioning from the state of not-knowing.

Watch, see, observe, but never form a conclusion. If you have already arrived at a conclusion, learning stops. If you already know, what is there to learn? Never function from the ready-made answer that you have arrived at from the

scriptures, universities, teachers, parents, or maybe your own experience.

All that you have known has to be discarded in favor of learning. Then you will go on growing, then there is no end to growth. Then a person goes on remaining childlike, innocent, full of wonder and awe to the very end. Even when he is dying he continues learning. He learns life, he learns death. And the person who has learned life and learned death goes beyond both; he moves to the transcendental.

Learning is receptivity, learning is vulnerability. Learning is openness, open-endedness.

Learning can be divided into many categories. I would like to divide it into eight levels, eight planes.

The first level of learning is called by Gregory Bateson 'zero learning'. I love that denomination -- zero learning. It is only CALLED learning, it is not really learning. Zero learning means learning something mechanically, computerlike, parrot-like. You don't really learn anything at all; you only repeat, just like the parrot repeats. You can teach the parrot a prayer and he will repeat it, not knowing at all what he is doing. There is no meaning in it. You may think that there is meaning because those words carry meaning to

If you are a Hindu and you have taught the parrot'Hare Krishna, Hare Rama', he will repeat it, and listening to the

parrot you will think there is meaning. That meaning is within you, not in the parrot. The parrot is simply repeating, not knowing what it is. It is purely a mechanical gesture.

It is very unfortunate that much of our so-called learning comes into this first category, zero learning. Our whole educational system is rooted in zero learning: we teach children just to repeat. The better they are in repeating certain things, the more intelligent they are thought to be. We don't teach them to discover, we don't teach them to be original, we don't teach them to invent. We simply teach them to repeat, and if they can repeat well they go on passing examinations.

This creates a very mechanical humanity. Robot-like, people live. They are just machines, because almost ninety percent of what they know belongs to this category: zero Learning. They have learned much and vet they have not learned a thing.

Beware of this first level of learning, avoid it. And if you are parents, help your children not to be repetitive but to be original. Sometimes it is better to be wrong and original than to be right and repetitive, because the original will bring intelligence to you. The repetitive, howsoever right, is not going to make you intelligent. And what kind of learning is learning if it doesn't create intelligence?

Look at the world, look at the whole situation of humanity: it is so unintelligent that it appears there is no learning

happening at all. From the K.cT. to the university, the whole thing seems to be repetitive. The whole thing seems to be rooted in memory, not in consciousness. It does not help you to become more conscious, more alert. It does not help you to find new answers.

And life goes on changing, life is never the same. You have to respond freshly again and again, and your knowledge does not allow you to act freshly. You go on repeating old cliches, old routines. You go on repeating old answers, and life is asking new questions. Life never asks the same question again. Life is so original: each moment it is new, the situation is new, the challenge is new -- and you are old. That's the misery. You are always lagging behind, you are always missing the train! You reach the station only when the train has left, hence a great feeling of missing. You can look into anybody's eyes and you can sec it: everybody feels he is missing something.

What are you missing? You are missing life itself, because there is a gap between you and life. Life requires you to be original, and your educational system, your society, your culture, requires you to be repetitive. Your culture is more interested in efficiency than in intelligence, so you are efficient. You have ready-made answers for everything. Your mind is nothing but a filing system; your mind functions like a computer. You have not yet learned how to function like a man.

The second level of learning is learning one: it is purposive. The first learning has no purpose in it, because you

function mechanically and machines cannot have purposes. The second learning has purpose: learning one. It has a sense of direction, although the sense of direction is unconscious. You are not clear about it, you are not conscious about it. You function like a plant, like a tree. I he tree has a certain sense of direction, it knows where the sun is, it moves, but the movement is instinctive.

In African jungles trees go very high. They have to go, because if they remain low they will die. They will never be able to absorb sunrays; they will miss Vitamin D. They have to struggle to go higher and higher and higher. You bring the same trees to India and they don't go that high. Give them good soil, good manure, water, everything, but they don't go. There is no need -- the sun is available so easily, why should they bother?

The second layer is like trees, the first is like machines; the second is far better. From the second you start becoming alive. Our bodies function in the second way, instinctively. The body has an instinctive wisdom, but there is no need to remain confined to it; it is a very low stage of Learning. Just to be a tree is not of much significance, it is not life; rather it is vegetating.

The second level of learning I call 'learning one', because learning starts from the second level.

And the third level of learning I call 'learning two'. With it you become a little bit conscious. You start functioning like animals, not like trees. You can move, the trees are rooted.

They have a little freedom of going up, changing their direction, growing in certain directions, not growing in certain directions, but they are rooted. They don't have a will, they can't move.

The third level of learning -- that is learning two -- is a little bit conscious. Some intelligence has arisen. Animals start behaving in a more intelligent way: it is vaguely conscious of purpose. It is a twilight phenomenon. It is between consciousness and unconsciousness; you can call it 'subconscious'. It is the beginning of real intelligence, just the beginning.

Many people have remained with zero learning, very few move to learning one, an even lesser number move to learning two.

The fourth level of learning I call 'learning three 'conscious direction, meaningful existence. You don't simply go on drifting like wood. You are no more at the mercy of the winds and the waves. You have a goal, you know where you are going, you know why you are going -- a clearcut sense of direction. Life starts becoming more a discipline.

The word 'discipline' really means learning, hence the word 'disciple' -- one who is capable of Learning. REAL learning starts with learning three. Very rarely, very few people come to this point. Only very few fortunate people exist with a clearcut direction, move not accidentally. Ordinarily people are just moving accidentally.

Just a few days ago I was reading the autobiography of a Jewish poet. He begins his autobiography by saying, "My birth was an accident. My father was travelling in a train; the train was late. He arrived at the station, his destination, in the middle of the night. No taxis were available, all taxis had already left. Snow was falling." It was so cold and so dark and he was feeling so lonely. He looked around for somebody to talk to, to find a way to reach the hotel, or to see whether he could manage to stay the night at the station.

The woman who ran the cafe there was just closing it. He asked her for a cup of coffee, the woman gave him a cup of coffee. She was also alone. And then he said he was in a fix -- no taxis available. He would like to reach to some hotel to sleep, he was tired. The woman said, "Why don't you come with me in my car? I can take you to the hotel."

And he went in the car with the woman, and this is how their friendship started. When they reached the hotel, the hotel was closed, so the woman said, "You come and stay with me." So he stayed with the woman. fell in love with the woman. After a few days they got married, and this poet was born.

Now he says, "My birth was just an accident. If the train had not been late I would not have been born at all. If the train had been a little more late, just a few minutes, and if the woman had left, I would not have been born at all. If the hotel had still been open, I would Not be in the world at all."

This is how ordinary life goes on: just accidental, no definite goal, no definite direction, no star there far away calling you forth so that you can manage not to go zig-zag but straight.

The fifth level of learning I call 'learning four'. It is not only conscious of a direction, it is conscious of consciousness itself. It is learning four that becomes meditation. That's what we are doing here: it is learning four -- making you conscious of your consciousness.

To be conscious of a goal is one thing: you are objective. You are not conscious of your consciousness, you are simply conscious of the goal. That is the function of the ordinary school, college, university: to make you conscious of a goal-oriented life.

The function of a mystery school -- a mystery school just like this -- is higher than the function of a university. Its function is to make you conscious of your consciousness. To be conscious of one's consciousness is meditation; it is the first step to being really human.

Learning three is the beginning of being human. Learning four is attaining humanity, is attaining manhood; it is attaining maturity. But this is not the end.

The sixth level of learning, learning five, gives you glimpses of the divine, SATORI. That is the purpose of meditation, of DHYANA: to bring you to the glimpses of

the beyond... because man is not the end. Man himself is only a means, a passage, a bridge -- don't make your house on the bridge. The bridge is not for the house to be made on; it has to be passed. Man has to be surpassed.

Friedrich Nietzsche is reported to have said: The greatest day in humanity's life will be when man becomes absolutely aware of surpassing himself. And the worst day, the greatest calamity, will be the day when man forgets how to surpass himself.

Man is an arrow on the bow. It should not remain there on the bow; it has to leave the bow, it has to move. Man is a pilgrimage.

First become conscious of your consciousness. And in that very becoming, in that very silence -- when you are only conscious of your consciousness and not of any other content -- no thought, no desire, no dream -- -you are just conscious of your being conscious, the mirror is reflecting itself and nothing else... in that moment, something IMMENSELY miraculous happens. You become aware of the divine, you become aware of the essential core of your being.

That is learning five, the sixth level of learning. It gives you glimpses of no-self. It gives you glimpses of the beyond. It makes you aware that man is not the end, that man is only a step. You become aware of the temple. You become aware of the mystery of existence, of the eternity

of life, of deathlessness, of timelessness. This is the point where one starts feeling that God is.

The seventh level of learning,'learning six', Patanjali calls SAVIKALPA SAMADHI. YOU have attained to the glimpse of the ultimate; not only is it a glimpse, now it is settling, crystallizing, becoming substantial, not only a shadow -- but there is still a possibility of losing it. He calls it SAVIKALPA SAMADHI. SAVIKALPA means still there is some lingering thought; not ordinary thoughts, but a new kind of thought, that "I have arrived," that "I have attained," that I am fulfilled" -- a very purified ego, a very pious ego, very subtle. Like the fragrance of a flower, you cannot catch hold of it.

One has to be very, very careful. Otherwise the seeker stops at learning six, and one thinks one has come home... because one feels God's presence, one is tremendously happy, as one has never been. One knows there is no death, all fear disappears -- but one is still there!

A disciple of a Zen Master was meditating for twenty years. Again and again he would bring his experiences, and the Master would throw him out saying, "This is all rubbish! Go again and meditate! Unless you can come with the experience of nothing, don't come to me."

And one day it happened; the experience of nothing happened. He felt no-being, a deep nothingness, nobody inside. He was tremendously happy. He went running to the

Master, fell at his feet, and said, "It has happened -- I have seen nothingness!"

The Master said, "Get out! Get out immediately! because if you have seen nothingness, you are still there. This is not true nothingness -- something of you still has roots. Only come to me when there is nobody even to say that 'I have known nothingness'."

And then years passed, and the disciple didn't turn up. Then one day the Master had to go to the disciple. The disciple was sitting underneath a tree, playing on his flute. The Master went close. The disciple continued playing on the flute as if nobody had come. The Master blessed him and said, "NOW it has happened! Now you are utterly unconcerned. Now you don't claim. Now it has become so natural that there is no idea of 'I'."

At the seventh level of learning, learning six, you feel nothingness, but you feel it. That is the last barrier: the 'I'.

The eighth level of learning I call 'learning zero'. The first I called 'zero learning' the last I call 'learning zero'. Patanjali calls it NIRVIKALPA SAMADHI, NIRBEEJ SAMADHI, seedless SAMADHI. Now even the seed is burnt, nothing is left. You are gone forever. You are no more, only God is. Not that you know God is; you are not separate to know. There is no duality, there is no I-thou, there is only God. This is the moment of primal silence.

These are the eight levels of learning. Move from zero learning to learning zero, and the circle is complete. People are encaged in the first, zero learning, and they have to be freed from there. And the ultimate is learning zero. Hence Buddha called the ultimate SHUNYA, zero.

Vedant, you ask me, " WHAT IS LEARNING?"

Learning is the movement from zero learning to learning zero.

The third question:

Question 3
OSHO, I THINK I HAVE BECOME ENLIGHTENED. WHAT DO YOU SAY ABOUT IT?

Nisarga,

THE moment one becomes enlightened, one does not think that one is enlightened; one simply knows. Thinking is guessing, it is not knowing. And when one becomes enlightened one never asks 'whether I have become enlightened', because it is self-evident; no certificate is needed.

And Nisarga, when you become enlightened I will come to you to bless you. You will not need to come to me and ask.

An old Welsh lady, seventy-five years old, is in the doctor's surgery.

"Well, I know it is hard to believe, Mrs. Jones, but the tests are conclusive: you are pregnant!" the doctor tells her. "But I am seventy-five years old, doctor, and my husband is eighty-five years old. Are you certain? This will be such a shock for him."

"Yes, I am certain. You must tell him very carefully because of his age. I suggest you telephone him from my office now."

Mrs. Jones dials the number, then speaks: "Hello Hughie, darling, I have some news for you. Please sit down before I tell you. Are you sitting? Good. I am pregnant. The doctor is certain and the tests are all positive."

There was a short pause and Hughie's quavering voice was heard to say, "Who is that speaking, please?"

Nisarga, that's what I would like to ask: who is that speaking, please?

If it has happened, you are no more. If it has happened, there will be nobody to ask the question. If it has happened, your fragrance will tell people; you will become luminous.

Mulla Nasruddin had a male child after producing fourteen girls in a row from his four wives.

When he heard the good news he went on a week-long celebration that broke several records.

On the seventh day somebody asked him, "Who does it look like, you or your wife?"

"I don't know yet," the proud father happily chortled. "We have not looked at his face yet."

When after fourteen girls you give birth to a male child, who has time to look at his face?

After millions and millions of lives, when you become enlightened, who bothers to ask? It is so absolute, and the sheer joy of it is such... yes, one can dance, but one cannot ask; one can sing, but one cannot ask. One will go almost mad: that's what Kabir says. Again and again he says that those who know God go mad, mad in ecstasy.

Nisarga, you are perfectly in your senses; you have not gone mad. I have been watching you -- there is no ecstasy. It may be just a desire, a wish-fulfillment. You would like to become enlightened, you would like somebody to tell you that you have become enlightened. You would like to be certified, but these things cannot be certified. These are not things of the outer world; when they happen there is a totally new phenomenon.

When a Buddha is there, or a Krishna, or a Kabir, or a Jesus, or a Mohammed, something of God penetrates into the very dense earth, something of the sky starts walking

here on the earth. Those who have eyes can see it, those who have ears can hear it, those who have hearts can feel it, and those who are intelligent enough will learn the secret of it.

But you need not ask such questions; these questions are meaningless. I understand your desire, but on the way of enlightenment even the desire to become enlightened is a barrier -- the greatest barrier.

Forget all about enlightenment! Dance to abandon! Whatsoever you are doing here, do it totally. Forget all about enlightenment -- it will take care of itself, it will come of its own accord. You cannot bring it; it is not something that you can manage to do. If you can be simply lost in the ordinary activities of life, totally lost, utterly lost... one day, when the ego is missing... You may be just cleaning the floor, or chopping wood, or carrying water from the well; when the ego is completely absent, as if there is nobody who is chopping wood -- wood is chopped but there is nobody chopping wood -- suddenly it is there. It comes as a surprise. And when it comes it brings its own absolute certainty.

The fourth question:

Question 4
OSHO, IS IT NOT POSSIBLE TO RAISE CHILDREN IN SUCH A WAY THAT THEY NEVER BECOME INTERESTED IN THE DIRTY THINGS OF LIFE?

Chandrakand,

WHAT do you mean by "dirty things of life"? Life is all beautiful! Even dirt is not dirty, even dirt has its own splendor. Because life is divine -- how can it be dirty? You have not asked this question out of intelligence, awareness, meditativeness; you have asked this question out of prejudice, tradition. This is not your question, your society has implanted it in you. You must be a typical Indian, hence the question.

India has great expertise in condemning. India has lived for at least twenty-five centuries in a very life-negative way. It was not so always. India is an ancient land: the civilization has existed for at least ten thousand years. It is only in these last twenty-five centuries that it became more and more life-negative. Otherwise the Indian mystic was the greatest life-affirmative mystic the world has known. The Indian mystic loved life, rejoiced in life and all that life implied.

But whenever something reaches to a peak, the valley is bound to follow. It is a constant rhythm of life; mountains cannot be without valleys. When a great wave comes, following it, in the wake, is a hollow wave, a negative wave. Day is followed by night, night is followed by day. Life is followed by death, death is followed by life. Existence -consists of polar opposites.

India reached to a very great peak of life-affirmation in the Upanishads. The Upanishads are the expression of life-affirmation. Then the decline came; it was bound to come.

The life-negative aspect started asserting itself, then everything became condemned. Sex became condemned -- in a country which has made Khajuraho, Konarak, Puri. Sex became condemned in the country which had written the first book of sexology in the world. Sex became condemned in the country of Vatsayana, who the country had loved and respected as a Buddha. He is the first man in the world who wrote a great sexual treatise, one of the most profound.

Sigmund Freud, Havelock Ellis, Masters and Johnson are just children compared to Vatsayana's insight into sex. Sex became condemned in a country which had raised it to the highest pedestal of Tantra, which had said that the sexual experience is the closest to the experience of God. And not only sex, when life becomes condemned everything becomes condemned -- food, clothes, relationships, everything that life implies becomes condemned. For twenty-five centuries India has lived in a terrible mess.

But now, the turning-point is coming again. Now the days of the valley are over. Now again life-affirmation will assert.

My sannyas is just to herald a new phase, a new dawn.

What do you mean, Chandrakand, by saying "dirty THINGS OF LIFE"?

And you cannot protect children. Those protected children will not have any spine. They will be dull, insipid, dead.

They will not have sharpness of intelligence, because you will be avoiding all challenges in their lives, you will be protecting them too much. Your protection will become an imprisonment.

No, children have to be made aware of all that life implies -- good and bad, all, day and night, all, summer and winter, all, flowers and thorns, all. The children have to be made available to the wholeness of life, because only then will they be whole.

There was once a king and his young wife. They were very much in love and life was good. Then one day the queen died while giving birth to their first child, a son. The king was beside himself with grief. He determined at least to protect his son from the possibility of such a cruel misfortune. He decreed that the young prince was never to know of the existence of women. So the boy grew up in peace but knowing nothing of the female.

One day when the boy was almost fifteen he was walking in the orchard with his father when a little urchin girl who had come to steal apples ran across their path.

"Ah, look father!" said the boy. "What is that?"

The king hesitated a second or two. "It is a swan," he replied.

Some days later the king called his son. "Well, my son, you are almost fifteen. What would you like as a birthday gift?"

"Ah, father, please may I have a swan?" the boy replied.

It is impossible to keep somebody unaware of life's complexities Many times the experiment has been done and each time it has been a failure.

When Buddha was born all the great astrologers of the country gathered, of course. In his late old age the king had given birth to a child. No one had ever heard of a child so beautiful, and a child with such grace that he did not seem to be part of this world, as if a god v. as born. So all the astrologers gathered to predict about him. They calculated, they looked into their scriptures, and they were at a loss as to what to say. All the astrologers except one raised two fingers.

The king said, "What do you mean by raising two fingers? Don't speak in riddles!"

They said, "But we are in a riddle ourselves. We are raising two fingers because all the scriptures we have Consulted say two things about this child: either he will become a CHAKRAVARTIN, a world emperor, or he will become a sannyasin ut nothing definite can be said, hence we are raising two fingers: one to say either he will be the greatest emperor in the world who will rule the whole world" -- - CHAKRAVARTIN means one who will rule all the six continents -- "or he will be a sannyasin and he will renounce the world and move into the mountains, into the

forests, into deep meditation, and he will become a Buddha."

The king looked at the one man, one astrologer, the youngest, who was still silent. He asked him, "What do you say?" He raised only one finger.

The king said, "Now what do you mean by one finger -- emperor or sannyasin?"

The young astrologer said, "He will become a sannyasin, that is absolutely certain."

The king was not happy with the young astrologer. He said, "You are young in age, inexperienced. All your old colleagues are saying either/or."

He simply forgot his advice. He listed to the older ones and he asked them, "What should I do so that he becomes a CHAKRAVARTIN and does not renounce the world?"

They suggested some very common-sense advice. If I had been there I would not have suggested it at all, but I know the king would not have listened to me either, JUst as he had not listened to the young astrologer. People listen to that which they want to listen to. Those old astrologers said, "Do a few things. One: keep him in such pleasure that he never becomes aware of pain, that he never comes to know of suffering. If he never comes to know of suffering he will never renounce, because people renounce the world because of suffering."

That is utter nonsense! People don't renounce the world because of suffering, remember. People renounce the world because they become fed-up with pleasure.

You can see it here: so many Westerners and so few Indians. Why? India is in suffering -- people cannot think of sannyas. They are hankering for more and more possessions. They have not known that possessions can't give anything, they have not known the futility of riches -- how can they renounce? How can they start moving higher than the worldly things? How can they think of meditation? In fact, they are puzzled, looking at all you Westerners coming to me. They are very much puzzled, confused: "Why are you coming here?"

Many of my sannyasins come to me and say, "Whenever we meet Indians they immediately ask how their son can get admission into Harvard, into Cambridge, into Oxford:'How can we have some help from the Ford Foundation or the Rockefeller Foundation? I would like my son to become a great engineer -- or a physicist or a surgeon.'"

My sannyasins say to me, "They don't see that we have come from Harvard and Cambridge and Oxford, seeing the whole futility of it."

There are at least two hundred PH.D'S present here today, and at least one thousand post-graduates from all the universities of the world. But the Indian cannot see that

these people are coming from there; he asks how he can manage it. His only hope is to make his son 'foreign-returned'; that is a qualification. Even if he fails at Cambridge that doesn't matter, he is 'London-returned'; that is enough of a qualification. A poor country, a suffering country, cannot think of anything more.

Those astrologers suggested, "Give him all kinds of pleasures. Gather all the beautiful women of the country around him. Let him live for twenty-four hours as if he is in paradise -- music, song, dance, beautiful women, wine. Let him be drowned in pleasure and he will never renounce."

And that's what the king did -- and that's why Buddha renounced. He became so fed-up: he had all the beautiful women, all the good things of life. His father had made three palaces for him for different seasons, so he would never suffer the heat of summer, so he would never suffer the cold of winter, so he would never suffer too much rain -- three palaces in different places, in different climates, in different situations. He was continuously on the merry-go-round. The whole day was nothing but celebration, holiday. Every day was a holiday. From the morning till the night, he was surrounded by beautiful women, wine, dance, music, good food. Life was all roses. And he was only twenty-nine when he became so bored with all this that he escaped. He simply ran away.

If the king had asked me, I would have suggested, "This is stupid! If you do this he is BOUND to become a sannyasin. If you want him to become a CHAKRAVARTIN then let

him suffer, let him go through pain, let him go through starvation. Let him see how life is a misery so that he longs for pleasure, strives for pleasure." But that was not to happen.

And it is good that I was not there, otherwise you would have missed the Buddha. It is good that the king didn't listen to the young astrologer. His name was Kodana; he must have been a rare man, of great insight. But all those old fools, they convinced the king. And it is good that it happened the way it happened; to have missed Buddha would have been a great calamity.

The world has never been the same since Buddha: some fragrance has been released into the world. Man has changed his plane of consciousness to a higher plane.

India has lived for many centuries in poverty, and when you live in poverty, and when you live in starvation, and when you are ill, the only way to console your ego is to condemn life. Try to understand it; it is a rationalization -- life-condemnation is a rationalization.

It is the same story that you know, the famous fable of Aesop.

A fox was trying to reach the grapes, but the grapes were too high and he could not reach them. He looked around -- there was nobody -- because he was afraid if somebody looked and saw that he had failed, it would be against his prestige. Seeing that there was nobody, he walked away.

But a hare was hiding behind a bush and looking, and the hare said, "Uncle, where are you going? What happened? Could you not reach? Were the grapes too high?"

And the fox said, "No."

And you know, the fox represents the politician. Down the ages, in all the cultures, the fox represents the diplomat, the politician. The fox is the most cunning animal.

The fox said, "No. They were perfectly within reach, but they are sour and not yet worth reaching."

This has been the logic here in this country for two thousand years. Life became unreachable. The only way to save face was to condemn it: it is sour, it is not of worth.

Chandrakand, drop all that nonsense! Life is beautiful, life is tremendously graceful. All is good. Even that which does not appear to be good on the surface has a goodness in it. It can't be otherwise.

In fact, the thorns are not against the flowers; they are guards, bodyguards for the flower. And pain is not against pleasure, it is the background. Without it there would be no pleasure.

In the night you see the sky full of stars; where do those stars go in the day? The background disappears. They need the background of darkness; only then can you see them. In the day the background is not there, it is fully light. The

stars are still there in the sky, they don't go anywhere. It is not that they suddenly run away in the day and by the evening they come back. They are there, just the background of darkness is needed for them to shine forth.

Life depends on the polar opposites: good and bad, love and hate, body/mind, matter/God. Nothing is bad, nothing is good. Between good and bad, you have to grow; between good and bad, you have to mature -- and BOTH are opportunities, GREAT opportunities. Don't condemn them.

Respect life, and life will respect you. Love life, and love will shower blessings on you.

The fifth question:

Question 5
OSHO, I THOUGHT THAT MEDITATION WAS A SIMPLE THING. BUT SEEING PEOPLE DOING VIPASSANA, I AM LOSING ALL HOPE OF EVER BECOMING A SUCCESSFUL MEDITATOR. PLEASE GIVE ME A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT.

Paul,

MEDITATION is simple. PRECISELY because it is simple, it looks difficult. Your mind is accustomed to dealing with difficult problems, and it has completely forgotten how to respond to the simple things of life. The more simple a thing is, the more difficult it looks to the mind, because the mind is very efficient in solving difficult

things. It has been trained to solve difficult things, it does not know how to tackle the simple. Meditation is simple, your mind is complex. It is not a problem that meditation is creating. The problem is coming from your mind, not from meditation.

Vipassana is the MOST simple meditation in the world. It is through vipassana that Buddha became enlightened, and it is through vipassana that many more people have become enlightened than through' any other method. Vipassana is THE method. Yes, there are other methods also, but they have helped only very few people. Vipassana has helped thousands, and it is really very simple; is not like yoga.

Yoga is difficult, arduous, complex. You have to torture yourself in many ways: distort your body, contort your body, sit this way and that, torture, stand on your head -- exercises and exercises... but yoga seems to be very appealing to people.

Vipassana is SO simple that you don't take any note of it. In fact, coming across vipassana for the first time, one doubts whether it can be called a meditation at all. What is it? -- no physical exercise, no breathing exercise; a very simple phenomenon: just watching your breath coming in, going out... finished, this is the method; sitting silently, watching your breath coming in, going out; not losing track, that's all. Not that you have to change your breathing -- it is not PRANAYAM; it is not a breathing exercise where you have to take deep breaths, exhale, inhale, no. Let the

breathing be simple, as it is. You just have to bring one new quality to it: awareness.

The breath goes out, watch; the breath comes in, watch. You will become aware: the breath touching your nostrils at one point, you will become aware. You can concentrate there: the breath comes in, you feel the touch of the breath on the nostrils; then it goes out, you feel the touch again. Remain there at the tip of the nose. It is not that you have to concentrate at the tip of the nose; you have just to be alert, aware, watchful. It is not concentration. Don't miss, just go on remembering. In the beginning you will miss again and again; then bring yourself back If it is difficult for you -- for a few people it is difficult to watch it there -- then they can watch the breath in the belly. When the breath goes in, the belly goes up; when the breath goes out, the belly goes in. You go on watching your belly. If you have a really good belly, it will help.

Have you watched? If you sec Indian statues of Buddha, those statues don't have real bellies -- in fact, no belly at all. Buddha looks a perfect athlete: chest coming out, belly in. But if you see a Japanese statue of Buddha you will be surprised: it does not look buddhalike at all -- a big belly, so big that you cannot sec the chest at all, almost as if Buddha is pregnant, all belly. The reason why this change happened is that in India, while Buddha was alive, he himself was watching the breath at the nose, hence tr he he belly was not important at all. But as Vipassana moved from India to Tibet to China to Korea to Burma to Japan, slowly, slowly people became aware that it is easier to

watch in the belly than at the nose. Then Buddha-statues started becoming different, with bigger bellies.

You can watch either at the belly or at the nose, whichever feels right for you or whichever feels easier for you. That it be easier is the point. And just watching the breath, miracles happen.

Paul, meditation is not difficult. It is simple. Precisely because it is simple you are feeling the difficulty. You would like to do many things, and there is nothing to do; that is the problem. It is a GREAT problem, because we have been taught to do things. We ask what should be done, and meditation means a state of non-doing: you have not to do anything, you have to STOP doing. You have to be in a state of utter inaction. Even thinking is a kind of doing -- drop that too. Feeling is a kind of doing -- drop that too. Doing, thinking, feeling -- all gone, you simply are. That is being. And being is meditation. It is very simple.

In your mother's womb you were in the same space. In vipassana you will be entering again into the same space. And you will remember, you will have a DEJA-VU. When you enter into deep vipassana, you will be surprised that you KNOW it, you have known it before. You will recognize it immediately because for nine months in your mother's womb you were in the same space, doing nothing, just being.

You ask me, "I THOUGHT THAT MEDITATION WAS A SIMPLE THING, BUT SEEING PEOPLE DOING

VIPASSANA I AM LOSING ALL HOPE OF EVER BECOMING A SUCCESSFUL MEDITATOR."

Never think about meditation in terms of success, because that is bringing your achieving mind into it, the egoistic mind into it. Then meditation becomes your egotrip. Don't think in terms of success or failure. Those terms are not applicable in the world of meditation. Forget all about that. Those are mind terms; they are comparative. And that's the problem: you must be watching others succeeding, reaching, ecstatic, and you will be feeling very low. You will be feeling silly, sitting and looking at your breath, watching your breath. You must be looking very silly and nothing is happening. Nothing is happening because you are expecting something to happen too much.

And in the beginning, every new process looks difficult. One has to learn the taste of it.

A lady's husband was a souse, yet she had never in her life tasted alcohol.

"Here, you souse, give me that bottle. I want to taste whatever it is that has made you the bum you are."

Taking the bottle of cheap whiskey, she took a good gulp of it. "Aargh... glompf... breecch... fuy... brrrit... ptui!" she gasped. "That is the most vile-tasting liquid I have ever had the misfortune to let pass my lips. It tastes terrible!"

"Y'see?" said the old man. "An' all these years you thought I was having a good time."

Just wait a little, Paul. Just a little patience. In the beginning everything looks difficult, even the simplest thing. And don't be in a hurry.

That is one of the problems with the Western mind -- hurry. People want everything immediately. They think in terms of instant coffee, instant meditation, instant enlightenment.

A city slicker had just inherited a farm full of cows and, being a shrewd operator, decided to increase his herd right away. Accordingly, he imported three of the finest bulls in the area and locked them in the barn overnight with the cows. The next morning he called the owner of the bulls to complain.

The stud-man laughed. "What did you expect?" he asked. Did you think you'd find calves the next day?"

"Maybe not," retorted the city slicker. "But I sure did expect to see a few smiling faces on those cows!"

No, not even that is going to happen soon. Just sitting for one day in vipassana, you will not come out of it smiling. You will come out utterly tired -- tired because you were told not to do anything, tired because you have never been in such a silly thing ever before. Not doing anything? You are a doer! If you had chopped wood the whole day you would not have been so tired. But sitting silently, doing

nothing, just watching your silly breath going in, coming out... many times the idea arises, "What am I doing here?" And the time will look very, very long, because time is relative. The time will become very long. One day's meditation will look as if years and years have passed -- "And what has happened? Is not the sun going to set today? When is it going to finish?"

If you are in a hurry, if you are in haste, you will never know the taste of meditation. The taste of meditation needs great patience, INFINITE patience. Meditation is simple, but you have become so complex that to relax it will take time. It is not the meditation that is taking time -- let me remind you again -- it is your complex mind. It has to be brought down to a rest, to a relaxed state. THAT takes time.

And don't think in terms of success and failure. Enjoy! Don't be too goal-oriented. Enjoy the sheer silence of watching your breath coming in, going out, and soon you will have a beauty, a new experience of beauty and beatitude. Soon you will see that one need not go anywhere to be blissful. One can sit silently, be alone, and be blissful. Nothing else is needed, just the pulsation of life is enough. If you can pulsate with it, it becomes a deep inner dance.

Meditation is a dance of your energy, and breath is the key.

The last question:

Question 6

OSHO, I ALWAYS WONDER WHY PEOPLE MISUNDERSTAND YOU. I HAVE NEVER COME ACROSS SUCH A SIMPLE APPROACH AS YOURS IN MY WHOLE LIFE OF SEEKING THE WAY.

Ramananda,

PEOPLE are bound to misunderstand. It is expected. It is nothing unexpected, because what I am saying is not according to their tradition. What I am saying is according to Buddha, Krishna, Christ, Kabir, Farid, Bahaudin, Zarathustra, Lao Tzu, but not according to any tradition.

These people are not part of any tradition. These are Himalayan peaks, alone. A Zarathustra is a Zarathustra and a Buddha is a Buddha. They don't belong to any country and they don't belong to any tradition and they don't belong to any race, color, religion. T hey simply belong to God. They simply belong to the whole. And whenever such people are there they are bound to be misunderstood, because the tradition that priests create, that scholars create, that politicians support -- the tradition which is a conspiracy against man's freedom -- is bound to retaliate, react.

It is not an accident that Jesus is crucified, the real accident is why Buddha is NOT crucified. It is understandable why Socrates is poisoned, the more problematic thing is why Lao Tzu is not poisoned. How did they manage to escape? Maybe the only reason was that Lao Tzu was very mild in his expression, hence nobody bothered much about him.

Socrates was not mild; his expression was very strong. He was like a sword, sharp. He could not be tolerated.

Buddha could be tolerated, of course with difficulty. Stones were thrown at him, mad elephants were released to kill him, rocks were rolled down from the hill to crush him, but still he was not crucified like Jesus. The reason may be that his expression was very, very silent. His expression was very polite, his expression was very poetic. Jesus spoke in words of fire, Jesus spoke in terms of utter rebellion. Buddha was also a rebellion, but a very sophisticated rebellion; Jesus was raw, Buddha was too cultured. Naturally, it had to be so: Buddha came from the royal family, very cultured, educated, mild, all manners, etiquette. Jesus was the son of a carpenter. He had that same raw quality of wood, and the same smell of raw wood.

But one thing is certain: that whenever a man like Buddha or Jesus or Lao Tzu is there, he is bound to be misunderstood, because the crowd belongs to the tradition, to a certain tradition: Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, Jew, Jaina, Buddhist, and the tradition cannot tolerate any new revelation. And the people are so full of knowledge, so full of prejudice, that they go on understanding in their own way. And because they understand in their own way, it becomes a misunderstanding. It is a very unconscious process. They don't want to misunderstand; they are not deliberately trying to misunderstand me. They are trying to understand, but they come with conclusions, already arrived at conclusions, a priori conclusions. Hence

whatsoever they hear is not what I say: their minds distort it, change it, give it a new color.

The farm had been mortgaged and their life's savings had gone to give daughter a college education. Pa was driving the truck to the station to call for her after graduation. She climbed in beside him, slipped an arm through his and whispered, "I want to confess something, Pa. I ain't as pure a girl any more."

Pa dropped his face in his hands and wept bitter tears. "After all the sacrifice me and Ma made for your education," he sobbed, "you still say 'ain't'?"

This is how a prejudiced mind functions.

Three young women were attending a class in logic, and the professor stated he was going to test their ability at situation reasoning.

"Let us assume," he said, "that you are aboard a small craft alone in the Pacific and you spot a vessel approaching you with several thousand sex-starved sailors on board. What would you do in this situation to avoid any problems?"

"I would attempt to turn my craft in the opposite direction," said the redhead. "I would pass them, trusting to my knife to keep me safe," said the brunette.

"Frankly," murmured the blond, "l understand the situation but I fail to see the problem."

It depends on you!

What I say is very rarely heard. To hear it, you will have to become a disciple. To hear it, you will have to learn the art of learning. To hear it, you will have to be receptive, in deep love and trust. If you can put your mind aside, if you can listen to me in deep silence, in great reverence and love, there is no possibility of misunderstanding. Otherwise you are going to understand everything the way YOU can understand.

That is one of the problems with language: it is very good, very adequate,;n communicating the ordinary things of life; the higher you move, the more inadequate it becomes.

Cohen met Levy for the first time in years. "How are things, Levy?" he asked his old friend. "I hear you got very rich here in America."

"I can't complain," the other replied. "I got a house and garden in the country, an automobile, a wife, ten children, and money in the bank."

Cohen, nettled, tried to soften the hurt of his friend's success. "Well," he said, "after all, in a day what can you do that I can't? We both eat, sleep and drink. What else is there in life?"

"Aaah," said Levy, "you call your life living? In the morning I get up, have a fine breakfast, a good Perfecto

cigar. Then I lay on my verandah. After that I play a round of golf and come back with a healthy appetite for lunch. When I finish I have another Perfecto and lay down on my verandah again. I come to supper with an appetite like a wolf. After supper I smoke a good long cigar, lay on my verandah again, and at night go to the theatre, the opera, whatever I like."

"That's wonderful! And you don't do no work?" said Cohen, marvelling.

On his return home, he told his wife of the encounter. "You know who I met today?" he announced. "Levy, who came over on the ship with me. Is that man rich! He's got a house and garden in the country, an automobile, a wife, ten children."

Mrs. Cohen interrupted, "What is his wife's name?"

"I don't know," said her husband, "but I think it is Verandah."